Christmas Carol Service

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street, below Spruce

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunday, December 29th, 1912, at four o'clock

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

(TAKE THIS HOME WITH YOU)

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street, below Spruce

Philadelphia

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

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Order of Service

✠

Prelude—Extase . . . . . Ganne

(*Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello.*)

Processional—"What Child is This?" . Traditional

WHAT Child is this, who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King;
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross He bore, for me, for you:
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, King to own Him;
The King of kings, salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

In place of the Psalter (congregation seated)

Carol—"While Shepherds Watched" German Folk Song (1550)

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph: and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

After the First Lesson (congregation seated)

Carol—"Cantique de Noel" . . Adolphe Adam (1750)

O HOLY night! the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born,
O night divine, O night, O night divine.
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night divine, O night, O night divine!

Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from the Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus in lonely manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend.

He knows our need, He guards us from all danger,
Behold your King, before the Lowly bend,
Behold your King, your King, before Him bend.
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night divine, O night, O night divine!

After the Second Lesson (congregation seated)

Carol—"The Angels and the Shepherds" Bohemian (1600)

COME, all ye shepherds, who hark to our voice,
Come, o'er the halo crown'd child to rejoice
See in the manger Christ the Anointed,
Whom for your Saviour God hath appointed:
Fear not at all!

In yonder manger behold now he lies,
Whom angel voices foretold from the skies!
Bear we the tidings to every nation,
Sing we his praises for our salvation!
Halleluja!

Truly, the angels foretold from the sky,
Unto the shepherds glad tidings of joy!
Peace and good will on Earth now are nearing,
Joy overflowing men shall be sharing!
Praise God on high!

After the Prayer "Lighten our darkness"

Carol—"Sleep of the Child Jesus" . . . Gevaert

'TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love
Sleep, sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love,
Sleep, sleep, King of angels sleep!

'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love
Sleep, sleep, King of angels, sleep!

After the Lesser Benediction

Interlude—"Panis Angelicus" . . . Cæsar Franck

(*Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello.*)

Offertory Anthem (congregation seated)

Carol—"A Joyful Christmas Song" . . . Gevaert

JESUS meek and mild,
He, our Saviour holy,
Came to earth a child,
Simple, sweet and lowly;
Shepherds near the manger low
Knelt in awe, His name to know;
Magi proud and stately
Bow'd before Him greatly,
More than baby hands can hold
Brought of myrrh and gold.
Even then, to their ken,
Jesus was the Lord of men!

The angels in heaven all have sung Noel!
And Earth's choiring voices shall the chorus swell.
Noel! Noel! Noel! Sing we all Noel!
Noel! Noel! Noel! Sing we all Noel!

Then was born in lowly stall
He, the gracious Lord of all,
Holy, kind and fair,
'Mid the cattle there!
Pure and sweet His childly guise,
Shining clear His baby eyes,
Lovely little lamb, lovely little lamb.

Baby Jesus learn'd
Nestled near His mother,
Baby prayers to say,
Just like any other;
Yes 'tis He who taught us all,
Children, whether great or small,
Pater Noster's beauty,
Ave Mary's duty,
Glorias that joyful sing
Praises to our King.
We today surely may
Follow Love along the way.

Come, my heart, then singing go,
In thee Love divine shall glow,
Till thou weep no more, till thou weep no more!
Mary is the Mother,
Jesus thy dear brother,
Come from heav'n above,
Just to teach thee Love!

Benediction Anthem

Carol—"Holy Night, Peaceful Night" . . Barnby

HOLY night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light,
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep,
O'er the Babe, Who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.

Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous star! O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Postlude—(a) **Excerpt** . . . . . Gluck
(b) **Andante** . . . . . Saint Saens

(*Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello.*)

Organist....Franklin W. Robinson
Harpist.....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
Violinist....R. Brotchiner
'Cellist.....Bertrand Austin

Sunday Afternoon Service

of

Easter Carols

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Easter Sunday, March 23d, 1913

at four o'clock

Souls of the Righteous

SOULS of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

On earth as children chasten'd by Love's load,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy:
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILIBALD. Born at Weidenwang 1714; died at Vienna 1787. He was a secular composer and wrote many operas, the best known of which is "Orfeo ed Euridice." The composition played at this Recital is severe in style and harmonic treatment, but extremely beautiful melodically.

Adagio

Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ.

Order of Service

Prelude . . ADAGIO AND ALLEGRO . . . *Corelli*

Opening Sentences, General Confession, Absolution, Responses

In place of the Psalm

Carol . . YOUNG MEN AND MAIDS . *XVth Century*

Young men and maids, rejoice and sing,
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
This day from death arose triumphing.
Alleluia!

First Lesson

In place of the Magnificat

Carol . . REJOICE, YE SONS OF MEN . *XVIth Century*

Rejoice, rejoice, ye sons of men!
Rejoice with singing! Rejoice with singing!
The Holy One is ris'n again,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Sing happy Hallelujahs, Sing happy Hallelujahs!

But three days in the tomb He lay,
Rejoice with singing ! Rejoice with singing !
He broke the bonds of death for aye,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Sing happy Hallelujahs, Sing happy Hallelujahs !

Ye joyous band of Christians all,
Rejoice with singing, Rejoice with singing !
On Him your grateful blessings call,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Sing happy Hallelujahs, Sing happy Hallelujahs !

Second Lesson

In place of the Nunc Dimittis

Carol . . PRAISE TO OUR GOD . . *Vulpius*

Praise to our God in heaven's throne,
Praise to His well-beloved Son,
Who for us all hath all things done !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

He has arisen from the grave,
Strong in His might, and pure and brave,
Mortals from sin and death to save.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Jesus, Who left Thy heaven fair,
Death and the grave for us to dare,
Grant us Thy blessed life to share.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Creed **Versicles** **Prayers**

In place of the Anthem

Carol . . AT DAWN WHEN THEY SOUGHT *XVIth Century*

At dawn when they sought with weeping,
The tomb where their Lord lay sleeping,
The holy women saw and said
That Christ was risen from the dead.
Kyrie eleison.

And Mary's night of mourning
Was turned to glorious morning,
She knew that God's beloved Son,
New Life for mortals all had won.
Kyrie eleison.

O Jesus, Thou Lord of heaven,
Thy life all life shall leaven,
Till all mankind in Thee new-born
Shall share Thy resurrection morn.
Kyrie eleison.

In place of Hymn

Carol . NOW CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN *XVIth Century*

Now Christ the Lord is ris'n on high, Halleluja,
In Whom salvation we enjoy. Halleluja !

Were He not ris'n in splendor, Halleluja !
The world had fall'n asunder. Halleluja !

To Him Who doth salvation bring ; Halleluja !
Let all the earth with praises ring. Halleluja !

Three holy women were hieing,
Where morning dews were lying.
They sought the Saviour, Christ our Lord,
Who from the tomb to heaven up soar'd.

And yonder two angels now they find,
Who say to the women, passing kind :
Be not afraid, with joy draw near,
For He you are seeking no longer is here.

Now sing ye all with one accord ; Halleluja !
Aris'n is Christ, our holy Lord ! Halleluja !
Therefore, rejoice ye all to-day ; Halleluja !
Christ, our Saviour and our Stay. Halleluja !

Sermon

In place of Hymn after Sermon

Carol . . . ALLA TRINITA . . *XVth Century*

Alla trinità beata da noi sempre adorata,
Trinità gloriosa unità maravigliosa.
Tu sei manna saporosa e tutta desiderosa.

Prayers and Benediction

Postlude *After the Service*

1. HERZWUNDEN . . . . . *Grieg*
2. ADAGIO . . . . . *Gluck*

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Christmas Carol Service

Sunday, December 28th, 1913, at four o'clock

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

(TAKE THIS HOME WITH YOU)

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

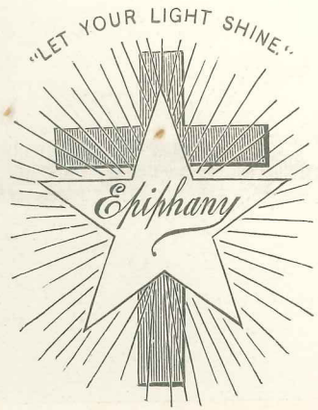
Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

(TAKE THIS HOME WITH YOU)

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector



Order of Service

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Prelude—"Extase" . . . . . Ganne

(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

Processional—"Alla Trinita" . . . . Traditional

ALLA trinita beata da noi sempre adorata,
Trinita gloriosa unita maravigliosa.
Tu sei manna saporosa e tutta desiderosa.

In place of the Psalter (congregation seated)

Carol—"Christmas Song" . . . . Finnish Melody

IN a manger, lying. sleeping,
For in the Inn there was found no room,
Our Lord Jesus came as our Saviour,
Softly sleep, O Blessed One.
With the oxen standing, looking,
Mary and Joseph close by Thy side:
They then adored Thee, we now adore Thee,
Sleep Holy Child of God, Saviour divine.
From the manger bed so lowly
Streams a light dispelling gloom.
Our Lord Jesus we adore Thee,
Softly sleep, O Blessed One.

After the First Lesson (congregation seated)

Carol—"While Shepherds Watched" . . Brahms

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph: and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

After the Second Lesson (congregation seated)

Carol—"Silent Night, Holy Night" . . . German

SILENT night, holy night!
All is held in slumber's might
Save the loving, sainted pair.
Wondrous babe with radiant hair
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds first heard aright
Hallelujahs in heavenly sphere;
Angels sang it far and near:
Jesus the Saviour is here.

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, oh how bright
Shines Thy love upon the earth!
Thou hast saved us by Thy worth.
Jesus, by Thy birth.

After the Prayer "Lighten our darkness"

Carol—"A Christmas Carol" . . . . . Reger

SLEEP, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
Sings the Virgin Mother low,
Sleep, my little son, sleep, my pretty son,
Thus the father sings also.

CHORUS.

Carol and sing to Him, cherubs on high,
With adoration to Jesus draw nigh,
Carol and sing to Him out of the sky
With myriad voices from heaven on high.

Close your eyes that shine, hide your hands so fine,
For the wintry wind blows wild;
Close to the ass reclined, shelter and warmth you'll find,
Shelter for you, little child.

Sleep, O hope of mine, sleep, reward of mine,
Joy of my heart, awake or asleep;
Babe adored of me, Son and Lord of me,
Close your eyelids and sink into sleep.

After the Lesser Benediction

Interlude—"Panis Angelicus" . . . Cæsar Franck

(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

Offertory Anthem (congregation seated)

Carol—"A Joyful Christmas Song" . . Gavaert

JESUS meek and mild,
He, our Saviour holy,
Came to earth a child,
Simple, sweet and lowly;
Shepherds near the manger low
Knelt in awe, His name to know;
Magi proud and stately
Bow'd before Him greatly,
More than baby hands can hold
Brought of myrrh and gold.
Even then, to their ken,
Jesus was the Lord of men!

The angels in heaven all have sung Noel!
And Earth's choiring voices shall the chorus swell.
Noel! Noel! Noel! Sing we all Noel!
Noel! Noel! Noel! Sing we all Noel!

Then was born in lowly stall
He, the gracious Lord of all,
Holy, kind and fair,
'Mid the cattle there!
Pure and sweet His childly guise,
Shining clear His baby eyes,
Lovely little lamb, lovely little lamb.

Baby Jesus learn'd
Nestled near His mother,
Baby prayers to say,
Just like any other;
Yes 'tis He who taught us all,
Children, whether great or small,
Pater Noster's beauty,
Ave Mary's duty,
Glorias that joyful sing
Praises to our King.
We today surely may
Follow Love along the way.

Come, my heart, then singing go,
In thee Love divine shall glow,
Till thou weep no more, till thou weep no more!
Mary is the Mother,
Jesus thy dear brother,
Come from heav'n above,
Just to teach thee Love!

Benediction Anthem

Carol—"Sleep of the Child Jesus" . . . Gavaert

'TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love
Sleep, sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love,
Sleep, sleep, King of angels sleep!

'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love
Sleep, sleep, King of angels, sleep!

Postlude—Excerpt . . . . . Gluck

(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

The Choir.

Organist and Choirmaster,
Mr. Franklin W. Robinson.

Harpist,
Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler.

'Cellist,
Mr. Bertrand Austin.

Violinist,
Mr. Rudolph Brotchiner.

Tenor Soloist,
Dr. Howell S. Zulick.

Baritone Soloist,
Mr. Theodore Harrison.

Sopranos.

Mrs. Baseler,
Miss Bradford,
Miss Ford,
Miss Flottman,
Miss Gallus,
Miss Gildersleve,
Mrs Keller
Miss Lavelle,
Mrs. Miller,
Miss Palmer,
Miss Rodenhausen,
Miss Ruos,
Miss Sterrett.

Altos

Mrs. Anderson,
Miss Bowers,
Miss Carver,
Miss Harris,
Miss Neill,
Miss Stafford,
Miss Straughn,
Mrs. Todd.

Tenors.

Mr. Christie,
Mr. Morgan,
Mr. Morton,
Mr. Turnbull,
Mr. Walters,
Dr. Zulick,

Basses.

Mr. Archdeacon,
Mr. Campbell,
Mr. Gaff,
Mr. Harris,
Mr. Harrison,
Mr. Pickard,
Mr. Rae,
Mr. Wagar

Librarian.
Mrs. E. F. Anderson.

Holy Week Recital of Passion Music

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Wednesday Evening, March 19th, 1913

at eight o'clock

Programme

Alla Trinita . . . . . *XVth Century*

Priere . . . . . *Franck*
Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ.

Tenebræ Factæ Sunt . . . . *Palestrina*

In Dead of Night
Jesus in the Garden . . . . *XVIIth Century*

Herzwunden . . . . . *Grieg*
Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ.

O Lord Most Holy . . . . . *Franck*

O Come Near to the Cross . . *Gounod*

Agnus Dei . . . . . *Bizet*
Tenor Solo.

Souls of the Righteous . . . . *Noble*

Adagio . . . . . *Gluck*
Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ.

THE singing at this Recital of this beautiful Fifteenth Century choral as an ascription anthem has become traditional. It is one of the many church compositions of the Fifteenth Century whose authorship is unknown ; the harmonization of this melody is modern, but is in splendid keeping with the great strength and the purity evinced by the melody. Following is the text :

Alla Trinita

ALLA trinità beata da noi sempre adorata,
Trinità gloriosa unità maravigliosa.
Tu sei manna saporosa e tutta desiderosa.

FRANCK, CESAR AUGUSTE. A modern French composer, born at Liege 1822, died at Paris 1890. He held the post of Professor of Organ at the Paris Conservatoire. He has composed numerous large works for orchestra, two oratorios, the " Redemption " and " Ruth and Boaz," and a symphonic poem for orchestra and chorus, " The Beatitudes," which is undoubtedly his finest. The " Priere," which is rendered at this Recital, is one of many of his smaller orchestral works.

Priere

Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ.

PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI SANTE. Born in 1514 ; died in 1594. The greatest of all the composers of the polyphonic school of music of the Sixteenth Century. He culminated the strict contrapuntal compositions in the Gregorial modes. This composition was written to be used in the Sistine Chapel on Good Friday, its performance is attended by the extinguishing of candles and the hushing of the voice of jubilation ; the chant describes the last agonies of Christ. Following is the text :

Tenebræ factæ sunt

TENEBRÆ factæ sunt, dum crucifixissent Jesum Judæi. Et circa horam nonam, exclamavit Jesus voce magna: Deus meus, utquid me dereliquisti.

Exclamans Jesus voce magna ait: in manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.

Et inclinavit capite emisit spiritum.

THESE Holy Week hymns inculcate the spirit of Passion Week to a marked degree; they are strong and beautiful in their simplicity; and their dignity has been well preserved by the masterful arrangements made by CARL HIRSCH. Following are the texts:

In Dead of Night

IN dead of night and long e'er light,
A sound of woeful sighing,
On midnight air, in the garden there,
A Heart of God is crying.

It is our Lord, His pleading word
His bitter need betraying,
His labor'd breath in pangs of death,
The price of sin is paying.

His griefs imbue with bloody dew
The brow in anguish bending,
With black despair He wrestles there,
His pangs the flesh are rending.

The sins of all from Adam's fall
To those who last shall languish,
The total curse that fiends rehearse
The Saviour bears in anguish.

Jesus in the Garden

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come, His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flow'rs, the grass below.
Sorrow,
Oh, my soul, then sorrow!

The fig-trees bow'd them as in pain,
The rocks around were rent in twain,
The dawn came on all cold and dim,
The birds forgot their matin hymn.
Sorrow,
Oh, my soul, then sorrow!

To John, my servant and my friend,
My loving mother I commend,
O lead her home to bide with thee,
That she my anguish may not see.
Sorrow,
Oh, my soul, then sorrow!

GRIEG, EDVARD HAGERUP. A Norwegian composer; born at Bergen 1843. He studied at the Leipzig Conservatory under Hauptmann, Richter and Reineke, later under Gade at Copenhagen. His music is imbued with a strong Scandinavian tonality, so that his work possesses marked racial characteristics. His smaller piano compositions and his songs are most charming.

Herzwunden

Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ.

The anthem form, "O Lord Most Holy," by Cesar Franck, is for soprano solo and chorus. The theme, which is the solo part, is treated canonically in the second part of the anthem; the antiphon is in the unison and is given to the soprano soloist and chorus sopranos. Following is the text:

O Lord Most Holy

O LORD most holy, O Lord most mighty, O loving Father, Thee would we be praising alway. Help us to know Thee, know Thee and love Thee; Father, Father, grant us Thy truth and grace; Father, Father, guide and defend us. Rule Thou our wilful hearts, Keep Thine our wand'ring thoughts; In all our sorrows, let us find our rest in Thee; And in temptation's hour, Save through Thy mighty pow'r, Thine aid O send us; Hear us in mercy. Show us Thy favor. So shall we live, and sing praise to Thee.

Gounod, Charles Francois. An eminent French sacred and dramatic composer; born in Paris 1818; died there 1893. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire and also in Rome; he is the composer of numerous large sacred works: the "Redemption," "Mors et Vita," "Out of Darkness," "Messe Solonelle," "Gallia" and many large anthem forms. Of his secular work, the operas "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet" are the best known. This anthem form is in the recitative style and possesses the significance of the text to a most marked degree. Following is the text:

Oh Come Near to the Cross

OH come near to the cross whereon hangs our Redeemer; ye faithful, shed your tears, for your Lord pours His life-blood for the world's salvation. Oh, behold as ye weep, your Lord hung on His cross, the

spotless victim, how He bleeds; how He dies; how He drinks to the dregs the bitter cup of sorrow, dying to give us life. Ah, behold what a scene to our eyes is unfolded: with scourges He is torn, with thorns and cruel nails and with spear He is wounded; for us thus sacrificed. Lord, our Redeemer, oh hear Thou our petition; bow Thine ear to our prayer; Lord, grant us life eternal.

Bizet, Georges. Born in Paris 1838; died in Bougival 1875. He was educated at the Paris Conservatoire, where he entered at the age of nine. His composition was done mostly in the secular field; the solo rendered at this Recital is part of a Mass. Following is the text:

Agnus Dei

LAMB of God, Thou that takest away the world's guilt, O have compassion upon us; may Thy peace be with us.

Noble, T. Tertius. A modern English organist and composer, lately appointed organist and choirmaster at St. Thomas' Church, New York. He was organist at York Minster Cathedral, in which town he directed a choral society for which this, and many other sacred works, have been composed. This anthem (as in fact most all of his work) is homophonic in form, strong and vivid in its treatment, and extremely churchly in its harmonic treatment. Following is the text:

Souls of the Righteous

SOULS of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

On earth as children chasten'd by Love's load,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy:
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILIBALD. Born at Weidenwang 1714; died at Vienna 1787. He was a secular composer and wrote many operas, the best known of which is "Orfeo ed Euridice." The composition played at this Recital is severe in style and harmonic treatment, but extremely beautiful melodically.

Adagio

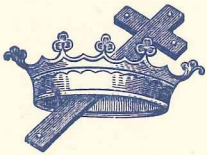
Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ.

Memorial Day Service

Sunday after Decoration Day

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector



Sunday Afternoon, May 31st, 1914

at four o'clock

Order of Service

✠

Prelude . . . . . Organ, Harp, Violin

Opening Sentences, General Confession, Absolution, Responses

Selection from the Psalter.

De profundis. Chant form.

OUT of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord : Lord, hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well : the voice of my complaint.

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss : O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with thee : therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord ; my soul doth wait for him : in his word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord : before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy : and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel : from all his sins.

Here shall be read a Lesson from the Old Testament.

(In place of the Magnificat)

The Homeland.

THE Homeland ! the Homeland !
The land of the free-born ;
There is no night in the Homeland,
But aye the fadeless morn.
I'm sighing for the Homeland,
My heart is aching here,
There is no pain in the Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair ;
There's no sin in the Homeland,
And no temptation there.
The music of the Homeland
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes gush out with tears.

Loved ones in the Homeland
Are calling me away,
To mansions in the Homeland,
And life beyond decay.
There's no death in the Homeland,
No sorrow is above ;
Christ brings us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Here shall be read a Lesson from the New Testament.

(In place of the Nunc Dimittis)

Doubt not thy Father's Care.

DOUBT not thy Father's care ;
For every grief He finds relief,
And answers every prayer.

Night comes : the sun is lost;
He doth provide in the heavens wide,
The gleam of a starry host.

Night comes : the soul is dark ;
All joy is dead, all gladness fled,
And life has missed its mark.

Then Thou, the wounded soul,
In that sad hour with healing power
Dost touch, and makest whole.

Creed. Versicles. Prayers.

(After the Third Collect)

Souls of the Righteous.

SOULS of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

On earth as children chasten'd by Love's road,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy:
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Interlude . . . . . Organ, Harp, Violin

Anthem.

How Blest are They.

HOW blest are they whom Thou hast chosen and
taken unto Thee, O Lord!
Their memorial is from generation to generation.
Alleluia! Amen.

Prayers.

Benediction Hymn.

Crossing the Bar.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Postlude . . . . . Organ, Harp, Violin

Holy Week Recital of Passion Music

✠

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

✠

Wednesday Evening, March 31st, 1915
at eight o'clock

Programme

✠

Prelude—Chanson Trieste ..... Tschaikovsky
(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Glory to the Trinity ..... Rachmaninoff

Nunc Dimittis ..... Gretchaninoff

Tenor Solo ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff

The Angel ..... Rachmaninoff

We Have No Other Guide ..... Shvedof

We Pray to Thee
Our Father Who art in Heaven } ..... Kastalsky

Praise ye the Name of the Lord ..... Nikolsky

Offertory—Intermezzo ..... Glinka
(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Congregational Hymn ..... No. 102

We Praise Thee ..... Shvedof

Postlude—Melodie ..... Tschaikovsky
(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Russian Church Music.

THAT the introduction of Russian Church music will have a revivifying influence on the music of the American Church is the unanimous opinion of all who have had the privilege of hearing this marvelous music. Until two years ago, Russian Church music in this country was known only through a very few compositions, mostly works of Tschaikovsky. To-day, however, there are thirty-five such anthems available, and it is only through these editions that the American Church-going public has had the opportunity of an introduction to the works of such composers as Kastalsky, Shvedof, Nikolsky, P. Ivanoff, Tschesnokoff, Musitchesky, Gretchaninoff, Arkhangelsky, and many others—all previously unknown.

Russia accepted Christianity from Greece at the close of the tenth century, and synonomous with this, the musical interest of the race became centered in Church music. From the first all instrumental music was excluded, and it was this law which gave rise to an unparalleled development of pure choral music.

The Church compositions vary from simple structures in four parts to difficult and very complex writings in eight or even ten voice parts. The great depth of the octavo-bass voice, peculiar to Russia, has played no small part in the development of this choral art, for the use of this voice permits of an unusual range of vocal tone, besides furnishing a foundation of tremendous strength.

Perhaps a few of the more important characteristics are the strange cadences; the introduction of sustained passages as a choral background for a solo, or melodic phase in another voice part; the frequent termination of a phrase in a unison or in an "open" fifth; and the extensive use of pianissimo effects, frequently in the highest registers of the voices. Perhaps this last-mentioned characteristic is the one through which the music makes its strongest appeal, for there is always associated with things heavenly and divine a certain spirit of gentleness, beauty and tranquillity. Such an atmosphere can be created only through the mystery of a pianissimo tone.

The music of the Russian Church is untainted by any association with the secular world. It is the music of the Church—pure, simple, glorious and devotional—music which never fails to inspire those who know it. It has been truthfully said that one cannot know religious music until the Russian Cathedral choirs have been heard. Since visitors to Russia, and many writers, always refer to the Church music and the choirs of Russia in the highest terms, is it not possible, and, perhaps wise, for us to imitate, at least in some measure, her musical methods? Reason would seem to indicate such a procedure.

The musical standard of the Church cannot be too high. Church music has as its companion the highest and noblest ethical code ever given to man, and this literature needs a very proper and dignified music wherewith to associate. Wise will be that Church which first comes to a full realization of this fact.

N. L. NORDEN.

Prelude.

Chanson Trieste . . . . . *Tschaikovsky*

(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Glory to the Trinity. This Anthem, named "Glory to the Trinity," is really the Anthem of the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and is prefaced by the Gloria Patri, from which this name was invented. The Gloria is really the closing portion of the Second Antiphon, usually the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm, and both the Psalm and the Anthem are in the middle of the Little Litany. The composer, Rachmaninoff, is one of the living Russian composers, and visited this country in 1909.

Glory to the Trinity.

Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and to ages of of ages. Amen.

Only begotten Son. Word of the Father, Who art immortal, Thou didst vouchsafe for us salvation to become incarnate of the Holy Mother of God, the blessed and ever Virgin Mary.

Changeless Essence, lo, Thou wast made very Man; and crucified, Thou the God-man, to vanquish death by dying.

Thou alone, O Christ, art glorified in the Trinity with Father and Holy Spirit: O save us.

Lord have mercy upon us.
To Thee, O Lord, we cry. Amen.

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Thou alone, O Christ, art glorified in the Trinity with Father and Holy Spirit: O save us.

Lord have mercy upon us.
To Thee, O Lord, we cry. Amen.

Nunc Dimittis. The Nunc Dimittis, or the Song of St. Simeon, is sung near the close of Vespers. Some of the most magnificent settings of these beautiful words are to be found in the Russian church. This particular arrangement, and one by Kastalsky, were the first two to appear with English texts in our country. More splendid eight part writing could not be desired. Alexander Tikhonovitch Gretchaninoff was born in 1864, and is a very versatile composer. He is a pupil of Safanoff, and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Nunc Dimittis.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

The "Angel," by Rachmaninoff, is an anthem form and not part of the Liturgy; this composition is rich in modulation and typical also in the use of many differing metrical devices which are so common in Russian music.

The Angel.

One midnight an angel through heaven sped away
And chanted a marvelous lay;
The moon and the stars and the clouds in a throng
Were thrilled with delight at the song.

He sang of the spirits whose sins are forgiven,
Of joys in the gardens of heaven,
Of God and His glory's unquenchable blaze,
And no bound was found to his praise.

He took to his bosom the soul of a child,
For earth's tears and sorrows too mild,
And notes of the song although wordless remained
Alive in the youth's heart unstained.

And long in the world he was tortured and vexed,
With strange nightly longings perplexed,
And earth's gloomy songs had no charm for his ear,
While those heavenly songs he could hear.

"We Have no Other Guide" is an anthem form by Shvedof, polyphonic in character and reverting in the second half to a flowing melody form, which is given to the soprano voice and treated harmonically, immediately afterward rising to a forceful climax to again return to a small polyphonic figure treated in diminishing dynamic force.

We Have No Other Guide.

We have no other guide but Thee, O Holy Father.
Thou art our Guide and in Thee we hope and trust.
We praise Thee, for we are indeed Thy servants
And are not ashamed.

We Pray to Thee.
Lord's Prayer.

The first of these two responses comes from the Liturgy, and in this it follows the Sanctus. The Deacon makes the sign of the cross, at the same time lifting up the holy paten and the holy chalice. The choir responds with these words, after which the Elements are blessed. The Lord's Prayer is used in the Liturgy and also in the Great Vespers. Both of these anthems are from a Liturgy by Alexander Dimitry Kastalsky, Director of the Synod Choir in Moscow, whose work is world-famed.

We Pray to Thee.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we thank Thee,
We pray to Thee, O Lord, our God.

Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.

Praise Ye the Name of the Lord. This Anthem is from the Matins, and the text is from Psalms cxxxv and cxxxvi. During the singing of this the deacon and the priest cense the temple, the sanctuary and all the holy images. The setting is one of the most brilliant of eight part arrangements, and is the first piece by this composer, Nikolsky, to appear here. The great strength of the composition lies in the fact that it is distinctly in the key and the so-called "relative minor." The closing of several phrases in open fifths is characteristic of the Russian style.

Praise Ye the Name of the Lord.

O praise ye the name of the Lord,
O praise it, ye servants of the Lord.
Alleluia.

Praised be the Lord out of Sion,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem,
Alleluia.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious,
And His mercy endureth forever.
Alleluia.

Offertory—Interlude.

Intermezzo . . . . . *Glinka*

(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Congregational Hymn.

At the Presentation. Congregation standing.

O SACRED Head, surrounded,
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn Thy face to me.

In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me:
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free,
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

"**We Praise Thee,**" by Shvedof, is an anthem form, and is rich in melody—first given to the bass part, the rest of the voice furnishing an harmonic accompaniment; antiphoned in the soprano voice with the other choral parts, again supplying a rich harmonic accompaniment, closing with a polyphonic treatment; each part moulding into the other with smoothness and naturalness.

We Praise Thee.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, O Lord,
We give thanks unto Thee, and we pray unto Thee,
O Lord, our God.

Postlude.

Melodie . . . . . *Tschaikovsky*

(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Easter Carol Service

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sunday, April 4th, 1915, at Four O'clock

Christ is Risen! He is Risen indeed

(TAKE THIS HOME WITH YOU)

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Christ is Risen! He is Risen indeed

(TAKE THIS HOME WITH YOU)

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Order of Service

✠

Prelude—"Adagio" . . . . . Corelli

(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Carol—"Christ is Risen" . . . . . Grieg

In place of Psalter (congregation seated)

Christ is risen, He hath burst His bonds in twain,
Christ is risen, Alleluia swell the strain;
For our gain He suffered loss, by divine decree,
For He hath died upon the cross to set us free.

Christ is risen, glorious angels downward throng,
Christ is risen, heaven and earth to men belong.
Christ is risen, earth rejoices, gleam ye starry train,
And all creation find their voices, He shall reign.

Carol—"Resurrection Day" . . . . . Grieg

After the First Lesson (congregation seated)

The day of resurrection,
Earth tell it out abroad,
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein.
Let all things seen and unseen,
Their notes together blend,.
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Carol—"The Three Holy Women"

After the Second Lesson (congregation seated)

There came three Marys to the tomb,
In the morning very early;
They came with haste to the sepulchre,
In the morning very early.
But who shall roll for us away the stone? they said,
For it was very great. Alleluia!

Be not afraid the angel said, Alleluia!
Ye Jesus seek which was crucified, He is risen.
Behold the place where the Lord hath lain;
He goes before you into Galilee. Alleluia!

Carol—"A Ballad of Trees and the Master"

After the Prayer "Lighten our darkness."

Into the woods the Master went clean forspent,
Into the woods the Master came forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came. Alleluia!

Out of the woods my Master went and He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came. Alleluia!

Carol—"Alleluia."

After the Lesser Benediction (congregation seated).

Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ is risen indeed.

Raise your song and triumph high,
Sing ye heavens the Lord is risen.

Love's redeeming work is done
Fought the fight and won the victory.

Soar we now where Christ hath led
Following Him our Lord and Saviour.

Address . . . . . The Rector

Carol—"Now Christ the Lord is Risen" . . . 16th Century

Now Christ the Lord is ris'n on high. Halleluja!
In whom salvation we enjoy. Halleluja!

Were He not ris'n in splendor. Halleluja!
The world had fall'n asunder. Halleluja!

To Him who doth salvation bring, Halleluja!
Let all the earth with praises ring. Halleluja!

Three holy women were hieing,
Where morning dews were lying.
They sought the Saviour, Christ our Lord,
Who from the tomb to heaven up soar'd.

And yonder two angels now they find,
Who say to the women, passing kind;
Be not afraid, with joy draw near,
For He you are seeking no longer is here.

Now sing ye all with one accord; Halleluja!
Aris'n is Christ, our Holy Lord! Halleluja!
Therefore rejoice ye all today: Halleluja!
Christ, our Saviour and our stay. Halleluja!

Offertory—"Adoration" . . . . . Ganne

(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Congregational Hymn . . . . . No. 112

Jesus Christ is risen today,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save!
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's king.
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia.

Postlude—"Orfeo" . . . . . Gluck

(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Christmas Carol Service

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1915
AT FOUR O'CLOCK

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

(TAKE THIS HOME WITH YOU)

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Order of Service

Prelude—Air from "Esther" . . . . . Handel

(Organ, Harp and 'Cello)

Processional—"What Child is This?" . Old English Carol

WHAT Child is this, who laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King;
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross He bore, for me, for you:
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, King to own Him;
The King of kings, salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

In place of Psalter (congregation seated)

Carol—"Noel of Saboly" (1670) . . Old French Carol

COME Anthony, Come Peter,
Hurry James and John and all,
Awaken now, awaken,
And be off, nor lag at all.
Haste away now, no delay now,
For on this night, in lodging lorn,
Was Jesus born
'Neath golden star so bright.

There in a stable lowly,
While the winter wind blew wild,
Was born the pure and holy,
The divine and tender child.
Mary o'er Him bends adoring,
As there doth lie the undefiled
And sinless child,
The Son of God most high.

The Angels in the glory,
That down from heav'n doth pour,
Their ivory lutes have taken,
The infant to adore.
Holy voices from high places
In splendor ring, and in the bright
And holy light
To our Redeemer sing.

Carol—Early Peasant Lay (1790) . . . Old French Carol

GOOD neighbors all of Chatres,
And ye of Monteray,
O come let us be joyful
Upon this joyful day,
When Jesus Christ was born
Of Virgin Mary holy,
So near the ox and ass,
Between the which He lay,
All in a manger lowly.

Then all the holy Angels
In divers tongues sang out
To shepherdess and shepherd
Who there dwelt round about,
Attending of their sheep,
That grazed on plain and mountain,
To say a little babe
Had just been born hard by,
Jesus, of life, the fountain.

Then pray we all to Mary,
And Jesus she does love.
That we may dwell together
In Paradise above.
And when our life is o'er,
In this our earthly dwelling,
They will not let us go
To burn in hell below,
In misery past telling.

Now go we to the manger,
The sermon for to hear;
Our Saviour is the preacher
Who all our ills can cure.
So wise a doctor's care,
We all have need to try it;
But we shall soon be well again,
If we will only take the pain,
To seek and profit by it.

In place of Magnificat (congregation seated)

Carol—"Listen, Lordlings" . . . . . Old English

LISTEN, Lordlings, unto me, a tale I will you tell;
Which, on this night of glee, in David's town befell:
Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary, that sweet maid;
Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging prayed.

REFRAIN.

Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed,
Cry out and shout all round about
That Christ is born indeed.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of angels in their sight came down from Heav'n's high steep.
Tidings! Tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

Onward then the angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the Altar Him to find, Who lay within the stall.

(In place of Nunc Dimittis (congregation seated)

Carol—"The Little Gray Lamb" . . . . Russian Carol

OUT on the endless purple hills,
Deep in the clasp of sombre night,
Shepherds guarded their weary ones,
Their flocks of cloudy white.
That like a snow drift in silence lay
Save one lamb with its fleece of gray.

Out on the hillside all alone,
Gazing afar with sleepless eyes,
The little gray lamb prayed soft and low,
Its face towards the starry sky.
Moon of the heavens so fair, so bright,
Give me, oh give me, a fleece of white.

Patiently longing out of the night,
Apart from the others, far apart,
Came limping and sorrowful all alone,
The lamb of the weary heart.
Murmuring I must bide away,
I am not worthy, my fleece is gray.

Many Cathedrals, grand and dim,
Whose windows glimmer with pane and lens,
'Mid the incense raised in prayer,
And hallowed with past amens,
The infant Saviour is pictured fair
With kneeling Magi, wise and old.
The Baby hand rests not on gifts,
The frank incense, myrrh and gold,
But on the head with a heavenly light
Of the lamb that was changed to white.

After Collect "Lighten our darkness" (kneeling)

Carol—"Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Jesus" . . . French Carol

'TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love
Sleep, sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love,
Sleep, sleep, King of angels sleep!

'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, Thou little Child:
Angels tall and white, seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above the mighty Lord of love
Sleep, sleep, King of angels, sleep!

After the Lesser Benediction (congregation seated)

Carol—"The Golden Carol" . . . . . Russian Carol

WE saw the light shine out afar,
And straight we knew Christ's star it was
On Christmas morn.

Then did we fall on bended knee,
And praised the Lord, who let us see
His glory dawn.

Oh, every thought be of His name,
Who bore for us both grief and shame,
The whole world's scorn.

Oh, may we die when death shall come,
And see in Heaven, our glorious home,
The Christmas star.

Carol—"The Saviour Child" . . . . . Russian Carol

SING, Christmas Bells, say to the earth,
This is the morn whereon our Saviour King is born,
Sing to all men that Christ is born,
Who saveth you and saveth me.

Sing, angel host, sing of the star,
That God has placed above the lowly manger in the East,
Sing to all men that Christ is born,
Who saveth you and saveth me.

Sing, O my heart, sing thou in rapture
This dear morn whereon the blessed Prince is born;
Sing to all men that Christ is born,
The Christ that saveth all and me.

Address . . . . . The Rector

After the Address

Carol—"Irish Noel" . . . . . *Irish Carol*

NOEL, Noel,
Children of hope and faith,
Divine Noel is bringing to you
The Saviour Christ
Noel, Noel.

Noel, Noel,
Raise now the song on high.
To-day is born the Saviour of men,
Christ the Lord.
Noel, Noel.

Noel, Noel,
Come to the hearts of men
In the lowly manger rude and plain,
The King of Kings,
Noel, Noel.

Noel, Noel,
The gift of God to all.
To-day is born the Saviour of men,
Christ the Lord.
Noel, Noel.

Noel, Noel,
Raise now the song on high.
To-day is born the Saviour of men,
Christ the Lord.
Noel, Noel.

Carol—"Sleep, Little Dove" , ... *Old Alsatian*

SLEEP, little dove, the sky's dark above.
The Virgin sang to her infant Son ;
My watch I'm keeping while Thou art sleeping
Swiftly to heaven Thy dreams will run.

REFRAIN.

Sing, holy angels, your sweet lullabies,
Smiling and dreaming my little One lies.

This humble stable is charitable,
Offering a nest of which I've need,
Chill night's a danger; in the manger,
All in the hay, no cold He'll heed!

Darker 'tis growing, the wind soughing,
Beats on the roof and bends each tree;
Naught needest Thou fear, Oh, Jesus my Dear,
For see, ox and ass—are both near Thee.

Offertory—"Epithalme" . . . . . *Rene*

(Organ, Harp and 'Cello)

Congregational Hymn—"Silent Night" (Congregation standing)

SILENT night, holy night!
All is held in slumber's might
Save the loving, sainted pair.
Wondrous babe with radiant hair
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds first heard aright
Hallelujahs in heavenly sphere ;
Angels sang it far and near:
Jesus the Saviour is here.

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, oh how bright
Shines Thy love upon the earth!
Thou hast saved us by Thy worth.
Jesus, by Thy birth.

After Benediction (kneeling)

Carol—"I Heard the Bells" . . . . . *Danish Carol*

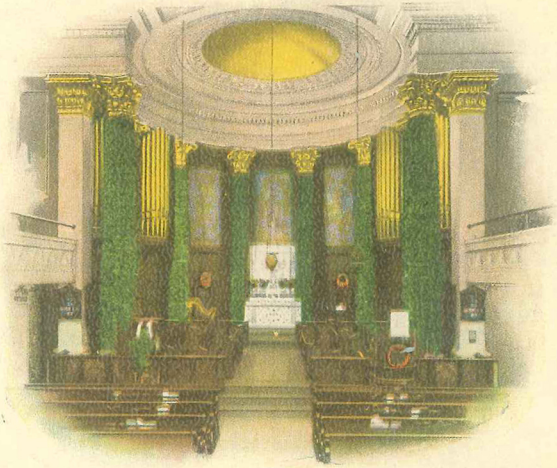
I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play ;
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Postlude—"Panis Angelicus" . . . . . *Franck*

(Organ, Harp and 'Cello)



The Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Philadelphia

Greetings from The Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Lordlings I now tell to you
Christmas bringeth joy to you;
May joy come from God above
To all those who Christmas love.

Russian Carol

Sentences

"A Child is Born" . . . . . American

First Lesson

"Listen, Lordlings Unto Me" . . . . English

Second Lesson

"A Joyful Christmas Song" . . . . . Flemish

Creed and Collects

"Sleep, Little Dove" . . . . . Alsatian

Prayers

"The Little Gray Lamb" . . . . . Russian

Address

"From High Heaven" . . . . . French

Offertory

"Silent Night, Holy Night" . . . . German

Prayers

"I Heard the Bells" . . . . . Danish

Silent Night

Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace!
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth.

My Dear Friends:

I am well aware that no words can do justice to the Anniversary of that first day in Christendom when there was so much joy above, that Heaven could not contain it; when it burst in brightness on the Earth; when there was such an overtone of gladness in the Sky that very men heard angels sing. And yet everyone wants to do something, which is the reason I have framed this little missive to convey this message of the season now returning —of Glad Tidings and Good Will.

David M. Steele

Christmas Eve
1916

1917-1918

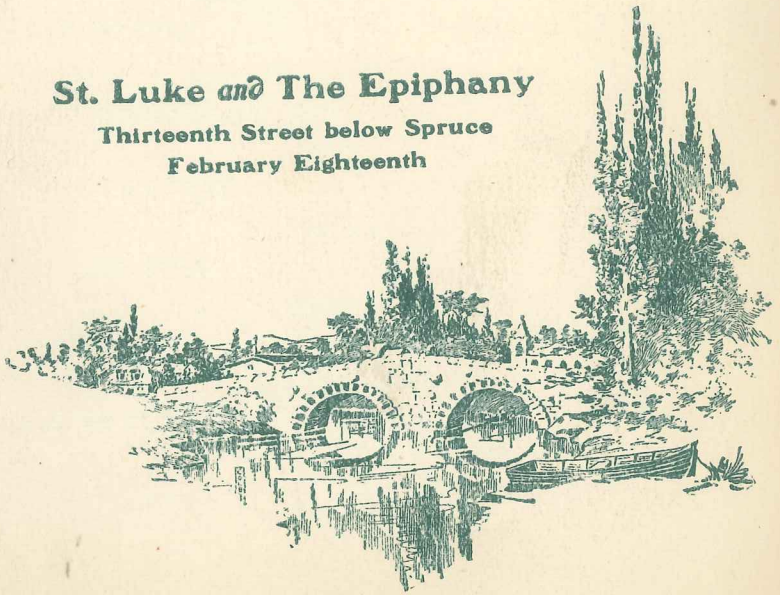
150

Service of Old Fashioned Music

St. Luke *and* The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street below Spruce

February Eighteenth



ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

SERVICE OF OLD FASHIONED MUSIC

February 18th, 1917, at Four O'clock.

PRELUDE . . . . . Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

Processional.

TO THY TEMPLE . . . . . Hendon

Psalter.

PSALMS XXIII and C . . . . . Genevan Psalter

Gloria in Excelsis.

FROM THE TWELFTH MASS . . . . . Mozart

After the First Lesson.

EIN' FESTE BURG . . . . . Luther

After the Second Lesson.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL . . . . . Martyn

Solo.

MY AIN COUNTRIE . . . . . Demarest

Anthem.

HOLY ART THOU . . . . . Handel

Offertory.

INTERLUDE . . . . . Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

Congregational Hymn.

BLEST BE THE TIE . . . . . Dennis

Postludium.

CRADLE SONG . . . . . Nettleton

A WORD OF GREETING.

It is wholly gratifying to all of us who have any part, either in the planning or the rendering of these Sunday Afternoon Services, to find how widely they appeal and to how many groups of people.

I have been anxious to make this hour, of the Sunday Next Before Lent, the occasion of assembling at one service all those who are wont to come from time to time on different afternoons throughout the season.

It is a joy to know that, coming as they do from such divers and such distant quarters, they yet enjoy alike one form of service in an Episcopal Church, although their previous habits of Church attendance have been formed in many denominations.

I have been anxious that this day may serve as a rallying time introductory to the series of six special services which we have planned for Lenten Sunday afternoons, culminating of course with the Easter Carol Service. Is it not possible that this same congregation shall be in attendance at all of these?

The selection of musical numbers to-day is confessedly unique. Our purpose has been to go backward toward the very origin of things in the selection of songs that could once be sung by all. This service ought to be a practical illustration of the possibility of real Church Unity.

DAVID M. STEELE.

HYMN 30.

MONTGOMERY. HENDON.

TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

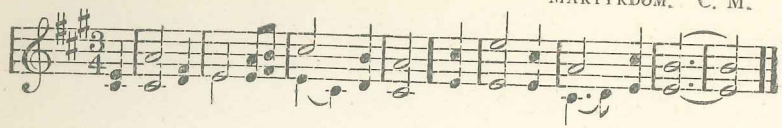
While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day." Amen.

This is one of the hymns of James Montgomery (1771-1854) whose liberal views caused the English government to send him to jail on two occasions. While incarcerated he wrote many hymns of which it has been said, "There are no lyrics in the English language so truly Christian." This is said by one who calls this poet "The Cowper of the Nineteenth Century." This tune is Hendon, composed by Malon, a Swiss Evangelical preacher, in 1828. As a member of the Established Church he made missionary journeys over the Continent.

PSALM XXIII.

H. Wilson. Martyrdom. C. M.

THE Lord's my Shepherd : I'll not want.
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

A table Thou has furnished me
In presence of my foes ;
My head with oil Thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for ever more
My dwelling place shall be.

"For ten generations," says Mr. Glass, in his Story of the Psalter, "our forefathers lifted their hearts in praise and prayer in the rugged rhymes of Sternhold and Hopkins, or the more polished verses of Rous and Tate and Brady. . . . In a strange Anglo-Saxon garb, the aspirations of the Sweet Singer of Israel found an echo in the hearts of the Anglican, Independent and Presbyterian alike. . . . Next in importance to the translation of the whole Bible into the vulgar tongue, were the rhyming versions of the Psalms, which made the jubilant hymns of the Hebrew poets the songs of the people."

PSALM C.

Genevan Psalter. Old 100th. L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

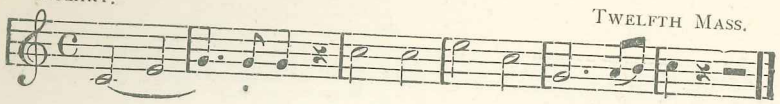
Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make,
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Within His courts your thanks proclaim ;
With grateful hearts your voices raise,
To bless and magnify His name.

Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure,
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

"Psalm singing was a consequence of the Reformation. It carried the devout believer straight into the presence of his Maker. It helped to lay the foundations of the religious liberty which now spreads more or less over the whole of Christendom. The first printed book in America was the Bay Psalm-book, while the stereotyped editions of Tate and Brady, as also the Genevan Psalter, were used. The present version has been prepared under the consciousness that the gathered hosts of four centuries are looking down upon us and charging us to guard the songs that made the nations free."

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

MOZART. TWELFTH MASS.

GLORIA in excelsis Deo,
Et in terra pax,
Hominibus bonae voluntatis,
Laudemus,
Benedicimus,
Glorificamus,
Gratias a gimus,
Tibi propter magnam, gloriam toam,
Domini Fili, unigenite, Jesu Christe,
Domine Deus,
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris. Amen.

The precocious genius and the prodigious industry of Mozart (1756–1791) are well known. He owes his fame largely to such operas as Don Giovanni, his three Symphonies and his unfinished Requiem. He made also a considerable contribution to Church Music. It is from his Twelfth Mass that this Gloria is taken. To his gift of melody, Italian in its origin, he united the solid German classicism. Mozart conferred glory upon the German nation—yet was buried in a pauper's grave. In the Latin words, this Gloria is sung in the Roman Catholic Church the world over.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

MARTIN LUTHER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

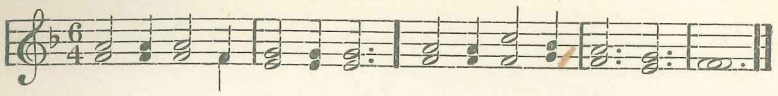
A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing;
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us;
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure.
One little word shall fell him. Amen.

This hymn is a religious lyric in praise of God. It is sung best by the largest congregation. The leader of the Reformation was also the first Evangelical hymnisf. Chiefest among the works of Martin Luther (1483–1546) stands this triumphant hymn, the Marseillaise of the Reformation. The date of the hymn is uncertain; but not so its destiny. It is the birthright of a music-loving people which resounds with mighty effect on all great occasions. The translation here used is that of Rev. Frederick Hedge (1853), late Professor of Church History at Harvard Divinity School.

HYMN 335.

CHARLES WESLEY. MARTYN. 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide
Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Although to Charles Wesley (1708-1788) we must assign the place of honor, as the everywhere present soul of Methodism, it must be remembered that he never relinquished his membership in the Church of England. His body was carried to its last resting place by eight clergymen of that Church. Said Henry Ward Beecher: "I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will pass, after a little while, out of men's thoughts, but that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band."

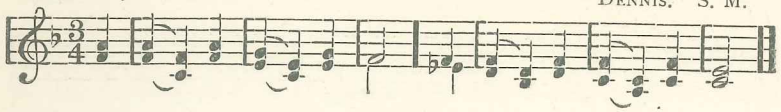
HOLY ART THOU.

HANDEL. LARGO FROM "XERXES."

HOLY art Thou,
Lord God Almighty,
Who wert and art to come.
Glory and majesty in heaven are Thine.
Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony.
Blessing and glory to the Lamb for evermore;
For worthy art Thou;
Let all nations and kindreds and peoples
Give thanks to Thee
For evermore. Amen.

It is the Oratorio Messiah that gives George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) his fame. His operas were not successful; they have almost ceased to be sung. But from them excerpts of great beauty are available. Such a one is this Largo from Xerxes. It is an aria in the title role, beautiful in its conception and tremendously vigorous in its execution. The instrumental accompaniment adds grace to the phrasing; while the words in praise of the glory of God, in their turn, are fitted beautifully to express both sweet melody and strong harmony.

HYMN 672.

FAWCETT. DENNIS. S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love :
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain ;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. Amen.

This hymn was written by Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. (1739-1817) an English Baptist. In 1772 he was called from his work in Yorkshire to London. His farewell sermon preached, the wagons were packed with his furniture and he and his wife were ready for departure. But his loving people were not ready. "Men, women and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul." This was too much. Said the good man : "We will not go. Unload the wagons and put everything where it was before." This hymn was written in commemoration of that event.

CRADLE SONG.

ISAAC WATTS. NETTLETON

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Course and hard thy Saviour lay ;
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
Oh, to tell the wondrous story,
How His foes abused their King,
How they killed the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard ;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days ;
Then to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.

No successful hymn book can be made to-day which does not show a large proportion of Isaac Watts' (1674-1748) work in its composition. But he has given us more than hymns and psalms. Early in life he became tutor to the children of Sir John Hartopp. If it had not been for this episode in his career, we should not have known of the "busy little bee" nor of "dogs that delight to bark and bite," nor of this exquisite cradle song, to the sweet croning of which generations of children have closed their eyes in infant slumber.

A WORD IN PASSING.

Strangers are INVITED to all our services.

There is such service as this EVERY Sunday afternoon.

There are organ, harp, violin and 'cello prelude, interlude and postlude at ALL services.

The full CHOIR of to-day is in attendance on all Sundays.

The RECTOR makes the address at all the services.

The words of the anthems form the THEMES of the addresses.

The church seats comfortably a THOUSAND people.

All seats are UN-RESERVED at these afternoon services.

Why not come NEXT SUNDAY?—and the NEXT?

The Season of LENT falls this year, Ash Wednesday, February 21—Easter, April 8.

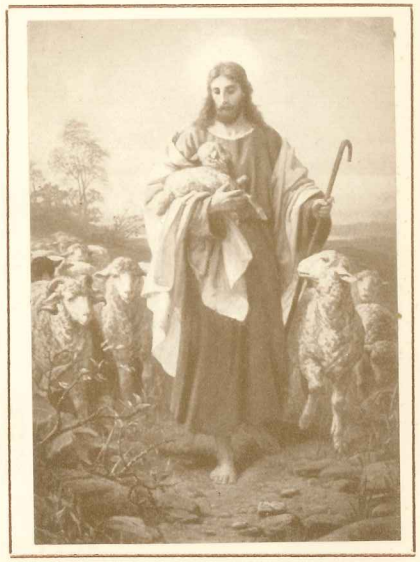
A LENTEN RESOLUTION.

"I will come to church REGULARLY every Sunday afternoon during Lent."

Sunday Afternoons in Lent

St. Luke and The Epiphany
Thirteenth St. below Spruce

FIRST SUNDAY
IN LENT
FEBRUARY
TWENTY-FIFTH



Sunday Afternoon Service

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

February 25th, 1917

Four O'clock

CHURCH OF

ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

THE SEASON OF LENT.

The lessons of Lent are of inestimable value. We all need them. They will help us to discern the things of real value in life, to subdue and control our selfish and sinful impulses, and if we learn them aright they will bring peace to body, soul and spirit.

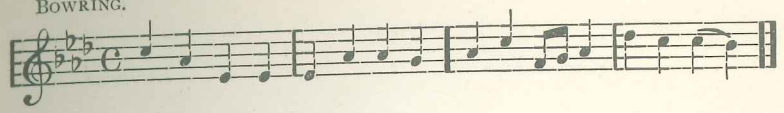
If a real Lent were universally observed, and its lessons learned, war and discord would speedily end; the gulf that divides labor and capital, rich and poor, great and lowly, would be bridged; sectarian pride and strife would cease; every man would be a brother to his fellow; each would strive to promote the happiness and well-being of all humanity.

But what is Lent? For one thing its observance is at least a fact. It will be kept this year, with more or less devotion, by some 350,000,000 out of the 400,000,000 Christians in the world. Its aim is the development of Christian character. And what is the meaning of Christian character?

(1) It means the power to make a sharp, clear distinction between right and wrong, between obedience and disobedience, between righteousness and sin. (2) It means self-control and self-discipline; i. e., loyalty to the character and purpose and aim of Jesus Christ. (3) It means charity toward men and love and reverence toward God. (4) It means growth away from that which is earthly, sensual, devilish, and growth toward that which is high, spiritual, godly and immortal. Lent is a revival of the Christ-man within us.

DAVID M. STEELE.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 359.

BOWRING. STAINER.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

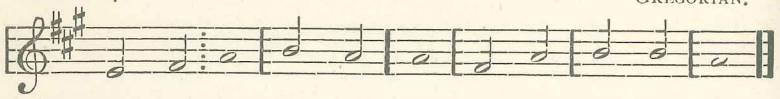
When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime. Amen.

The first line of this hymn may be found on a tombstone in an English church yard. Above these words may be seen "Sir John Bowring, November 23, 1872." Sir John was educated for the woolen import trade; but he subsequently became literary associate of Jeremy Bentham. He was a linguist of rare ability, a statesman of uncommon power, a diplomat of tried accomplishment, and a scholar of unquestioned worth. But, beneath all else, there ran the undertone of Christian praise. This tune to this one of his hymns is that of Sir John Stainer.

PSALTER.

PSALM 67. GREGORIAN.

GOD be merciful unto us and bless us : and show us the light of his countenance, and and be merciful unto us ;

2. That thy way may be known upon earth : thy saving health among all nations.

3. Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

4. O let the nations rejoice and be glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5. Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

6. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase : and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

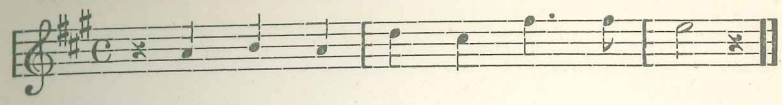
7. God shall bless us : and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

The selection from the Psalter for to-day is a lyric of praise and a call to all nations to accept God's manifestation in worship. The Psalms have always been prominent in common worship, both in Jewish and Christian Churches. It was always intended that they should be sung. The method of antiphonal singing was introduced in the West by Ambrose, in the fifth century. The Ambrosian settings were improved upon by Gregory the Great, who set forth the Gregorian tones. To one of these tones, written about 600 A. D., this Psalm is sung to-day.

MAGNIFICAT.

ST. LUKE i. 46. FOSTER.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

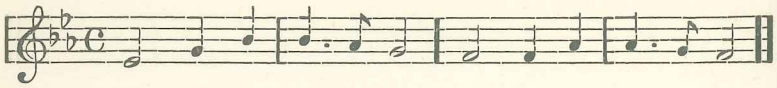
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

The Magnificat is the greatest Song of Thanksgiving in the New Testament. It is the praise of Mary, who, despite "the lowliness of his handmaiden," shall henceforth be called blessed. The theme is the recognition of the general law of the exaltation of the lowly over the great, the meek over the proud, the poor and hungry over the wealthy; and the acknowledgment of the culminating manifestation of this general law in the blessing of Israel. The canticle links most appropriately the two lessons, the promises of the Old Testament and their fulfilment in the New. The musical setting to-day is that of Myles B. Foster, a modern writer of church music in England.

HYMN 345.

PALMER. OLIVET.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

When ends life's transcient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. Amen.

This is generally regarded as "the most spiritual hymn ever written." It is known throughout the Christian world and is printed in almost as many languages as the Bible. It was written, in 1830, by Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., who said of it: "I gave form to what I felt, by writing, with little effort, the stanzas. I recollect that I wrote them with very tender emotion and ended the last line in tears." The manuscript was placed in a pocket book and might have been lost to posterity had not Lowell Mason, the musician, pressed Dr. Palmer for a hymn for his new hymnal. He wrote especially for it this tune, called Olivet.

TENOR SOLO.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA FROM "ELIJAH." MENDELSSOHN.

"YE people, Rend your hearts and not your garments. For your transgressions, the Prophet Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the Word of God. I therefore say to you, Forsake your idols, return to God; for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind, and gracious, and repenteth him of the evil." (Joel ii. 12, 13.)

"If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever truly find me. Thus saith our God. Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even go before His presence. (Deut. iv. 29, and Job. xxiii. 3.)

Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), one of the most brilliant composers of the Nineteenth Century, began his musical career at the age of nine. After several years of touring and conducting he became chapel master for the King of Prussia. In 1826 his overture to The Midsummer Night's Dream created a sensation. His genius both dramatically and musically is brilliantly proved in the oratorio Elijah, written in 1846, the year before his untimely death. The solo for to-day is a recitative and aria from Elijah.

ADDRESS . . REV. DAVID M. STEELE, D. D.

Theme, Words of the Anthem.

INTERLUDE . . Organ, Harp and Violin

"Romanze" . . . . Benedict

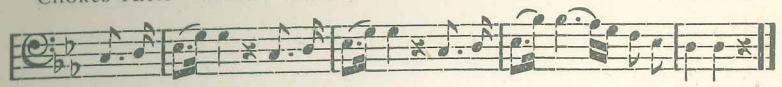
✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others: never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

BLESSED JESU, FOUNT OF MERCY.

CHORUS FROM "STABAT MATER." DVORAK.

BLESSED Jesu, fount of mercy,
We, Thy faithful, in Thy Passion,
All Thy sorrows share with Thee.

Antonin Dvorak is a Bohemian composer who evinced an inexhaustible wealth of melodic invention and coloring, together with a certain unexpectedness which characterizes all his musical works. He wrote many orchestral works, the most noted is "The New World Symphony;" compositions for the pianoforte, songs and operas; the most noted are "Gypsie Songs" and the opera "The Spectre's Bride;" one oratorio, "St. Ludmila;" a "Stabat Mater," from which the chorus to be rendered is taken. The chorus is melodic in structure and is divided into two parts. The first part is defined by the use of the meaning of figure; the second is built in canonic form.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN 481.

STOWELL. RETREAT.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

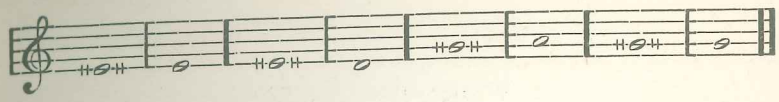
There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

Rev. Hugh Stowell (1799-1865) bore a very high reputation in the Church of England. He was a preacher of wonderful fervor. This power brought him the position of honorary canon of Chester Cathedral and afterward that of rural dean of Salford. The Oxford Tractarians met his unflinching opposition. Because of his success he was called upon to preach a great deal; yet, despite his pressing duties, he had also time to write hymns. The relative importance of these may be shown by the fact that, after his death, "Several of his sermons and forty-six of his hymns were published."

POSTLUDIUM HYMN.

DE PROFUNDIS. ANCIENT CHANT.

OUT of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

2. O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

3. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

4. For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

5. I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

6. My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

7. O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption.

8. And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The Lenten note of penitence is struck in this which, although a psalm, is used to-day as a Postludium Hymn. It is a cry of despair, both because of suffering and because of the heavy consciousness of sin. Too often, in the Lenten season, this attitude of mind alone predominates. Like St. Paul, the Psalmist is perplexed but not in despair. To both there shines through the darkest sorrow, that certain blessing of God's mercy. The purpose of Lent is not alone to arouse the sense of sin, but also to show that with the Lord there is plenteous redemption. The musical setting is that of an ancient chant, about the origin of which nothing is known.

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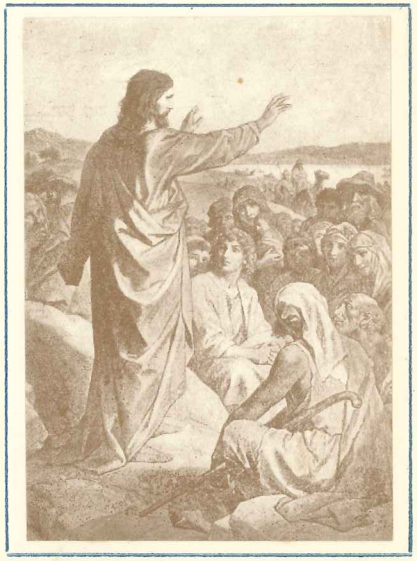
A LENTEN RESOLUTION.

"I will come to church REGULARLY every Sunday afternoon during Lent."

Sunday Afternoons in Lent

St. Luke and The Epiphany
Thirteenth St. below Spruce

SECOND
SUNDAY
IN LENT
MARCH
FOURTH



Sunday Afternoon Service

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

March 4th, 1917

Four O'clock

CHURCH OF

ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

OBSERVANCE OF LENT

There appears a strange anomaly in the fact that the Season of Lent is at once a season of "six weeks" and of "forty days." This is because the Sundays are not counted. They are not "Sundays of Lent," but "Sundays in Lent." They are excluded because the Lord's Day is habitually kept as a Festival and not as a Fast.

The definite dates of the season each year are determined by the varying date of Easter, which is not a fixed but a "moveable feast." By some ancient form of computation, Easter is the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox.

Much of the observance of Lent is perfunctory. Many conceptions of it are productive of more harm than good. There are forms of wrong observance; there are foolish, because false, conceptions. We trust, therefore, that we are of those who, in all good earnest, set themselves the mental task of dwelling on their sins and who take up the greater moral task of trying to eliminate from their lives the dark stain of evil.

I am thinking of those who become self-analytical—to the extent, at least, of discerning what their evil habits are. I am speaking to those who try to develop self-control—enough to help to rid themselves of these. Such Christians will work instead of worry. They will strive for self-development instead of practicing mere self-denial. They will give more thought to others than they expend on themselves. They will practice works of mercy rather than prate only of their spiritual maladies. And they will derive much profit from these practices.

DAVID M. STEELE.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 365.

BAKEWELL. BARNBY.

HAIL, Thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor:
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear. Amen.

Sir Joseph Barnby, composer of the tune St. Hilda, was born in York, England, and served as chorister at York Minister. Later he was appointed Succentor and director of musical instruction at Eton College. His chief works are Rebekah, an oratorio, and The Lord is King, for the Leeds Festival, 1883. He also wrote much church music, both services and hymns, there being no less than thirty-one tunes from his versatile mind in the Church Hymnal. The words of this hymn were originally those of Joseph Bakewell (1721–1819).

PSALTER.

PSALM 99. GREGORIAN.

THE LORD is King, be the people never so impatient: he sitteth between the Cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet.

2 The Lord is great in Sion: and high above all people.

3 They shall give thanks unto thy Name: which is great, wonderful, and holy.

4 The King's power loveth judgment; thou hast prepared equity: thou hast executed judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

5 O magnify the Lord our God: and fall down before his footstool; for he is holy.

6 Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among such as call upon his Name: these called upon the Lord, and he heard them.

7 He spake unto them out of the cloudy pillar: for they kept his testimonies, and the law that he gave them.

8 Thou heardest them, O Lord our God: thou forgavest them, O God, and punishedst their own inventions.

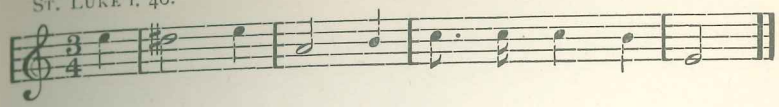
9 O magnify the Lord our God, and worship him upon his holy hill: for the Lord our God is holy.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The Gregorian Tones or chants which, in their different variations, are amiliar to all, have been in common use for twelve centuries. They are attributed to Gregory the Great (540-604), the first and greatest of the sixteen popes of that name, He was the first monk to ascend to the papal throne, and soon afterwards was concerned with the melodious and flowing style of church music then in use. These melodies, the work of Ambrose, he desired to supersede with the severer and more solemn monotone which characterizes the Gregorian chants.

MAGNIFICAT.

ST. LUKE i. 46. NOBLE.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The composer, T. Tertius Noble, whose composition is sung, as the setting of the Magnificat, is now organist and musical director at St. Thomas' Church, New York City. He came to this position from York Minister Cathedral, England, during which appointment most of his compositions were written. This Magnificat in A Minor is dedicated by Dr. Noble to the Choristers and Songmen of York Minster. His church compositions are, harmonically, far more modern than are most of the compositions of the English Church, and yet their melodic character is in no sense lacking.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN 450.

PERRONET. CORONATION.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod.
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

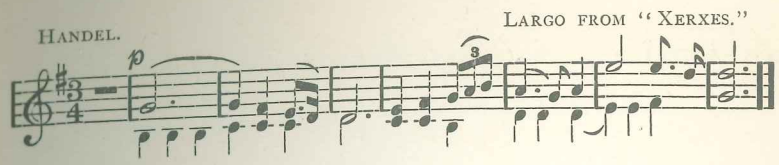
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

The tune Coronation, composed by one Oliver Holden, a Massachusetts carpenter and music seller, is inseparately united with these words of Edward Perronet, a Methodist preacher of England in Wesley's time. The name Coronation was probably chosen because of the historic and effective use of the hymn by the famed evangelist, "Billie" Dawson, who swayed great multitudes in England about 1780. In a sermon on the Saviour as a great King, he drew the picture of a coronation pageant, and at the climax sang with startling effect: "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

HOLY ART THOU.

HANDEL. LARGO FROM "XERXES."

HOLY art Thou,
Lord God Almighty,
Who wert and art to come.
Glory and majesty in heaven are Thine.
Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony.
Blessing and glory to the Lamb for evermore;
For worthy art Thou;
Let all nations and kindreds and peoples
Give thanks to Thee
For evermore. Amen.

It is the Oratorio Messiah that gives George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) his fame. His operas were not successful; they have almost ceased to be sung. But from them excerpts of great beauty are available. Such a one is this Largo from Xerxes. It is an aria in the title role, beautiful in its conception and tremendously vigorous in its execution. The instrumental accompaniment adds grace to the phrasing; while the words in praise of the glory of God, in their turn, are fitted beautifully to express both sweet melody and strong harmony.

ADDRESS . . REV. WARREN LINCOLN ROGERS

Rector, St. John's Church, Jersey City, N. J.

INTERLUDE . . Organ, Harp and Violin

"Ave Maris Stella" . . . . . Grieg

✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

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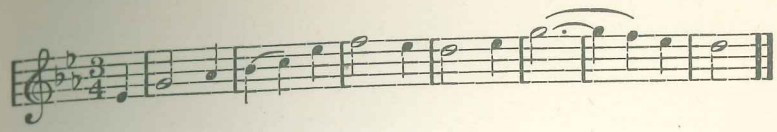
"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

HOW LOVELY IS THY DWELLING PLACE.

BRAHMS.



HOW lovely is Thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts! For my soul it longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my soul and body crieth out, yea, for the living God. O blest are they that dwell within Thy house, they praise Thy name evermore! How lovely is Thy dwelling place!

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) was "the last of the illustrious line of German composers of the first rank." Four symphonies, two serenades, several overtures, Hungarian Dances, a German Requiem and much chamber and church music, entitle him to a place by the side of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, who were his models. He stands conspicuous for his masterful use of polyphonic effects, the grandeur and dignity of his conceptions and his symmetry of form. This anthem for to-day is excellent expression of Brahms' Church music.

OFFERTORY HYMN 408.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. URBS BEATA.

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!

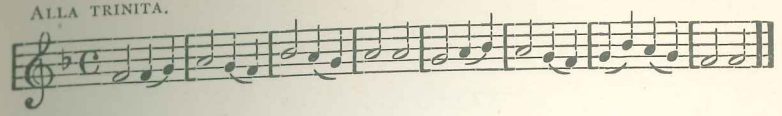
They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

From a poem, "Contempt of the World," by Bernard of Cluny, this hymn and several others are taken. This saint of the twelfth century is strong in his denunciation of the sins of this world and equally strong in his painting of the glories of the next, as this hymn well shows. The translation is that of James Mason Neale (1818-1866). He attracted the Church to the store of praise treasured in the Greek and Latin tongues, and the old gems which he reset were neither dimmed nor defaced in the process. The tune Urbs Beata is the work of George F. Le Jeune.

POSTLUDIUM HYMN.

ALLA TRINITA. TRADITIONAL.



ALLA Trinita beata da noi sempre adorata,
Trinita gloriosa unita maravigliosa.
Tu sei manna saporosa e tutta desiderosa.

This gem sung as a Postludium Hymn is an old melody from the fifteenth century. Its origin is unknown. It has been harmonized and set to these equally ancient words found among old Italian legends by Charles Burney (1726-1814), who for twenty-five years was organist of Chelsea College, England. Burney's compositions were largely instrumental. His fame, however, rests chiefly upon his publication: "General History of Music." The words may be translated: "O Blessed Trinity, by us adored; O Glorious Trinity, wonderfully united; Thou art manna, indeed; manna desired and savory."

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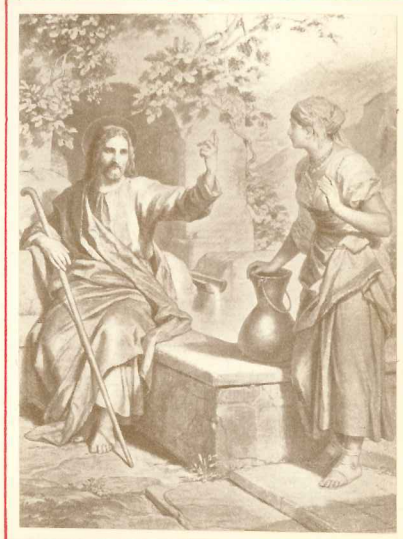
Sunday Afternoons in Lent

St. Luke and The Epiphany
Thirteenth St. below Spruce

THIRD
SUNDAY
IN LENT
MARCH
ELEVENTH



Sunday Afternoon Service

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

March 11th, 1917

Four O'clock

CHURCH OF

ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

THE CHURCH-GOING SEASON.

The churches of the city, all with one accord, are at this season going through the high tide of the year. Attendance is the largest and most representative. The various organizations connected with churches are doing their most active work. These divers activities were once extended equally throughout the year. A half century ago, even in Philadelphia, practically no one was away except for a few days or weeks in summer; whereas today a great host of families are away for many and long months. In the case of all, church life suffers in consequence. It is expected therefore to quicken up proportionately in the middle season—and especially in Lent.

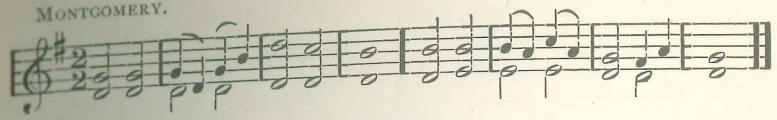
With this period or "season" of real religious activity, grown briefer as it is, nothing should be allowed to interfere. Those who have not by this date taken up church attendance and interested themselves in it, will certainly lose their touch with the church in a few years to come. They will cease to have the value from it that they should. And the loss would be a loss irreparable. Were the manifold work of religious institutions removed from a great city, a vast and powerful stream of good influence would disappear.

But these mighty and elevating influences can never be maintained, in any communion, by minister and meeting house, by priest and church, by rabbi and synagogue alone. They call for individual effort. They demand personal interest. They require the due discharge of the church and religious activities of every order by the members of the congregations. Let these cease, and all for which the churches stand would disappear. Church-going thus becomes, not a general, but a personal duty.

DAVID M. STEELE.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 30.

MONTGOMERY. HENDON.



TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

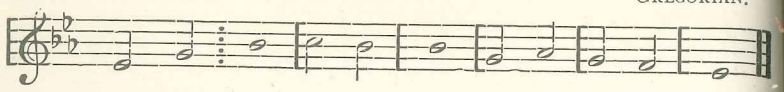
While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day." Amen.

This is one of the hymns of James Montgomery (1771-1854) whose liberal views caused the English government to send him to jail on two occasions. While incarcerated he wrote many hymns of which it has been said, "There are no lyrics in the English language so truly Christian." This is said by one who calls this poet "The Cowper of the Nineteenth Century." This tune is Hendon, composed by Malon, a Swiss Evangelical preacher, in 1828. As a member of the Established Church he made missionary journeys over the Continent.

PSALTER.

PSALM 121. GREGORIAN.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills : from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh even from the Lord : who hath made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel : shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord himself is thy keeper : the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand ;

6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day : neither the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

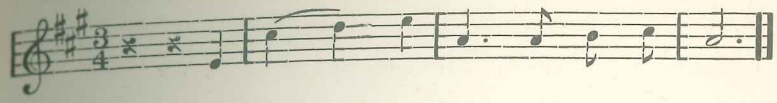
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in : from this time forth for evermore.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

The name Gregorian Tone is often taken as synonymous with plain chant, comprising not only the church music of the early Middle Ages, but also later and more elaborate compositions written in a similar style. But the term should be reserved for that Roman form of early plain chant as distinguished from the Ambrosian chants. These latter were akin to the Gregorian tones. Of the Ambrosian tones there are but few authentic manuscripts remaining, though their use is maintained at Milan up to the present day. The Gregorian melodies have more individuality and characteristic expression and, therefore, have outlived the Ambrosian.

MAGNIFICAT.

ST. LUKE i. 46. STANFORD.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

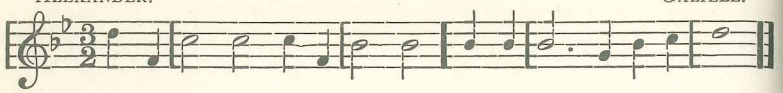
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford was appointed professor of music at Cambridge University in 1887. His compositions most familiar here are almost entirely based on Irish themes, such as the two Irish Rhapsodies, his Irish Symphony and his opera Shamus O'Brien. It must not be inferred, however, that all of his music is in local color. He is a composer of remarkable versatility and displays decided creative power. His work is academic rather than emotional or strongly dramatic, but it is always scholarly. This is particularly true with his church music—his Stabat Mater, and his service music, from which this Magnificat is selected.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN 143.

ALEXANDER. GALILEE.

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me;"

As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

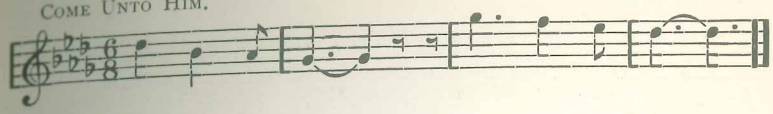
Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us.
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

This stirring call to personal service and love of Christ is known to all as St. Andrew's hymn. It was written in 1853 by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, the wife of the Bishop of Derry. Among her most familiar hymns are Once in Royal David's City, There is a Green Hill Far Away and The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn. She has also written hymns of a more elaborate character, but it is as a writer for children that she has excelled. The tune Galilee, to the strains of which these words are always associated, is the work of W. H. Jude.

DUET.

COME UNTO HIM. HENRY LESLIE.

VERILY, I say unto you, He that believeth on Christ hath everlasting life.

Come unto Him all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest.

For His yoke is easy and His burden light.

Henry Leslie (1822-1896), born in London, formed a choir in 1855 which, in 1877, took first prize at the international competition of choirs in Paris. In 1864 he became director of the Guild of Amateur Organists. His first published compositions were a Te Deum and a Jubilate in D in 1846. He subsequently published much church music as well as compositions of secular character. These latter include a Symphony in F, a festival anthem, Let God Arise, an oratorio produced at the Birmingham Festival, besides instrumental chamber music, anthems, songs, duets, trios and a large number of part songs composed for his choir.

ADDRESS, REV. GEORGE CRAIG STEWART, L. H. D.

Rector, St. Luke's Church, Evanston, Ill.

INTERLUDE . . Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

"Romanze" . . . . . Braga

AFTER THE ANTHEM

✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others: never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT.

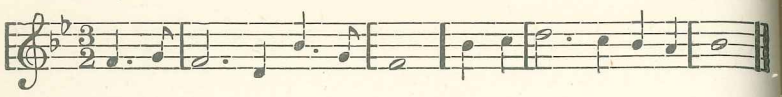
DAVID D. WOOD.

REV. xxii.

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street thereof and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. There shall be no more curse, nor pain, nor death. But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face. There shall be no night there; and they need no lamp, nor light of the sun, for the Lord God shall give them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

David Duffield Wood (1838-1910) lost his sight at an early age, through an accident. When five years old, he was sent to the Institution for the Instruction of the Blind in Philadelphia, where he distinguised himself in mathematics as well as in music. He was, for forty-six years, organist and choirmaster of St. Stephen's, Philadelphia. None of his representative authems were published in his life time. They are distinguished by a fullness, a freedom and a depth of polytone that seem at the same time to hark back to the tradition of a former age and to point to its coming revival.

OFFERTORY HYMN 336.

TOPLADY. HASTINGS.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778) is the author of this hymn which first appeared under the title "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." In all these years many people have found comfort in its consoling message. The tune to which it is sung today is called Toplady. It is not, however, the work of the author, but of Thomas Hastings (1784-1872). To him the composing of church music was "an holy calling," and for forty years, while a resident of New York City, he devoted himself to it. He composed no less than six hundred original pieces.

Sunday Afternoons in Lent

St. Luke and The Epiphany
Thirteenth St. below Spruce

FOURTH
SUNDAY
IN LENT
MARCH
EIGHTEENTH

Sunday Afternoon Service

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

March 18th, 1917

Four O'clock

CHURCH OF

ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

GOING TO CHURCH.

Going to church is honoring Christ. It is to worship Him and it is to show others that you wish to praise Him. "Them that honor Me, I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." Not to attend His house is not to honor Him, but to dishonor Him. To neglect public worship is to incur His reproach.

To go to church is to put yourself in the way of prayer as well as of praise. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath." The service of God's house helps the believer to approach God. The church is the Lord's appointed trysting place. You may make your own private prayers at home; but if you are not at church you miss the power and stimulus and comfort of concerted prayer.

Going to church is to give you more knowledge of God's work and will. The non-church-goer is rarely a steady Bible reader at home. About all that the great majority of people know of the Bible is what they get in the church services. If they absent themselves from these, they know almost nothing of the Bible. It is the duty of the minister to preach the word. But even if the word is faithfully preached, and the people are not there, how can they expect to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?

People cannot thrive nor work if they do not eat. Wholesome food at regular hours is needful for strength. You eat your three meals a day and you keep well and able to do your work. Do you disdain one meal a week of the milk and meat of God's word? Flabby Christianity is the result. Even if you do not know many of your fellow-worshippers, there is a bond of union between you and them which will soon bring you together in the closest and happiest relations.

DAVID M. STEELE.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 312.

WESLEY. GOUNOD.

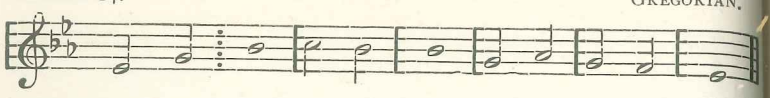
CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return.
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

Francis Gounod (1818-1893) was an eminent French composer of both sacred and dramatic music. Of the former the most famed are the Redemption, Mors et Vita, Out of Darkness, and Gallia; of the latter Faust and Romeo and Juliet are best known. To-day's service contains two of his works, this simple hymn melody and the more pretentious composition, the Serenade, to be rendered as the Interlude by the organ, violin, harp and 'cello. The words are those of Charles Wesley of whose works there is also to be sung to-day a second selection,—the congregational hymn, Jesus Lover of My Soul.

PSALTER.

PSALM 14. GREGORIAN.

THE fool hath said in his heart: There is no God.

2. They are corrupt and become abominable in their doings; there is none that doeth good, no not one.

3. The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men: to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God.

4. But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable: there is none that doeth good, no not one.

5. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues have they deceived: the poison of asps is under their lips.

6. Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood.

7. Destruction and unhappiness is in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes.

8. Have they no knowledge, that they are all such workers of mischief: eating up my people as it were bread, and call not upon the Lord?

9. There were they brought in great fear, even where no fear was: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

10. As for you, ye have made a mock at the counsel of the poor: because he putteth his trust in the Lord.

11. Who shall give salvation unto Israel out of Sion? When the Lord turneth the captivity of his people: then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

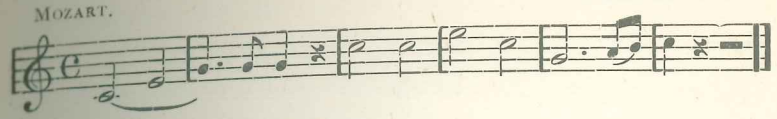
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Soon after he became pope Gregory the Great (540 604) introduced the Gregorian Tones. There are eight of these,—eight different chants, monotone in composition, as settings for the psalms and services. But a larger variety is provided through a number of endings which may be attached to any one of the eight tones. Thus, while providing the chaste and simple melody desired by Gregory, a diversity of psalm chants is permitted. Each of the conclusions closes upon a chord that will amalgamate readily with the chord of the first reciting note. This is essential to effective antiphonal rendering.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

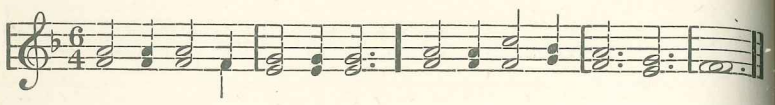
MOZART. TWELFTH MASS.



GLORIA in excelsis Deo
Et in terra pax,
Hominibus bonae voluntatis,
Laudemus
Benedicimus,
Glorificamus.
Gratias a gimus,
Tibi propter magnam, gloriam toam,
Domini Fili, unigenite, Jesu Christe,
Domine Deus,
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris. Amen.

The precocious genius and the prodigious industry of Mozart (1756-1791) are well known. He owes his fame largely to such operas as Don Giovanni, his three Symphonies and his unfinished Requiem. He made also a considerable contribution to Church Music. It is from his Twelfth Mass that this Gloria is taken. To his gift of melody, Italian in its origin, he united the solid German classicism. Mozart conferred glory upon the German nation—yet was buried in a pauper's grave. In the Latin words, this Gloria is sung in the Roman Catholic Church the world over.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN 335.

CHARLES WESLEY. MARTYN.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide
Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Although to Charles Wesley (1708-1788) we must assign the place of honor, as the everywhere present soul of Methodism, it must be remembered that he never relinquished his membership in the Church of England. His body was carried to its last resting place by eight clergymen of that Church. Said Henry Ward Beecher: "I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will pass, after a little while, out of men's thoughts, but that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band."

TENOR SOLO.

RECITATIVE AND ARIA FROM "MESSIAH." HANDEL.

THY rebuke hath broken His heart; He is full of heaviness, He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man, neither found He any to comfort Him.

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) was an indefatigable worker. He was teacher, chapel master, organist, harpsichordist, oboist, conductor and impresario and he wrote in almost every musical form. As a writer of opera, however, Handel is forgotten; but the Handel of oratorio is immortal. The Messiah, his masterpiece, was written, it is said, in twenty-four days. In grandeur and sublimity it surpasses all of his other work. It is universal in its appeal, immeasurable in its power. It is one of the imperishable creations of genius and will command reverence to the end of time.

ADDRESS, . . . REV. PHILIP J. STEINMETZ

Head Master, Philadelphia Episcopal Academy.

INTERLUDE . . Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

"Serenade" . . . . . Gounod

AFTER THE ANTHEM

✠

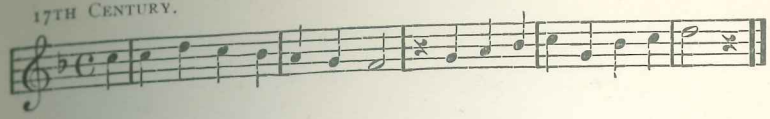
"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others: never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

17TH CENTURY. HIRSCH.



WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come. His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flow'rs, the grass below.
Sorrow, oh, my soul, then sorrow!

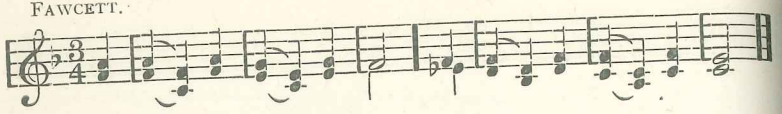
The fig trees bow'd them as in pain,
The rocks around were rent in twain,
The dawn came on, all cold and dim,
The birds forgot their matin hymn.
Sorrow, oh, my soul, then sorrow!

To John, my servant and my friend,
My loving mother I commend,
O lead her home, to bide with thee,
That she my anguish may not see.
Sorrow, oh, my soul, then sorrow!

From the old legends and folk-lore of the Middle Ages, when men really had imagination, musicians frequently take selection after selection to be adapted for modern use. Many of these are religious, and though anthropomorphic and of a theology outworn, they, nevertheless, have a depth of sentiment and a beauty of melody, that commends them for common worship. Among the best of such pieces is this Lenten hymn-anthem. "Jesus in the Garden" is German, being taken from an old hymn book of that language published in 1617. It was arranged for modern use by Carl Hirsch.

OFFERTORY HYMN 672.

FAWCETT. DENNIS.



BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

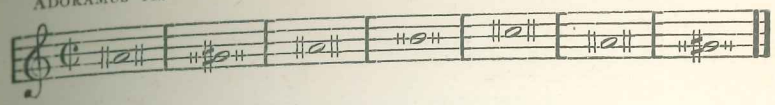
When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. Amen.

This hymn was written by Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. (1739-1817), an English Baptist. In 1772 he was called from his work in Yorkshire to London. His farewell sermon preached, the wagons were packed with his furniture and he and his wife were ready for departure. But his loving people were not ready. "Men, women and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul." This was too much. Said the good man: "We will not go. Unload the wagons and put everything where it was before." This hymn was written in commemoration of that event.

POSTLUDIUM.

ADORAMUS TE. PALESTRINA.



ADORAMUS te Christe et benedicimus tibi; quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum, qui passus es pro nobis Domini, miserere nobis.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524?-1594) stands pre-eminent among the composers of the Flemish School. His works are mostly ecclesiastical in character, being written for use in Roman Catholic churches. The texts are, therefore, nearly always in Latin as in this motet of four parts. The selection for to-day was edited by Frank Damrosh. Translated, the words read:—"We adore Thee Christ and we bless Thee; through your Holy Cross hast the world been redeemed; Thou O Lord, who hast suffered for us, O Lord have mercy on us."

A WORD IN PASSING.

Strangers are INVITED to all our services.

There is such service as this EVERY Sunday afternoon.

There are organ, harp, violin and 'cello prelude, interlude and postlude at ALL services.

The full CHOIR of to-day is in attendance on all Sundays.

The words of the anthems form the THEMES of the addresses.

The church seats comfortably a THOUSAND people.

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Why not come NEXT SUNDAY?—and the NEXT?

The Season of LENT falls this year, Ash Wednesday, February 21—Easter, April 8.

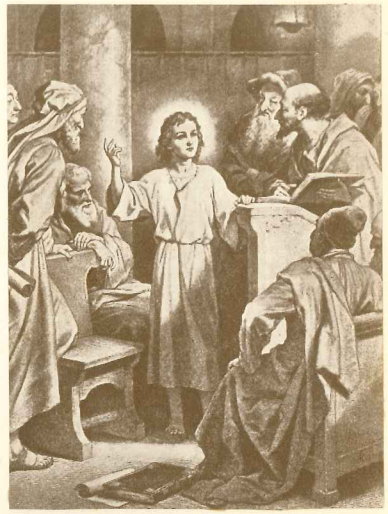
A LENTEN RESOLUTION.

"I will come to church REGULARLY every Sunday afternoon during Lent."

Sunday Afternoons in Lent

St. Luke and The Epiphany
Thirteenth St. below Spruce

FIFTH SUNDAY
IN LENT
MARCH
TWENTY-FIFTH



Sunday Afternoon Service

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT
March 25th, 1917
Four O'clock

CHURCH OF
ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY
330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET
PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

CONFIRMATION.

Confirmation is a renewal and ratification of baptismal vows. It is not some charm performed by a bishop, who as a channel of grace hands on to the confirmed something or other which he alone has to give. The bishop is the official who in the polity of our church is appointed to hear the individual say, "I do," and to pray that God will strengthen him so that he may continue God's child forever and daily increase in His Holy Spirit.

Confirmation does not make us members of the Church of God. It is, rather, like taking out papers of citizenship. It signifies his intention of becoming a responsible citizen. It is like casting one's first vote on reaching the age of 21. One was born an American, but at 21 he claims his share in all the duties and privileges of American citizenship.

Confirmation is a vow of aspiration, not a pretense at perfection. There is a curious notion in some minds that membership in Christ's Church implies that one has attained. When, therefore, a church member is known to be short in his moral accounts men judge him a hypocrite. The Church, to their thinking, is group of saints who set themselves up as examples to the rest of their fellows. To the people within the Church no notion is so preposterous.

An immense amount of harm has been done by the notion that men are free from the moral law, until by joining the Church they voluntarily put themselves under the moral law. It is like arguing that the earth is free of the rotation of the planets until it chooses to join the celestial company. The moral law is as vital a part of life as is the law of gravitation. Ignorance of it or disobedience brings down upon a man as heavy a penalty as the infraction of any law of health.

DAVID M. STEELE.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 351 . . . . . *Howard*

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, oppresssed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offense,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own Thy judgment right.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view :
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favor gives
Let me, O Lord, regain ;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain. Amen.

CREED AND COLLECTS.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN 11 . . . . *Hursley*

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

SERMON . . RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND, D. D.,
Bishop Suffragan of Pennsylvania

ANTHEM—"Tantum Ergo" . . . . . *Silas*

HOLY FATHER, great Creator, source of mercy, love and peace. Look upon the Mediator, clothe us with His righteousness; Heavenly Father, through the Saviour, hear and bless. Holy Spirit, Sanctifier, come with unction from above. Raise our hearts to raptures higher, fill them with the Saviour's love ; Source of comfort, cheer us with the Saviour's love. Amen.

INTERLUDE—Melody . . . . . *Rubenstein*

(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

OFFERTORY HYMN 606 . . . . . *Bradbury*

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

THE ORDER OF

CONFIRMATION.

OR LAYING ON OF HANDS UPON THOSE WHO ARE BAPTIZED, AND COME TO YEARS OF DISCRETION

TO the end that Confirmation may be adminstered to the more edifying of such as shall receive it, the Church hath thought good to order, That none shall be confirmed, but such as can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and can also answer to such other Questions, as in the short Catechism are contained: which order is very convenient to be observed; to the end that children, being now come to the years of discretion, and having learned what their Godfathers and Godmothers promised for them in Baptism, may themselves, with their own mouth and consent, openly before the Church, ratify and confirm the same; and also promise, that, by the grace of God, they will evermore endeavour themselves faithfully to observe such things, as they, by their own confession, have assented unto.

¶ *Then the Minister shall present unto the Bishop those who are to be confirmed, and shall say,*

REVEREND Father in God, I present unto you these children (*or* these persons) to receive the Laying on of Hands.

¶ *Then the Bishop, or some Minister appointed by him, may say,*

Hear the words of the Evangelist Saint *Luke*, in the eighth Chapter of the Book of the *Acts of the Apostles*.

WHEN the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: who, when they were come, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.

¶ *Then shall the Bishop say,*

DO ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that ye made, or that was made in your name, at your Baptism; ratifying and confirming the same; and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and to do all those things which ye then undertook, or your Sponsors then undertook for you?

¶ *And every one shall audibly answer,*

I do.

Bishop.

OUR help is in the Name of the Lord;
Answer Who hath made heaven and earth.
Bishop. Blessed be the Name of the Lord;
Answer. Henceforth, world without end.
Bishop. Lord, hear our prayer.
Answer. And let our cry come unto thee.

Bishop. Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and everliving God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by Water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins; Strengthen them, we beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost. the Comforter, and daily increase in them thy manifold gifts of grace: the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness; and fill them, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. *Amen.*

¶ *Then all of them in order kneeling before the Bishop, he shall lay his hands upon the head of every one severally, saying,*

DEFEND, O Lord, this Thy Child (*or* this thy Servant) with thy heavenly grace; that *he* may continue thine for ever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until *he* come unto thy everlasting kingdom. Amen.

¶ *Then shall the Bishop say,*

The Lord be with you.
Answer. And with thy spirit.

¶ *And all kneeling down, the Bishop shall add,*

Let us pray.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

¶ *And these Collects,*

ALMIGHTY and everliving God, who makest us both to will and to do those things which are good, and acceptable unto thy Divine Majesty; We make our humble supplications unto thee for these thy servants, upon whom, after the example of thy holy Apostles, we have now laid our hands, to certify them, by this sign, of thy favour and gracious goodness towards them. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, ever be over them; let thy Holy Spirit ever be with them; and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, that in the end they may obtain everlasting life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth ever, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

O ALMIGHTY Lord and everlasting God, vouchsafe, we beseech thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern, both our hearts and bodies, in the ways of thy laws, and in the works of thy commandments; that, through thy most mighty protection, both here and ever, we may be preserved in body and soul; through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

¶ *Then the Bishop shall bless them, saying thus,*

THE Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be upon you, and remain with you for ever. *Amen.*

RECESSIONAL HYMN 312 . . . . . *Gounod*

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return.
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

A WORD IN PASSING.

Strangers are INVITED to all our services.

There is such service as this EVERY Sunday afternoon.

There are organ, harp, violin and 'cello prelude, interlude and postlude at ALL services.

The full CHOIR of to-day is in attendance on all Sundays.

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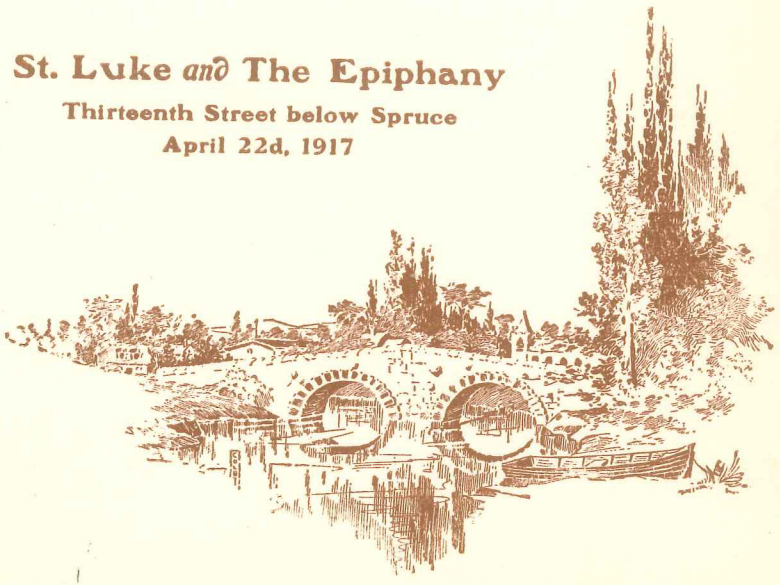
Service of Old Fashioned Music

St. Luke *and* The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street below Spruce

April 22d, 1917



Service of Old Fashioned Music

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 22d, 1917

Four O'clock

CHURCH OF

ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

MY TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the attic, listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles and against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes, which with dust were thickly spread;
Saw I in the farthest corner what was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music of my mother's voice in song;
As she sung in sweetest accents what I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections that I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory, rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood, to those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother, by this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten, deep are they in memory riven—
"Hallowed be Thy name, O Father! Father! Thou who art in Heaven."

Years have passed and that dear mother long has mouldered neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness when I see my trundle bed.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Prelude

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.....Tschaikowsky

Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello.

From 3.30 to 4 o'clock.

Processional Hymn

TO THY TEMPLE..... Hendon

Psalter

PSALM XXIII..... Martyrdom

After the First Lesson

HOLY ART THOU .....Handel

After the Second Lesson

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.....Coronation

Anthem

SANCTUS .....Gounod

Interlude

ANDANTE RELIGIOSO .....Thome

Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello.

Offertory Hymn

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE..... America

Postludium Hymn

CRADLE SONG .....Nettleton

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 30.

MONTGOMERY. HENDON.

TO Thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there ;
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love to mine attend ;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day." Amen.

This is one of the hymns of James Montgomery (1771–1854) whose liberal views caused the English government to send him to jail on two occasions. While incarcerated he wrote many hymns of which it has been said, "There are no lyrics in the English language so truly Christian." This is said by one who calls this poet "The Cowper of the Nineteenth Century." This tune is Hendon, composed by Malon, a Swiss Evangelical preacher, in 1828. As a member of the Established Church he made missionary journeys over the Continent.

PSALM XXIII.

H. WILSON. MARTYRDOM.

THE Lord's my Shepherd : I'll not want,
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green ; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

A table Thou has furnished me
In presence of my foes ;
My head with oil Thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for ever more
My dwelling place shall be.

"Psalm singing was a consequence of the Reformation. It carried the devout believer straight into the presence of his Maker. It helped to lay the foundations of the religious liberty which now spreads more or less over the whole of Christendom. The first printed book in America was the Bay Psalm-book, while the stereotyped editions of Tate and Brady, as also the Genevan Psalter, were used. The present version has been prepared under the consciousness that the gathered hosts of four centuries are looking down upon us and charging us to guard the songs that made the nations free."

HOLY ART THOU.

HANDEL. LARGO FROM "XERXES."

HOLY art Thou,
Lord God Almighty,
Who wert and art to come.
Glory and majesty in heaven are Thine.
Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony.
Blessing and glory to the Lamb for evermore;
For worthy art Thou ;
Let all nations and kindreds and peoples
Give thanks to Thee
For evermore. Amen.

It is the Oratorio Messiah that gives George Frederick Handel (1685-1759) his fame. His operas were not successful; they have almost ceased to be sung. But from them excerpts of great beauty are available. Such a one is this Largo from Xerxes. It is an aria in the title role, beautiful in its conception and tremendously vigorous in its execution. The instrumental accompaniment adds grace to the phrasing; while the words in praise of the glory of God, in their turn, are fitted beautifully to express both sweet melody and strong harmony.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN 450.

PERRONET. CORONATION.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all !

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call :
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all !

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call ;
The God incarnate ! Man divine !
And crown Him Lord of all !

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all !

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all !

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall !
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all ! Amen.

The tune Coronation, composed by one Oliver Holden, a Massachusetts carpenter and music seller, is inseparately united with these words of Edward Perronet, a Methodist preacher of England in Wesley's time. The name Coronation was probably chosen because of the historic and effective use of the hymn by the famed evangelist "Billie" Dawson, who swayed great multitudes in England about 1780. In a sermon on the Saviour as a great King, he drew the picture of a coronation pageant, and at the climax sang with startling effect : "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

ADDRESS, ... THE RECTOR

Theme: Words of the Anthem.

INTERLUDE . . Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

Andante Religioso . . . . . Thome

AFTER THE ANTHEM

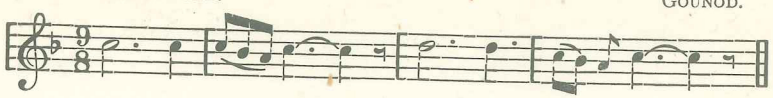
✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others: never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

SANCTUS.

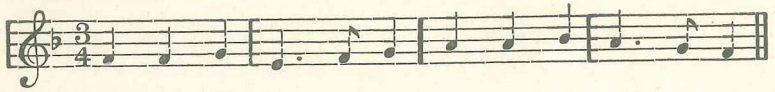
MESSA SOLENNELLE. GOUNOD.

JSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
y'nly blessings without number,
ently falling on thy head,
y much better thou'rt attended
han the Son of God could be,
en from Heaven He descended,
nd became a child like thee!

and easy is thy cradle.
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
en His birthplace was a stable,
Ple nd His softest bed was hay.
Ho to tell the wondrous story,
low His foes abused their King,
w they killed the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

sh, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard;
s thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
ay'st thou learn to know and fear Him
Love and serve Him all thy days;
hen to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.

Charles Francis Gounod (1818-1893) was an eminent French composer of both sacred and dramatic music. Of the former the most famed are the Redemption, Mors et Vita, Out of Darkness, and Gallia; of the latter Faust and Romeo and Juliet are best known. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire and to such good purpose that he secured the Prix de Rome. In Italy he devoted himself to the old masters, Palestrina in particular. His earliest works were masses, and at one time he contemplated taking orders, but abandoned the idea to compose operas.

OFFERTORY HYMN.

SMITH. AMERICA.

. . Organ, Harp, Violi

e Religioso . . . .

AFTER THE ANTHEM

✠

oever thou art that enterest this Ch
ut one prayer to God for thyself, for
d those who minister here."

ferings in this parish, at every servi
of beneficence. They are always f
urselves. Not a dollar laid upon th
el in ten years has gone to defra
every penny has gone to the doing

erciful after thy power. If thou ha
usly; if thou hast little, do thy diligen

This stirring hymn, national in inspiration, was written by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., a graduate of Harvard in 1829 and a Baptist clergyman. In a personal letter he says that it "was written in 1832. I found the tune (America) in an old music-book brought to this country, and put into my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq. It is not, however, a translation, but the expression of my thought at the moment of glancing at the tune." The hymn was first sung at a children's celebration of the Fourth of July in Park Street Church, Boston.

POSTLUDIUM.

ISAAC WATTS. NETTLETON.

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
Oh, to tell the wondrous story,
How His foes abused their King,
How they killed the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days;
Then to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.

No successful hymn book can be made to-day that does not show a large proportion of Isaac Watts' (1674–1748) work in its composition. But he has given us more than hymns and psalms. Early in life he became tutor to the children of Sir John Hartopp. If it had not been for this episode in his career, we should not have known of the "busy little bee" nor of "dogs that delight to bark and bite," nor of this exquisite cradle song, to the sweet croning of which generations of children have closed their eyes in infant slumber.

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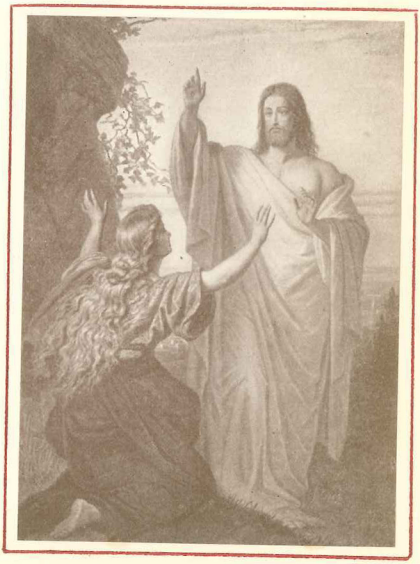
Easter Carol Service

St. Luke and The Epiphany
Thirteenth St. below Spruce

REPETITION
SERVICE
APRIL
FIFTEENTH



REPETITION

EASTER CAROL SERVICE

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 15th, 1917

Four O'clock

CHURCH OF

ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Advent tells us, Christ is near;
Christmas tells us, Christ is here!
In Epiphany we trace
All the glory of His grace.

The three Sundays before Lent
Now prepare us to repent;
That in Lent we may begin
Earnestly to mourn for sin.

Holy Week and Easter, then,
Tell who died and rose again;
O that happy Easter Day!
Christ is risen indeed, we say,

Yes, and Christ ascended, too,
To prepare a place for you;
So we give Him special praise,
After those great Forty Days.

Then, He sent the Holy Ghost,
On the Day of Pentecost,
With us ever to abide;
Well may we keep Whitsuntide!

Last of all, we humbly sing:
Glory to our God and King,
Glory to the one in Three,
On the Feast of Trinity.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

PRELUDE—Epiphalne ..... Boureier
Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello.
From 3.30 to 4 o'clock.

CHRIST IS RISEN ..... Grieg
For the Psalter.

PRAISE TO OUR GOD ..... Vulpius
After the First Lesson.

NOW CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN ..... 16th Century
After the Second Lesson.

BY EARLY MORNING LIGHT ..... Traditional
After the Third Collect.

ALLELUIA, CHRIST IS RISEN ..... Traditional
Before the Address.

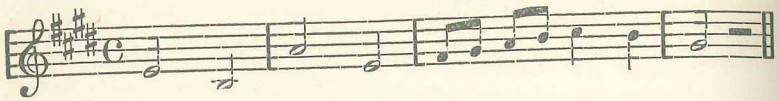
HALLELUJAH CHORUS (from "The Mount of Olives") Beethoven
After the Address.

INTERLUDE—Abendleid ..... Schumann
Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER ..... Palestrina
Offertory Hymn 121.

AT DAWN WHEN THEY SOUGHT ..... 16th Century
Postludium Hymn.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

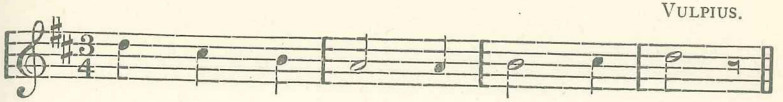
A. T. GOUNEY. GRIEG.

CHRIST is risen, He hath burst his bonds in twain,
Christ is risen, Alleluia swell the strain ;
For our gain He suffered loss, by divine decree,
For He hath died upon the cross to set us free.

Christ is risen, glorious angels downward throng,
Christ is risen, heaven and earth to men belong.
Christ is risen, earth rejoices, gleam ye starry train,
And all creation find their voices, He shall reign.

If anyone were conscious that God was his God, he knew, also, that He would always remain so ; and if any knew by experience what it was to hold communion with God, he might fall asleep in the steadfast hope of one day "beholding His face in righteousness." Believers under the Old, and even under the New Testament, have all walked in this way.—REV. EDWARD WHITE.

PRAISE TO OUR GOD.

VULPIUS.



PRAISE to our God in heaven's throne,
Praise to His well-beloved Son,
Who for us all hath all things done !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

He has arisen from the grave,
Strong in His might, and pure and brave,
Mortals from sin and death to save.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Jesus, who left Thy heaven fair,
Death and the grave for us to dare,
Grant us Thy blessed life to share.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Amid the affairs of the Roman Empire with its pomp and state Christianity was gradually withdrawing from the heterogeneous mass some of all orders, even slaves ; it was substituting a simple, calm and rational faith and worship ; gently establishing in the soul of man the sense of immortality till it became a natural and inextinguishable part of his moral being.—DEAN HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D.

NOW CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN.

16TH CENTURY.

NOW Christ the Lord is ris'n on high. Halleluja!
In whom salvation we enjoy. Halleluja!

Were He not ris'n in splendor. Halleluja!
The world had fall'n asunder. Halleluja!

To Him who doth salvation bring, Halleluja!
Let all the earth with praises ring. Halleluja!

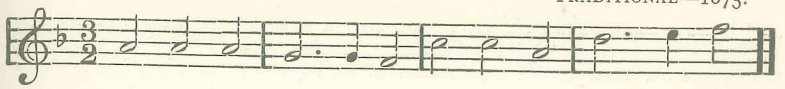
Three holy women were hieing,
Where morning dews were lying.
They sought the Saviour, Christ our Lord,
Who from the tomb to heaven up soar'd.

And yonder two angels now they find,
Who say to the women, passing kind;
Be not afraid, with joy draw near,
For He you are seeking no longer is here,

Now sing ye all with one accord; Halleluja!
Aris'n is Christ, our Holy Lord! Halleluja!
Therefore rejoice ye all to-day; Halleluja!
Christ, our Saviour and our stay. Halleluja!

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on Eternity, and compassed by Eternity. Yet life is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work then like a star unhasting, yet unresting Find out your task; stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY EARLY MORNING LIGHT.

TRADITIONAL—1675.

BY early morning light,
Ere yet the day was bright,
Three women came to seek their Lord;
But what their joy to hear
The Angel's message clear:
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

They saw upon the tomb,
Dispelling all its gloom,
An angel fair in raiment white,
To them the angel said:
Mourn not your Lord as dead,
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

If there be no God, and man is the production of the unintelligent forces of Nature, then there is no purpose in his origination. But if there be a wise Creator of the universe (and a wise Creator must have had a definite purpose in His work), then . . . there will be a future state in which man's powers will find an appropriate sphere of action.—REV PREBENDARY CHAS. ADOLPHUS ROW.

ALLELUIA, CHRIST IS RISEN.

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Christ is risen indeed.

Raise your song and triumph high,
Sing ye heavens the Lord is risen.

Love's redeeming work is done
Fought the fight and won the victory.

Soar we now where Christ hath led
Following Him our Lord and Saviour.

If, then, we are to judge of the nature of man's soul by its faculties and its operations, the conclusion seems undeniable that his soul is a spiritual substance. It subsists itself. Whether in the body or out of the body the soul is, both in its essence and in its faculties, indestructible. By the law of its being it will live forever.—RIGHT REV. BISHOP WEATHERS.

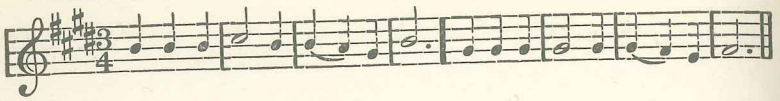
HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

MOUNT OF OLIVES. BEETHOVEN.

HALLELUJAH unto God's Almighty Son,
Praise the Lord, ye bright angelic choirs in holy songs of joy. Man, proclaim his grace and glory.
Hallelujah unto God's Almighty Son.

To look to man's bodily frame for indications of immortality, to look even to his lofty mental powers—lofty indeed, but sadly misused—is to seek the living among the dead. Man must not look into himself but out of himself for assurance of immortality. "Christ is risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."—PROFESSOR G. C. STOKES, F. R. S.

OFFERTORY HYMN 121.

LATIN: TR. F. POTT. PALESTRINA.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
The victory of life is won ;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia !

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia !

The three sad days are quickly sped ;
He rises glorious from the dead :
All glory to our risen Head !
Alleluia !

He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell !
Alleluia !

Lord ! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia !

Those who die in the fear of the Lord God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death. They pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings unchanged. Rest they may—rest they surely will, if they need rest. But what is their rest? It is not idleness, but peace of mind.—REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AT DAWN WHEN THEY SOUGHT.

16TH CENTURY.

AT dawn when they sought with weeping,
The tomb where the Lord lay sleeping,
The holy women saw and said
That Christ was risen from the dead.
Kyrie Eleison.

And Mary's night of mourning,
Was turned to glorious morning,
She knew that God's beloved Son,
New life for mortals all had won.
Kyrie Eleison.

O Jesus, Thou Lord of heaven,
Thy life all life shall leaven,
Till all mankind in Thee new-born,
Shall share Thy Resurrection morn.
Kyrie Eleison.

Let us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of his existence, adore the redundant plenitude of his perfections, rely on his goodness, fear his justice, and aspire to his immortality. As our material form shall return to its mother earth, so our spiritual part shall return unto its Creator.—RT. REV. JACQUES BOSSUET.

SEASON OF EASTER.

Palm Sunday, ... April 1st

LIFE OF CHRIST

A service made up of anthems and hymns which portray in music the life story of our Lord.

Easter Day, ... April 8th

ANCIENT CAROL SERVICE

A program of old carols and melodies gleaned from the music of many ages and many peoples.

First Sunday after Easter, . April 15th

REPETITION CAROL SERVICE

More carols, different from last Sunday, but of equal interest and beauty and as well sung.

Second Sunday after Easter, April 22d

OLD FASHIONED MUSIC

Songs and hymns which live in the hearts of all, revivified and resung for sweet memories' sake.

Sunday Afternoons in Lent

St. Luke and The Epiphany
Thirteenth St. below Spruce

PALM
SUNDAY
APRIL
FIRST

Sunday Afternoon Service

PALM SUNDAY

April 1st, 1917

Four O'clock

CHURCH OF

ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

330 SOUTH THIRTEENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

REV. D. M. STEELE, RECTOR

MEANING OF PALM SUNDAY.

The arrangement of this service to-day is novel, and in two particulars: First, that its parts are meant to delineate in course the epochs in the life of Christ; secondly, that these are narrated in song and in verse coincident with passages in scripture and in speech.

To-day is Palm Sunday. This day has long since come to stand as climax or as summit in the Saviour's progress from his Birth to Burial, from the Incarnation to the Crucifixion. The incident that marks the day is the Triumphal Entry.

Is it singular that this appearance of great popularity was the one that He himself most deprecated? Not if we appreciate the meaning of His mission and the purpose of His coming. Not Palm Sunday, but Good Friday, is the Christian's day for self-congratulation.

On that day of supposed triumph he foresaw the failure of the people's loyalty. On the day they thought He failed, and all for which he labored had been lost, it was that He succeeded. Such is the failure of one kind of success. Such is the success of another kind of failure. Something like this must have been what St. Paul meant when he said: "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Some such theme it is that St. Paul also preached when he declared: "But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

DAVID M. STEELE.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 91.

MILMAN. ST. DROSTANE.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

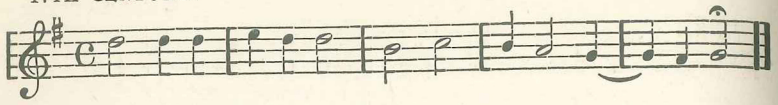
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

The words of this triumphant hymn for Palm Sunday are by Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D. D., (1791–1868) and tune is the composition of J. B. Dykes. Dean Milman became dean of St. Paul's, London, in 1849. From 1821 to 1831 he was professor of poetry at Oxford and during that period these verses were written. "Dean Milman's poetry—once highly esteemed—has disappeared from public notice. But the Broad Churchman still lives in his hymn, When our hearts are bowed with woe, and the present piece." It is, however, as one of the best of Church historians that he is most famed.

LO, HOW A ROSE.

17TH CENTURY. PRÆTORIUS.

LO, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old hath sung.

It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 't was foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.

To show God's love aright,
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half spent was the night.

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621) was organist and chapel master to the Duke of Brunswick. Little is known of his life but his remaining works show him to have been one of the most noted writers of music of his day and land. Prominent among his works are Musae Sioniae in sixteen volumes, containing with other music 1,244 vocal pieces; nine volumes of a secular work called Musa Aonia and several other works, both church and secular. He was at one time appointed Prior of the monastery of Ringelheim but the appointment did not carry with it the necessity of residence.

SLEEP OF THE CHILD JESUS.

GEVAERT.

'TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, Thou little child:
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love.
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd,
Sleep, Thou little child:
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love,
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, Thou little child:
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love.
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

It is as a little child that we like to think of Jesus. Clothed in humility, childlike and sweet, He became none the less the "King of Angels," conqueror of the world, King of Kings. No picture of the "Little Child" more tender than this of Francois Auguste Gevaert has ever been written. Gevaert in 1867 became chef-de-chant at the Academe de Musique at Paris, a post which he held until the opera was closed by the War of 1870. He wrote considerable church music, several successful operas and many minor works. This old French noel was arranged for English use by M. Louise Boum.

CHRIST, WHEN A CHILD.

A LEGEND. TSCHAIKOWSKY.

CHRIST, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there ;
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for His hair.
And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share :
They tore the flow'rs from ev'ry stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

"How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown,
Now that Thy roses all are dead ?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.
They plaited then a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head ;
A garland for His forehead made,
For roses drops of blood instead.

Peter Tschaikowsky (1840-1893) is the most popular of the Russian composers of church music. His list of works is a long one and includes six symphonies, three concert overtures, four marches, a symphonic poem, twelve choral pieces and sixty-eight songs. No other Russian composer is so numerously represented on programs, whether in church or concert room. Tschaikowsky was a leader of the new Russian School, but was more cosmopolitan than his compatriots. Although he retained the classic and national traits in his music both of these were superseded by the distinctiveness of his own individuality.

I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE.

WEST.

I AM the bread of Life ; he that cometh to me shall never hunger ; he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

George Alexander A. West is the organist of St. Luke's Church at Germantown. The world of church music is endebted to him for many selections, for both choir and organ, all of which are of inestimable worth. The work which has brought to him large and deserved fame is the cantata Via Crucia. Born and trained in England, his work is characteristic of the contemporary English School. His ability as an organist is established by the fact that he is a Fellow of the Royal Guild of Organists. The Pennsylvania Chapter of the American Guild of Organists has honored him by election as dean.

ADDRESS, ... THE RECTOR

Theme: Words of the Anthem.

INTERLUDE . . Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

"Priere" . . . . . Franck

AFTER THE ANTHEM

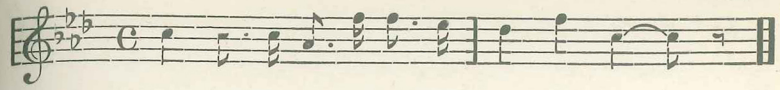
✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others: never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

THE PALMS.

FAURE.

O'ER all the way, green palms and blossoms gay
Are strewn to-day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears away,
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.

CHORUS.

Join all and sing, His name declare,
Let every voice resound with acclamation,
Hosanna! praised be the Lord!
Bless Him, who cometh to bring us salvation!

His word goes forth, and people by His might
Once more regain freedom from degradation,
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the light.

Sing and rejoice, O Blest Jerusalem!
Of all thy sons sing the emancipation,
Thro' boundless love the Christ of Bethlehem
Brings faith and hope to thee forever more.

Palm Sunday is a climaxic day in the career of the Saviour, though the events of the subsequent week reveal a still greater triumph,—a day when even the angels sing glad hosannas. On this Sunday the men of Jerusalem made green His way and shouted with the same voices that later cried against Him. No musical selection is more intimately associated with this Sunday before Easter than The Palms by Jean Faure (1830-1899). Faure was both singer and composer, appearing in opera in London, Berlin and Paris. He was for a time professor of singing at the Paris Conservatoire.

OFFERTORY HYMN 319.

ELLIOTT. MARGARET.

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree ;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free ;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
Thy cross is my only plea.

When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

POSTLUDIUM.

17TH CENTURY. HIRSCH.

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come. His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flow'rs, the grass below.
Sorrow, oh, my soul, then sorrow !

The fig trees bow'd them as in pain,
The rocks around were rent in twain,
The dawn came on, all cold and dim,
The birds forgot their matin hymn.
Sorrow, oh, my soul, then sorrow !

To John, my servant and my friend,
My loving mother I commend,
O lead her home, to bide with thee,
That she my anguish may not see.
Sorrow, oh, my soul, then sorrow !

From the old legends and folk-lore of the Middle Ages, when men really had imagination, musicians frequently take selection after selection to be adapted for modern use. Many of these are religious, and though anthropomorphic and of a theology outworn, they, nevertheless, have a depth of sentiment and a beauty of melody, that commends them for common worship. Among the best of such pieces is this Lenten hymn-anthem. "Jesus in the Garden" is German, being taken from an old hymn book of that language published in 1617. It was arranged for modern use by Carl Hirsch.

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A SERVICE
FOR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS
OF
PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL UNIT
(Base Hospital No. 10)

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

ROSTER

ENLISTED MEN AND NURSES, BASE HOSPITAL No. 10

(Somewhere in France)

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Mr. James Cheston, 4th
Mr. Earl O. Chew
Mr. Phillippe Clanet
Mr. William Clark, Jr.
Mr. Fred Clarke
Mr. Jerrold S. Cochran
Mr. Jack P. Cooper
Mr. Horace H. Cornell
Mr. Chas. J. Cresse
Mr. Paul M. Crider
Mr. Ernest E. Cronne
Mr. Cecil W. T. Crossing
Mr. Walter Crossing
Mr. Francis J. Crowell
Mr. William F. Dannehower
Mr. Arthur R. Daubenspeck
Mr. George R. Derr
Mr. Frank A. Doehney
Mr. Frank Dejean
Mr. Francis J. de Ritis
Mr. William L. de Shields, Jr.
Mr. Joseph F. Diffindel
Mr. Harry P. Dilkes, 2nd
Mr. Daniel J. Dooley
Mr. Stephen W. Downs
Mr. Mark A. Droughman
Mr. Maurice B. DuMarais
Mr. Edward Dusseau
Mr. Frank P. Dunham
Mr. George J. Ellis
Mr. George Engelkraut
Mr. Charles T. Ferry
Mr. Frank J. Fallon
Mr. Fred Farmer
Mr. Wilbur Filer
Mr. John Fine, Jr.
Mr. Jacob V. Foreman
Mr. Joseph Forgues
Mr. Elmer Fox
Mr. Henry L. Garrett
Mr. Harry E. Gerhart, Jr.
Mr. Thos. M. Glenn, Jr.
Mr. Herbert W. Grambow
Mr. Frank L. Greene
Mr. Francis C. Greer
Mr. Robert B. Greer
Mr. Harold M. Grigg
Mr. William P. Gunthorp, Jr.
Mr. Richard H. Gurley
Mr. Joseph S. Hagenbuch
Mr. John W. Halloway
Mr. Irwin Hamilton
Mr. Jay W. Hammond
Mr. S. Norman Harbolt
Mr. Charles Hartshorne
Mr. William C. Haslett
Mr. Nathaniel Hathaway, Jr.
Mr. Kenneth B. Hay
Mr. John Hedges
Mr. Edward A. Heenan
Mr. Thomas R. Hoge
Mr. William Horn
Mr. C. Fenno Hoffman
Mr. William A. Hoffman
Mr. Walter K. Horstick
Mr. Howard M. Heulings
Mr. Charles M. Houseman
Mr. George Howe
Mr. Fritz D. Hurd
Mr. Seward W. Jabant
Mr. Albert D. Johnson, Jr.
Mr. Herbert L. Jones
Mr. Paul H. Kallanbach
Mr. Charles W. Kendall, Jr.
Mr. Lewis Kendall
Mr. Myron W. Kirkbride
Mr. William C. Knapp
Mr. Bayard R. Kraft
Mr. John Kuhns
Mr. Andrew J. Layman
Mr. Henry W. LeBoutillier
Mr. Jack C. LeCleroq
Mr. John Lee
Mr. Valentine B. Lee, Jr.
Mr. Gordon Leech
Mr. William G. McCahan
Mr. Russell C. McCormick
Mr. John C. McDonough
Mr. James McLachlan
Mr. George L. McLaughlin
Mr. John A. MacKay
Mr. Ernest H. MacMillan
Mr. John C. MacMillan
Mr. Thomas MacMurray
Mr. James P. Magill
Mr. Joseph G. Mangeng
Mr. John A. Marren
Mr. Constantine L. Metz
Mr. John A. Miller
Mr. John Kelso Milligan
Mr. Robert D. Milligan
Mr. Harold H. Mirkil
Mr. Robert W. Moore
Mr. Willard B Moore
Mr. Ernest H. Nichols
Mr. Bayard Noble
Mr. Charles H. Oberholtzer
Mr. Patrick F. O'Brien
Mr. Charles E. Pancoast
Mr. John F. Park, Jr.
Mr. Anthony J. Pasky
Mr. Walter W. Ponsford
Mr. Charles F. Powell
Mr. Ferris L. Price
Mr. E. Melville Price
Mr. Lawrence M. Ramsey
Mr. Penrose W. Reagan
Mr. William F. Reeve, 3rd
Mr. Read Rocap
Mr. John W. Rodgers
Mr. Matthew J. Rogers
Mr. James C. Rosengarten
Mr. Harry G. Ryer
Mr. John L. Schillinger
Mr. William L. Schwarts
Mr. Howard H. Seaver
Mr. Ralph W. Shaw
Mr. Louis V. Shearn
Mr. Charles Shelden
Mr. Lewis Sherwood
Mr. Morris S. Shipley, Jr.
Mr. Joseph F. Shortall
Mr. Francois L. Sibley
Mr. Charles H. Silvermail
Mr. Edward L. Smith, Jr.
Mr. William B. Smith
Mr. Charles S. Stanger
Mr. Harrison C. Staunton
Mr. David R. Stief
Mr. Henry F. Stierling
Mr. Leo F. Stinson
Mr. Joseph T. Stoddard
Mr. Joseph L. Strain
Mr. Ralph Straub
Mr. Gerald J. Sullivan
Mr. Charles J. Tasker
Mr. John P. Tate
Mr. John W. Thomas
Mr. H. B. Thompson
Mr. Robert H. Thompson, Jr.
Mr. Frank C. Timm
Mr. Gildon M. Turner
Mr. Morris K. Van Vliet
Mr. John W. Visner
Mr. John J. Wack
Mr. Charles M. Wagner
Mr. Ralph Ward
Mr. Millard F. Wilfong
Mr. W. C. Wilkins, Jr.
Mr. Paul A. Williams
Mr. George B. Wilson
Mr. Charles L. Witmer
Mr. Arthur Wright
Mr. Howard G. Wright
Mr. Sidney L. Wright, Jr.

PRELUDE

BY ORGAN, TROMBONES, TRUMPETS AND TYMPANI

From 3.30 to 4 o'clock

National Anthems of the Allied Nations

God, the All Terrible ..... Russia

The Brabançonne ..... Belgium

Kimi-ca-yo ..... Japan

Garibaldi's Hymn ..... Italy

National Hymn ..... Serbia

The Marseillaise ..... France

God Save the King ..... Great Britain

Star-Spangled Banner ..... United States

The congregation will stand during the playing of The Star-Spangled Banner.

Chancel Flags loaned by Sons of the American Revolution.

THE KING OF LOVE

412

For the Psalter.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker. J. B. Dykes

HE LEADETH ME!

616

After the Lesson.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Amen.

J. H Gilmore. W. H. Bradbury.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

The Congregation is requested to join only in the Chorus.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is treading out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe. Folk Melody.

ADDRESS: . . . BY THE RECTOR.

FIGHTING——FOR WHAT?

AN army of a million men is being mobilized. The Red Cross has been financed with a hundred million dollars. The Liberty Loans have been over-subscribed. Taxes are being paid, though increased by a hundred and fifty per cent. We are beginning to feel the need of conserving fuel and food. Our soldiers have gone into action in the trenches of France. Casualty lists are beginning to come. It is a good time to consider afresh what we are fighting for. David Lloyd-George, England's dynamic and magnetic Prime Minister, has just put into words with his accustomed skill:

> "It is not a question of territorial readjustment or indemnities, but pre-eminently a question of the destruction of a false ideal which has intimidated and enslaved Europe, or would have done so had it been triumphant. It is an ideal, where force and brutality reign supreme, as against the ideal of the world peopled by free democracies and united in an honorable league of peace. That is the ideal enshrined at Potsdam, where they have been plotting for a generation how to enslave their neighbors. That has been their dream and our nightmare. There will be no peace, no liberty, until that shrine is shattered and its priesthood dispersed and discredited forever."

It is to that end we go to fight alongside our gallant allies who have borne the burden and heat of the day. We cannot be reminded too often that we are mustering our vast resources and ourselves, not against a people, not even against a Kaiser, but against a false and idolatrous ideal. The world must destroy it or it will destroy the world.

ANTHEM: "THE RECESSIONAL"

To be rendered by Choir alone.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Rudyard Kipling. Reginald DeKoven.

OUR FATHERS' GOD! TO THEE

196

Offertory Hymn: at the Presentation.
To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

OUR fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Bless Thou our native land!
Long may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

God save our splendid men;
Send them safe home again;
God save our men!
Save them victorious,
Upright and chivalrous;
They are so dear to us,
God save our men!

C. T. Brooks. America.

GIVE PEACE, O GOD!

199

Postludium Hymn; the Congregation still kneeling.

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
Amen.

H. F. Chorley. A. S. Sullivan.

CHOIR

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'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

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Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Marguerite Lautenbach
Mrs. Laura E. Miller
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Miss Claire Ruos
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Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. Thomas Henry Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

Special Service

Four Hundredth Anniversary

Protestant Reformation

1517 (Luther Celebration) 1917

SUNDAY AFTERNOON
NOVEMBER 25th, 1917
AT FOUR O'CLOCK

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

Cantata, "The City of God"

H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

(Excerpts.)

THIS cantata was especially written in commemoration of the Quadricentennial of the Protestant Reformation. Prof. Luther D. Reed, D. D., of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, who prepared the text, has portrayed the Church and its history under the Biblical figure of the City of God, its Foundation, Decay, Restoration and Thanksgiving being described in Scriptural phrase. In introduction, the notes of the melody of Luther's "Ein Feste Burg," clearly indicate the fundamental musical theme underlying the entire work.

"A Mighty Fortress is Our God" was probably written in 1529, for the Diet of Spires, at which the German Princes formally protested against the revocation of their liberties, and were thereafter known as Protestants. It seems to embody, both in words and music, the faith, the energy and the courage of the great Reformer. Indeed, it seems to express the innermost convictions of an aggressive Protestantism. It has been translated into nearly every known language. The melody, at least in its present form, also by Luther, is admirably suited to the words. Bach used it as the theme for a celebrated cantata; Mendelssohn employed it in his Reformation Symphony; Meyerbeer in "The Huguenots."

Mr. H. Alexander Matthews, the composer of "The City of God," was born in Cheltenham, England, and received his early musical education from his father, who is a prominent musician in that country. He came to this country eighteen years ago and settled in Philadelphia. He has been prominent in the musical activities of this city ever since, as organist, choirmaster and composer. He is the organist and choirmaster of the Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany.

OPENING SENTENCES

GENERAL CONFESSION

LORD'S PRAYER AND VERSICLES

In place of the Psalter.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

A MIGHTY Fortress is our God,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He helps us free from every need
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The old bitter foe
Means us deadly woe;
Deep guile and great might
Are his dread arms in fight:
On earth is not his equal.

The Word they still shall let remain,
Nor any thanks have for it;
He's by our side upon the plain
With His good gifts and Spirit.
Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife,
When their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won:
The Kingdom ours remaineth.

Martin Luther, 1529 *Tr. Composite,* 1866

FIRST LESSON, . . PROF. LUTHER D. REED, D. D.
Isaiah 35.

(*After the First Lesson*)

Part I. FOUNDATION

No. 1. CHORUS.

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of His holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King.

Walk about Zion, go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

Mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

As we have heard, so have we seen, in the city of the Lord of hosts; God will establish it forever.

SECOND LESSON, . . PROF. LUTHER D. REED, D. D.
Romans 1 : 1-17.

After the Second Lesson.

Part II. DECAY.

CHORUS.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness; have mercy upon me and hear my prayer.

For they have perverted Thy way; they have forgotten the Lord their God.

Their kings, their princes and their priests have despised His word, and trusted in oppression.

The wise among them have gloried in their wisdom; the mighty man has gloried in his might, and the rich man in his riches.

Darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

CHORUS.

Hear me, when I call; have mercy upon me and hear my prayer.

O God, lift up Thine hand; of whom may we seek for succor but of Thee, O Lord?

Our fathers trusted in Thee, and Thou didst deliver them. They cried unto Thee, and were delivered. They trusted in Thee, and were not confounded.

Arise, O Lord, and help us: and redeem us for Thy mercy's sake.

Let not our enemies triumph over us.

CREED COLLECTS

LESSER BENEDICTION

After the Lesser Benediction.

Part III. RESTORATION

CHORUS.

Now have we peace with God, for by grace are we saved through faith; and that not of ourselves: it is the gift of God.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

He hath the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that He is Christ, the Saviour of the world.

ADDRESS: . . . BY THE RECTOR.

THE REFORMATION

THE UNIVERSAL PRIESTHOOD OF BELIEVERS.

(Synopsis.)

AS the Reformation in its effects, reaches forward through the centuries to the present moment, so for its causes, it reaches back through the ages to the very foundation of the Papal hierarchy. It is not the expression of the passions of a moment, but the utterance of the ages. It is not the struggle of a few individuals in the clash of convictions, but the titanic action of deep and eternal principles.

The mediation of a priest had come to be regarded by the Mediæval Church as essential to salvation. Between God and man stood the priesthood as a channel through which the spiritual life flowed. That channel was the Sacraments. The priest who administered these could dispense or withhold eternal life. The ceremonies of baptism, confirmation, marriage, eucharist, were not conceived of as symbols of the life with God, but as the road which led to God. On that road the priest barred the way.

What discredited the idea of such special prerogative of the priesthood was the use to which it came to be put. A town, a district, or a whole country which offended the Pope or the Curia, was put under an interdict. The priests of that district were ordered to withhold the sacraments from the people. This meant, according to mediæval belief, that the people were separated from God. By a stroke of the pen, the Pope could refuse baptism to the babe, pardon to the dying, marriage to the young, worship to all.

Against this mediatorial priesthood, with its mysterious and awful power, the Reformation uttered its protest. Luther declared that those who were boastfully called popes, bishops and lords, were called, in Holy Scripture, ministers, servants and stewards. Since God was accessible to all by faith, there was instead a priesthood of all believers. It was this truth that put laity and clergy on the same spiritual level—the high level of a common access to the Father.

OFFERTORY

At the Presentation.

Part IV. THANKSGIVING

SOPRANO OR TENOR SOLO.

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, He healeth those that are broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, City of God.

Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.

O Lord, let there be peace in Thy strength, and abundance in Thy towers.

Peace be within Thy walls, and prosperity within Thy palaces.

Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let Thy saints shout for joy.

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her.

CHORUS.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem.

For the Lord hath comforted His people. He hath redeemed Jerusalem.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem. Praise thy God, O Zion.

For He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates: He hath blessed thy children within thee.

Trust in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers: and greatly to be praised, and glorified, and highly exalted for ever.

Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

COLLECTS BENEDICTION

THE POWER OF MUSIC

"MUSIC is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God. To it Satan is very hostile. Thereby many temptations and evil thoughts are driven away. The devil cannot withstand it. Music is one of the best arts. The notes give life to the text. They expel the spirit of sadness, as one observes in King Saul.

"Some of the nobles and usurers imagine that they have saved for my Gracious Elector three thousand gulden yearly by cutting down music. Meanwhile they spend thirty thousand gulden in useless ways in its place. Kings, princes, and lords must support music, for it is the duty of great potentates and rulers to maintain the liberal arts and laws; although here and there ordinary and private persons have pleasure in and love them, still they cannot sustain them.

"The gifts of the Holy Spirit are manifold; just as in one body the members are manifold. But nobody is content with his gifts; he is not satisfied with what God has given him. When I have heard some singers rendering some fine and admirable motette, I have felt how I should like to be able to do the same, but I should not be able even if I were to devote myself wholly to the art. It is always so. All want to be the entire body. None are content to be part.

"Music is a glorious gift of God and, next to theology, I would not exchange my small musical talent for anything esteemed great. We should accustom the youth continually to this art; for it produces fine and accomplished people. I have no pleasure in any man who despises music. It is no invention of ours; it is the gift of God. I place it next to theology. Satan hates music; he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us.

"The strength and glory of a town does not depend on its wealth, its walls, its great mansions, its powerful armaments; but on the number of its serious, kind, and well-educated citizens, and to the production of these qualities of nature every one should give heed. They should be especially appreciative of the talents of those, their fellows, who possess them."

Luther's "Table Talk."

CHOIR

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'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

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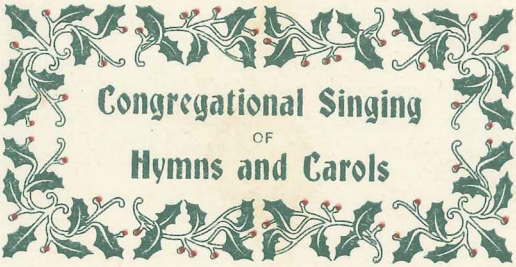
Mr. Thomas Henry Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

1917

Special Service

Fourth Advent--Christmas Eve

Sunday, December 23d, 4 P. M.

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

OH COME, OH COME, EMMANUEL

45

For the Processional.

OH COME, oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh, come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Dispel the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

Next Sunday, December 30th, at 4 o'clock.
Prelude begins at 3.30 P. M.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

58

For the Psalter.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

59

After the First Lesson.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

IT came upon the midnight clear.
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

After the Second Lesson.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

WE three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

CHORUS.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume,
Breathes a life of gathering gloom,
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth to the heavens replies.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

Next Sunday, December 30th, at 4 o'clock.
Prelude begins at 3.30 P. M.

BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH

After the Creed and Prayers.

Duet—Soprano and Bass . . . Saint-Saens.

BLESSED is He that cometh
In the name of the Lord.
God the Lord of Light
Hath shined upon us.
Thou alone my God art,
And all my trust is in Thee.
O Lord, Thou art my God,
I will exalt Thee
And praise Thy name.

ADDRESS: . . . . . BY THE RECTOR.

Theme—"Coming in Great Humility."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THIS SERVICE must not be confused with the regular Christmas Carol Service, now become so famous an annual event in this Parish. That service—a Recital of Ancient Classic Carols—will be next Sunday afternoon, December 30th, at 4 o'clock. Instrumental prelude will begin at 3.30 P. M.

Everyone present is invited to our annual New Year's Eve Festival, in the Parish House, Monday evening, December 31st, beginning at 8 o'clock and continuing until 11.30; also invited and urged to attend the annual Watch Night Service in the Church on that same night from 11.30 P. M. until midnight. Come early or late; or, come late to the party and remain for the Service.

The offerings in this Parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others: never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

HAIL, GLADDENING LIGHT

Anthem.....Martin.

To be rendered by Choir alone.

HAIL, gladd'ning Light, of His pure glory poured, Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, Blest, Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, the lights of evening round us shine, We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.

Worthiest art Thon at all times to be sung, With undefiled tongue, Son of our God, Giver of life alone! Therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord, they own.

Hail, gladd'ning Light, Hail!

INTERLUDE—"Larghetto" . . . *Handel*

Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Offertory Hymn.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

SILENT night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child.
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace!
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

Next Sunday, December 30th, at 4 o'clock.
Prelude begins at 3.30 P. M.

I HEARD THE BELLS

Postludium Hymn.

The Congregation still kneeling.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play ;
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

Next Sunday, December 30th, at 4 o'clock.
Prelude begins at 3.30 P. M.

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

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Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.

Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

A SPECIAL SERVICE

OF

RUSSIAN MUSIC

SUNDAY AFTERNOON
FEBRUARY 3d, 1918
AT FOUR O'CLOCK

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

By Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello

Romance . . . . . Rubenstein

Andante . . . . . Gladounow

Elegy . . . . . Arensky

Romance . . . . . Glinka

Kamenoi Ostrow . . . . . Rubenstein

Romance . . . . . Tschaikowsky

"The music of the Russian Church is untainted by any association with the secular world. It is the music of the Church—pure, simple, glorious and devotional—music which never fails to inspire those who know it. It has been truthfully said that one cannot know religious music until the Russian Cathedral choirs have been heard. Since visitors to Russia, and many writers, always refer to the Church music and the choirs of Russia in the highest terms, is it not possible, and, perhaps wise, for us to imitate, at least in some measure, her musical methods? Reason would seem to indicate such a procedure."—N. L. Norden.

Annual Old-Fashioned Music Service, next Sunday Afternoon, February 10th, 1918.

SERVICE PROPER

Beginning at 4 P. M.

In Place of Psalter.

"How Blest are They" . . . Tschaikowski

After the First Lesson.

"God is With Us" . . . . . Kastalsky

After the Second Lesson.

"We Have No Other Guide" . . . Shvedof

After the Creed and Prayers.

"Glory to the Trinity" . . . . Rachmaninoff

After the Address.

"Day of Judgment" . . . . . Arkhangelsky

Interlude.

"Intermezzo" . . . . . Glinka

Congregational Hymn.

"Rise, Crowned With Light" . . . No. 487

Postludium.

"We Praise Thee" . . . . . Shvedof

Date of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, February 13th; Easter Day, March 31st.

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HOW BLEST ARE THEY

(In Place of Psalter.)

HOW blest are they whom Thou hast chosen
and taken unto Thee, O Lord!
Their memorial is from generation to generation.
Alleluia! Amen.

Russia accepted Christianity from Greece at the close of the tenth century, and synonomous with this, the musical interest of the race became centered in Church music. From the first all instrumental music was excluded, and it was this law which gave rise to an unparalleled development of pure choral music. The compositions vary from simple structures in four parts to difficult and very complex writings in eight or even ten voice parts. The great depth of the octavo bass voice, peculiar to Russia, has played no small part in the development of this choral art, for the use of this voice permits of an unusual range of vocal tone, besides furnishing a foundation of tremendous strength.

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GOD IS WITH US

(After the First Lesson.)

GOD is with us, O ye nations understand. Submit yourselves, for God is with us! Give ear, all ye of far countries. Gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together and it shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand. Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts, Himself, and let Him be your fear. He shall be for a Sanctuary. I will wait upon the Lord, and I will look for Him.

Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me. The people that walked in darkness hath seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulders. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor; The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

This composition, together with all other such, has been prepared for sale and copyright, through the musical publishing house of J. Fischer & Brother, New York. The cover bears this inscription: "Russian Church Music, with English Texts, introduced by the Æolian Choir of Brooklyn, N. Lindsay Norden, M. A., Mus. Bac., Director."

WE HAVE NO OTHER GUIDE

(After the Second Lesson.)

WE have no other guide but Thee, O Holy Father.
Thou art our Guide, and in Thee we hope and trust.
We praise Thee, for we are indeed Thy servants.
And are not ashamed.

This is an anthem form by Shvedof, polyphonic in character and reverting in the second half to a flowing melody form, which is given to the soprano voice and treated harmonically, immediately afterward rising to a forceful climax to again return to a small polyphonic figure treated in diminishing dynamic force.

Date of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, February 13th; Easter Day, March 31st.

GLORY TO THE TRINITY

(After the Creed and Prayers.)

GLORY to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and to ages of ages. Amen.

Only begotten Son, Word of the Father, Who art immortal, Thou didst vouchsafe for our salvation to become incarnate of the Holy Mother of God, the blessed and ever Virgin Mary.

Changeless Essence, lo, Thou wast made very Man; and crucified, Thou the God-man, to vanquish death by dying.

Thou alone, O Christ, art glorified in the Trinity with Father and Holy Spirit; O save us.

Lord have mercy upon us
To Thee, O Lord, we cry. Amen.

This is the Anthem of the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and is prefaced by the Gloria Patri, from which this name was invented. The Gloria is really the closing portion of the Second Antiphon, usually the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm, and both the Psalm and the Anthem are in the middle of the Little Litany. The composer, Rachmaninoff, is one of the living Russian composers, and visited this country in 1909.

Special Series of Lenten Sunday Afternoon Services, at 4 o'clock, beginning February 17th, 1918.

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DAY OF JUDGMENT

(After the Address.)

UPON the Day of Judgment do I meditate
with great awe,
And all my wicked deeds do I lament;
How may I answer the great Eternal King?
How my I dare to answer the summons of the
Judge?

O Thou most gracious Father, and the only
begotten Son,
Spirit Divine, have mercy upon me.

A few of the more important characteristics of this music are the strange cadences; the introduction of sustained passages as a choral background for a solo, or melodic phase in another voice part; the frequent termination of a phrase in a unison or in an open fifth; and the extensive use of pianissimo effects, frequently in the highest registers of the voices. Perhaps this last-mentioned characteristic is the one through which the music makes its strongest appeal.

Annual Old-Fashioned Music Service, next Sunday Afternoon, February 10th, 1918.

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RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT

487

(At the Presentation.)

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowning ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarious nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

This tune, as of course everyone recognizes, is that of the Russian National Hymn, "God the All-Terrible." The words are those of Hymn number 487 in the Hutchins Hymnal, although words more nearly a parody of the original are those of Hymn number 198, "God the All-Merciful."

Date of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, February 13th; Easter Day, March 31st.

WE PRAISE THEE

(Postludium Hymn.)

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, O Lord,
We give thanks unto Thee, and we pray unto Thee,
O Lord, our God.

This is an anthem form by Shvedof, and is rich in melody—first given to the bass part, the rest of the voice furnishing an harmonic accompaniment; antiphoned in the soprano voice with the other choral parts, again supplying a rich harmonic accompaniment, closing with a polyphonic treatment; each part moulding into the other with smoothness and naturalness.

Special Series of Lenten Sunday Afternoon Services, at 4 o'clock, beginning February 17th, 1918.

A Word in Passing

Strangers are INVITED to all our services.

There is a service similar to this
EVERY SUNDAY afternoon

There are organ, harp, violin and 'cello prelude, interlude and postlude at ALL services.

The full CHOIR of to-day is
in attendance on all Sundays.

The Rector makes the ADDRESS
at these services.

The words of the anthems form
the THEMES of the addresses.

The church seats comfortably
A THOUSAND PEOPLE

All seats are UN-RESERVED
at these afternoon services.

Why not come NEXT SUNDAY?—
and the NEXT?

A Good Resolution

"I will come to church REGULARLY
on Sunday afternoons every Sunday."

Annual Old-Fashioned Music Service, next Sunday Afternoon, February 10th, 1918.

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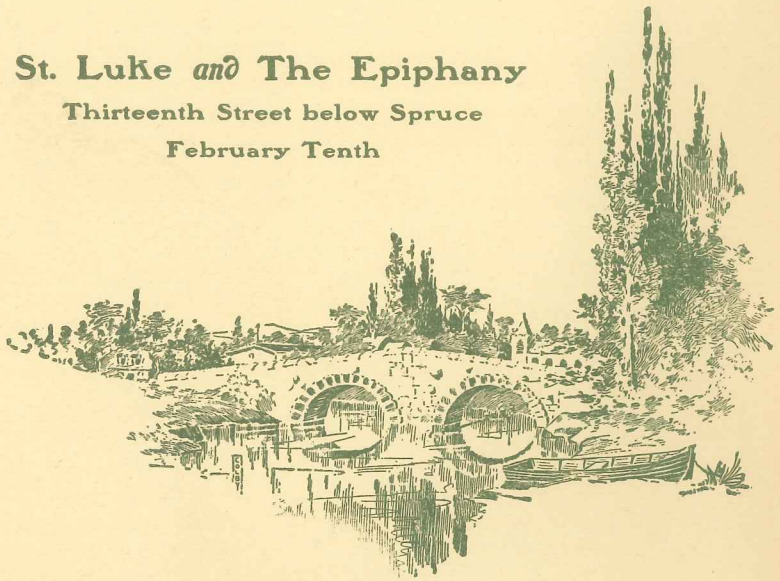
Service of Old Fashioned Music

1918

St. Luke *and* The Epiphany
Thirteenth Street below Spruce
February Tenth



SERVICE OF OLD FASHIONED MUSIC

Sunday, February 10, 1918, at Four O'Clock

Processional

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.....Bradbury

Psalter

OLD HUNDREDTH.....Genevan Psalter

After the First Lesson

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.....Coronation

After the Second Lesson

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.....Marlow

Solo

ANGELS, EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.....Handel

Anthem

HOLY ART THOU.....Handel

Offertory Hymn

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.....Dennis

Postludium

CRADLE SONG (Isaac Watts).....Nettleton

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A WORD OF GREETING

It is wholly gratifying to all of us who have any part, either in the planning or the rendering of these Sunday Afternoon Services, to find how widely they appeal and to how many groups of people.

I have been anxious to make this hour, of the Sunday Next Before Lent, the occasion of assembling at one service all those who are wont to come from time to time on different afternoons throughout the season.

It is a joy to know that, coming as they do from such divers and such distant quarters, they yet enjoy alike one form of service in an Episcopal Church, although their previous habits of church attendance have been formed in many denominations.

I have been anxious that this day may serve as a rallying time introductory to the series of six special services which we have planned for Lenten Sunday afternoons, culminating of course with the Easter Carol Service. Is it not possible that this same congregation shall be in attendance at all of these?

The selection of musical numbers to-day is confessedly unique. Our purpose has been to go backward toward the very origin of things in the selection of songs that could once be sung by all. This service ought to be a practical illustration of the possibility of real Church Unity.

DAVID M. STEELE.

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SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

74

WALFORD. BRADBURY.

(To be sung by the Congregation and Choir)

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

William Batchelder Bradbury (1816-1868) was an American musician, born in York, Maine. He began his musical career while still working at his trade as a shoemaker, receiving his first instruction from Sumner Hill, of Boston. In 1833 he attended Dr. Lowell Mason's singing school and the Boston Academy of Music. Most of his time until 1847 was spent in teaching, organizing, and conducting juvenile musical festivals, and composing and writing music. He then spent two years at Leipzig pursuing advanced studies.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

GENEVAN PSALTER. OLD HUNDREDTH.

(To be sung by the Congregation and Choir)

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make,
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Within His courts your thanks proclaim;
With grateful hearts your voices raise,
To bless and magnify His name.

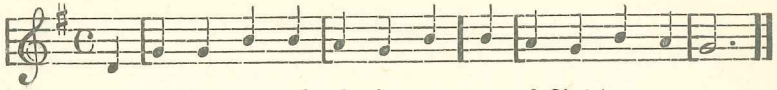
Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure,
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Psalm singing was a consequence of the Reformation. It carried the devout believer straight into the presence of his Maker. It helped to lay the foundations of the religious liberty which now spreads more or less over the whole of Christendom. The first printed book in America was the Bay Psalm-book, while the stereotyped editions of Tate and Brady, as also the Genevan Psalter, were used. The present version has been prepared under the consciousness that the gathered hosts of four centuries are looking down upon us and charging us to guard the songs that made the nations free.

Date of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, February 13th; Easter Day, March 31st

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

450

PERRONET. CORONATION.

(To be sung by the Congregation and Choir)

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

The tune Coronation, composed by one, Oliver Holden, a Massachusetts carpenter and music seller, is inseparately united with these words of Edward Perronet, a Methodist preacher of England in Wesley's time. The name Coronation was probably chosen because of the historic and effective use of the hymn by the famed evangelist "Billie" Dawson, who swayed great multitudes in England about 1780. In a sermon on the Saviour as a great King, he drew the picture of a coronation pageant, and at the climax sang with startling effect, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Date of Bishop's Visit for Confirmation this year: Passion Sunday, March 17th

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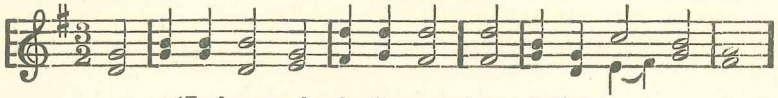
AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

508

ISAAC WATTS. MARLOW.

(To be sung by the Congregation and Choir)

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) has been called the "father of hymn-writing in the English language." No successful hymn book can be made to-day which does not show a large proportion of his works in its composition. As a minister, Dr. Watts was much loved of his people. Besides preaching, he was a zealous student of geography, astronomy, philosophy, and theology, and did much writing on these themes. This favorite hymn was written in 1709, to follow a sermon on the text, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Confirmation-Lecture-Services begin on Thursday evening, February 14th, at 8 o'clock

ANGELS, EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR

HANDEL. ARIA FROM "THEODORA."

(Soprano Solo)

ANGELS, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care!

Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care.

As often happens with non-successes, the oratorio of "Theodora" was a great favorite of its composer, George Frederick Handel (1685-1759). It was rarely given during the author's life, and, from being unperformed for more than a century, it has passed into almost entire forgetfulness. It is represented in general knowledge by the above aria, and "Lord, to thee each night and day." The above aria is sung by Theodora when the decree is announced to her that she must worship the false sensual goddess, and she pours forth in it her supplication to the purest of beings for protection from the revolting doom.

Next Sunday, February 17th, 4 P. M., Gounod's "Gallia"

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.

Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

HOLY ART THOU

HANDEL. LARGO FROM "XERXES."

(To be rendered by Choir alone)

HOLY art Thou,
Lord God Almighty,
Who wert and art to come.
Glory and majesty in heaven are Thine.
Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony.
Blessing and glory to the Lamb for evermore;
For worthy art Thou;
Let all nations and kindreds and peoples
Give thanks to thee
For evermore. Amen.

It is the oratorio "Messiah" that gives Handel his fame. His operas were not successful; they have almost ceased to be sung. But from them excerpts of great beauty are available. Such a one is this Largo from Xerxes. It is an aria in the title rôle, beautiful in its conception and tremendously vigorous in its execution. The instrumental accompaniment adds grace to the phrasing; while the words in praise of the glory of God, in their turn, are fitted beautifully to express both sweet melody and strong harmony.

Series of Special Afternoon Services all Sundays in Lent

ADDRESS.....BY THE RECTOR

✠

INTERLUDE.....Organ, Harp, Violin, and 'Cello

✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others: never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
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BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

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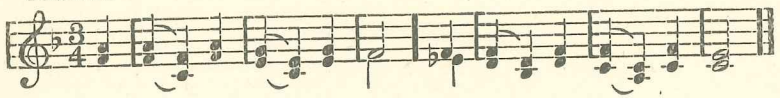
FAWCETT. DENNIS. S. M.

(To be sung by the Congregation and Choir)

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

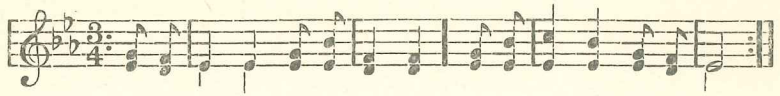
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. Amen.

This hymn was written by Rev. John Fawcett, D.D. (1739-1817), an English Baptist. In 1772 he was called from his work in Yorkshire to London. His farewell sermon preached, the wagons were packed with his furniture and he and his wife were ready for departure. But his loving people were not ready. "Men, women, and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul." This was too much. Said the good man: "We will not go. Unload the wagons and put everything where it was before." This hymn was written in commemoration of that event.

HUSH, MY BABE, LIE STILL AND SLUMBER

ISAAC WATTS. NETTLETON.

(To be sung by the Choir)

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When his birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
Oh, to tell the wondrous story,
How His foes abused their King,
How they killed the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days;
Then to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.

The greatest of Dr. Watts' hymns is probably, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," which Matthew Arnold called "the greatest hymn in the English language." But out of the fullness of that part of his life which was spent as tutor to the children of Sir John Hartopp, he has given us several familiar children's hymns, such as "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," "How doth the busy little bee," and this exquisite cradle song, to the sweet crooning of which generations of children have closed their eyes in infant slumber.

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A WORD IN PASSING

Strangers are INVITED to all our services.

There is such service as this EVERY Sunday afternoon.

There are organ, harp, violin, and 'cello prelude, interlude, and postlude at ALL services.

The full CHOIR of to-day is in attendance on all Sundays.

The RECTOR makes the address at all the services.

The words of the anthems form the THEMES of the addresses.

The church seats comfortably a THOUSAND people.

All seats are UN-RESERVED at these afternoon services.

Why not come NEXT SUNDAY?—and the NEXT?

The Season of LENT falls this year, Ash Wednesday, February 13—Easter, March 31.

A LENTEN RESOLUTION

"I will come to church REGULARLY every Sunday afternoon during Lent."

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
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CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster.....Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist.....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist.....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist.....Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

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Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Marguerite Lautenbach
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Mrs. Laura E. Miller
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Miss Claire Ruos
Mildred Faas

ALTOS

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Miss Louise Belcher
Miss Frances L. Bowers
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss M. F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford
Miss Helen A. Straughn

TENORS

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Mr. Albert L. Heister
Mr. Ollie W. Turnbull
Mr. Harold J. Walters
Dr. Howell S. Zulick

BASSES

Mr. George L. Gaff
Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. Thomas Henry Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick Stanger
Mr. Walter B. Taitt
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

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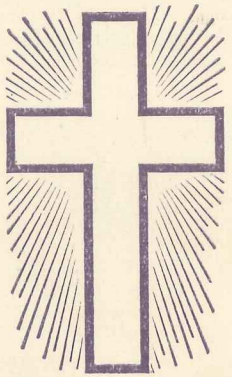
Sunday Afternoons in Lent

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street below Spruce



"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"

First Sunday in Lent, February 17th, 1918

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.

Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

Sunday Afternoon Service

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

February 17th, 1918

Four O'clock

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

SEASON OF LENT—1918.

There is every reason to expect this Lent to have a more earnest observance than usual. The sorry conditions of a world at war; the deciding point to which we have come in that war; the absence of so many of our friends in fields of danger—this whole feeling of impending tragedy—is calculated to cause men to turn to God.

In this parish in particular I am hopeful that the season may be one of deepening devotion. I invite, I urge you, to be diligent in your attendance at the whole series of services. In the classic language of the Prayer Book, "According to mine office, I bid you in the name of God, I call you in Christ's behalf, I exhort you, as you love your own salvation."

I will speak announcement frequently regarding several things; but let this word be said now by way of forecast. (a) The principle service, of course, will be that on Sunday morning. (b) There will be a special service, such as this, each Sunday afternoon. (c) There will be a course of addresses of exceptional interest on Monday afternoons, at 5:00 o'clock. (d) There will be the Confirmation Lecture Meetings on Thursday evenings, at 8.00 o'clock. Can we not have a full thousand persons present at each one of these each week?

Up to this date we are still so well supplied with coal that this schedule at least can be [illegible]tained. Lesser things may have to be abandoned. Services of less importance may or may not be omitted.

They are not important anyway for those I am addressing on this page. All concessions will be made in favor of these four things mentioned, May attention, therefore, focus on these. And may attendance converge to these four things especially.

DAVID M. STEELE.

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.

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KATHARINE E. NAGLE

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

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(*Processional Hymn.*)

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

R. Grant — Spanish Chant

Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838) after his graduation from Cambridge, took up the practice of law. Later in life he became a member of Parliament, a Privy Councillor, and Governor of Bombay. His life was filled with deep religious experiences, which have been handed down to us in his beautiful hymns. The above hymn was first published in the Christian Observer, November, 1815.

Dates of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, Feb. 13th; Easter Day, March 31st

THE LITANY

OR GENERAL SUPPLICATION.

O God the Father of Heaven; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Father of Heaven; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, not the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: Spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all evil and micshief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation.

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart ; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all inordinate and sinful affections; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Good Lord, deliver us.

Date of Bishop's Visit for Confirmation this year: Passion Sunday, March 17th

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By thine Agony and Bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the Coming of the Holy Ghost.,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy Holy Church universal in the right way;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve all Christian Rulers and Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and show it accordingly;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to send forth labourers into thy harvest.

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and keep all thy people;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Confirmation-Lecture-Services began Thursday evening, Feb. 14th, at 8 o'clock

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HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.

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That it may please thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us an heart to love and fear thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace to hear meekly thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, and are deceived;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up those who fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to succour, help, and comfort, all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all women in the perils of child-birth, all sick persons, and young children; and to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Next Sunday, February 24th, 4 P. M., Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer"

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
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KATHARINE E. NAGLE

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy holy Word;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world;

Grant us thy peace.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world;

Have mercy upon us.

¶ *The Minister may, at his discretion, omit all that followeth, to the Prayer*, We humbly beseech thee, O Father, *etc.*

The origin of the Litany, and also the name itself, is Greek. It is essentially a public service of supplication. In the East we find the name applied, in early times, to various solemn services of prayer. But the name, originally general in sense, came to be technically applied, in the fourth century, to a definite Form of Supplication in times of special need. It was usually sung in procession around the parish bounds, with hymns and frequent responses, and with Collects at the various halting places.

In the fifth century it had become a common practice in the Churches of Gaul to implore the Divine aid in times of great trouble, as in case of invasion, pestilence, excessive rain, drought, and earthquakes. The custom of singing it in procession has been discontinued for some time past.

The Litany contains almost the whole Gospel, in the form of a sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving. In it are distinctly recognized the whole Creed, and the whole Moral Law. It is a compendium of theology, recognizing the Being of God; His Trinity, His Nature and Attributes, the origin of man, his temptation, fall, and all that has been done for his redemption.

Series of Special Afternoon Services all Sundays in Lent

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

(*Baritone Solo.*)

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

H. W. Baker — Gounod

Charles Francois Gounod (1818-1893) incontestably one of the most important of French composers, received his first musical stimulus from his mother, who was an accomplished pianist. At the conservatory he came under Paer, LeSueur, and Halevy. When twenty-one years of age he gained the Grand Prix by his Cantata, "Fernand." His greatest success, "Faust" (1859), deservedly ranks with the most popular operas in modern repertoire.

Lectures on Wartime Subjects, Mondays at 5 P. M.

ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

✠

INTERLUDE—"Ave Maria" . *Bach-Gounod*

Organ, Harp and 'Cello

(*After the Anthem.*)

✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

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"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

Dates of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, Feb. 13th; Easter Day, March 31st

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SOLITARY LIETH THE CITY.

SOLITARY lieth the city, she that was full of people. How is she widowed, she that was great among nations, princess among the Provinces? How is she put under tribute? Sorely she weepeth in darkness, her tears are on her cheeks; and no one offereth consolation; yea, all her friends have betrayed her, they are become her enemies.

Zion's ways do languish; none come to her solemn feasts. All her gates are desolate: her priests sigh, yea, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.

Is it nothing to all ye that pass by?

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow that is like unto my sorrow. Now behold, O Lord, look Thou on my affliction; see the foe has magnified himself.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, oh turn thee unto thy God.

"Gallia" — Gounod

Gounod's motet, "Gallia," is a lamentation for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, the words being taken from the "Lamentation of Jeremiah." It is a pendant to Brahms's "Triumphlied." "Gallia" was first produced in Albert Hall, London, at the opening of the International Exhibition, May 1, 1871. It was the Franco-Prussian War that drove Gounod to London, where he appeared at many concerts and founded the Gounod Choir.

Date of Bishop's Visit for Confirmation this year: Passion Sunday, March 17th

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CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.

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(*Congregational Hymn.*)

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return.
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect fay!

C. Wesley — Gounod

Although to Charles Wesley (1708-1788) we must assign the place of honor, as the everywhere present soul of Methodism, it must be remembered that he never relinquished his membership in the Church of England. His body was carried to its last resting place by eight clergymen of that Church. Said Henry Ward Beecher: "I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will pass, after a little while, out of men's thoughts, but that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band."

Confirmation-Lecture-Services began Thursday evening, Feb. 14th, at 8 o'clock

JESU, WORD OF GOD INCARNATE.

(*Postludium Hymn.*)

JESU, Word of God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin Mary born;
On the cross Thy sacred body,
For us men with nails was torn.

Cleanse us by the blood and water,
Streaming from Thy pierced side.
Feed us with Thy body broken,
Now, and in death's agony.

Jesu, hear us,
O Jesu, spare us,
Jesu, Son of Mary!
Oh grant us, Lord, Thy mercy. Amen.

"Ave Verum" Gounod

"Gounod was a great musician, and a thorough master of the orchestra. Of too refined a nature to write really comic music, his dramatic compositions seem the work of one hovering between mysticism and voluptuousness. This contrast between two opposing principles may be traced in all his works, sacred or dramatic: in the chords of his orchestra, majestic as those of a cathedral organ, we tecognize the mystic; in his soft and original melodies, the man of pleasure."

Next Sunday, February 24th, 4 P. M., Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer"

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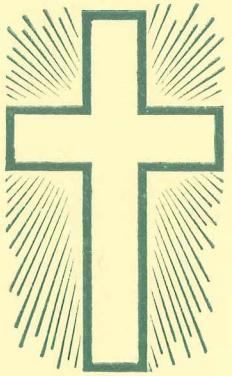
Sunday Afternoons in Lent

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street below Spruce



"Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

Second Sunday in Lent, February 24th, 1918

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Sunday Afternoon Service

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

February 24th, 1918

Four O'clock

✠

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

[OVER]

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KATHARINE E. NAGLE

OBSERVANCE OF LENT

There appears a strange anomaly in the fact that the Season of Lent is at once a season of "six weeks" and of "forty days." This is because the Sundays are not counted. They are not "Sundays of Lent," but "Sundays in Lent." They are excluded because the Lord's Day is habitually kept as a Festival and not as a Fast.

The definite dates of the season each year are determined by the varying date of Easter, which is not a fixed but a "moveable feast." By some ancient form of computation, Easter is the first Sunday after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox.

Much of the observance of Lent is perfunctory. Many conceptions of it are productive of more harm than good. There are forms of wrong observance; they are foolish, because false, conceptions. We trust, therefore, that we are of those who, in all good earnest, set themselves the mental task of dwelling on their sins and who take up the greater moral task of trying to eliminate from their lives the dark stain of evil.

I am thinking of those who become self-analytical—to the extent, at least, of discerning what their evil habits are. I am speaking to those who try to develop self-control—enough to help to rid themselves of these. Such Christians will work instead of worry. They will strive for self-development instead of practicing mere self-denial. They will give more thought to others than they expend on themselves. They will practice works of mercy rather than prate only of their spiritual maladies. And they will derive much profit from these practices.

DAVID M. STEELE.

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.

Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

TO THY TEMPLE I REPAIR

30

(*Processional Hymn.*)

TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with simple awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

Montgomery. Hendon.

This is one of the hymns of James Montgomery (1771-1854), whose liberal views caused the English government to send him to jail on two occasions. While incarcerated he wrote many hymns, of which it has been said, "There are no lyrics in the English language so truly Christian." This is said by one who calls this poet "The Cowper of the Nineteenth Century." This tune is Hendon, composed by Malon, a Swiss Evangelical preacher, in 1828. As a member of the Established Church he made missionary journeys over the Continent.

Dates of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, Feb. 13th; Easter Day, March 31st

[OVER]

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

(Psalter)

THE Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Psalm 23. Gregorian

The Psalms have always been prominent in common worship, both in Jewish and Christian churches It was always intended that they should be sung. The method of antiphonal singing was introduced in the West by Ambrose, in the fifth century. The Ambrosian settings were improved upon by Gregory the Great, who set forth the Gregorian tones. To one of these tones, written about 600 A. D., this Psalm is sung to-day. This, the simplest and loveliest of Psalms, is by the most probable tradition a "Psalm of David" —full, certainly, of the recollections of his old shepherd days.

Date of Bishop's Visit for Confirmation this year: Passion Sunday, March 17th

MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD

(Magnificat)

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

St. Luke 1:40 Foster

The Magnificat is the greatest Song of Thanksgiving in the New Testament. It is the praise of Mary, who, despite "the lowliness of his hand-maiden," shall henceforth be called blessed. The theme is the recognition of the general law of the exaltation of the lowly over the great, the meek over the proud, the poor and hungry over the wealthy; and the acknowledgment of the culminating manifestation of this general law in the blessing of Israel. The canticle links most appropriately the two lessons, the promises of the Old Testament and their fulfilment in the New. The musical setting to-day is that of Myles B. Foster, a modern writer of church music in England.

Confirmation-Lecture-Services on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock

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THE SORROWS OF DEATH

(*Tenor Solo*)

THE sorrows of death had closed around me, and hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep heaviness: but said the Lord, "Come, arise from the dead, and awake thou that sleepest, I bring thee salvation."

We called through the darkness, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" The watchman only said, "Though the morning will come, the night will come also." Ask ye, enquire ye, ask if ye will, enquire ye, return again, ask, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?"

The night is departing, the day is approaching. Therefore, let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armor of light. The day is approaching, the night is departing.

Aria, from "Hymn of Praise." Mendelssohn.

Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), one of the most brilliant composers of the Nineteenth Century, began his musical career at the age of nine. After several years of touring and conducting he became chapel master for the King of Prussia. In 1826 his overture to "The Midsummer Night's Dream" created a sensation. His genius both dramatically and musically is brilliantly proved in the oratorio "Elijah," written in 1846, the year before his untimely death. The solo for today is a tenor aria from his symphony-cantata, "Hymn of Praise." It was composed in Leipzig, November 27, 1840.

Next Sunday, March 3d, 4 P. M., "Stabat Mater," by Antonin Dvorak

ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

✠

INTERLUDE—"Song Without Words" *Mendelssohn*

Organ, Harp and Violin

(*After the Anthem.*)

✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others; never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

Series of Special Afternoon Services all Sundays in Lent

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HEAR MY PRAYER

(*Anthem*)

HEAR my prayer, O God, incline Thine ear
Thyself from my petition do not hide,
Take heed to me, hear how in my prayer I mourn,
Without Thee all is dark, I have no guide.

The enemy shouteth—The Godless come fast,
Iniquity, hatred, upon me they cast.
The wicked oppress me—oh where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered, O God hear my cry.

My heart is sorely pained within my breast,
My soul with deadly terror is oppressed,
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall,
With terrors overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call.

O for the wings of a dove!
Far away would I rove,
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest.

W. Bartholomew. Mendelssohn.

William Bartholomew (1793-1867) was a man of many accomplishments, being a chemist, violin player and an excellent flower painter. But to the English public he was familiar as the translator or adapter of the words of most of Mendelssohn's vocal works. Today's anthem is a paraphrastic version of the fifty-fifth Psalm, and was composed at the request of Mr. Bartholomew for the concerts of Miss Mounsey, whom he later married in 1853.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

101

(*Congregational Hymn*)

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts. E. Miller.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) has been called the "father of hymn-writing in the English language." No successful hymn book can be made to-day which does not show a large proportion of his works in its composition. As a minister, Dr. Watts was much loved of his people. Besides preaching, he was a zealous student of geography, astronomy, philosophy, and theology, and did much writing on these themes. This hymn is probably his best, and has been called the "greatest in the English language."

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SEVENFOLD AMEN

(*Postludium*)

Amen.
Amen.
Amen.
Amen.
Amen.
Amen.
Amen.

A Word in Passing

Strangers are INVITED to all our services.

There is a service similar to this
EVERY SUNDAY afternoon

There are organ, harp, violin and 'cello prelude,
interlude and postlude at ALL services.

The full CHOIR of to-day is
in attendance on all Sundays.

The Rector makes the ADDRESS
at all the services.

The words of the anthems form
the THEMES of the addresses.

The church seats comfortably
A THOUSAND PEOPLE

All seats are UN-RESERVED
at these afternoon services.

Why not come NEXT SUNDAY?—
and the NEXT?

A Lenten Resolution

"I will come to church REGULARLY
every Sunday afternoon during Lent."

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[OVER]

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Sunday Afternoons in Lent

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street below Spruce

"In the Cross of Christ I Glory"

Third Sunday in Lent, March 3d, 1918

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Sunday Afternoon Service

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

March 3d, 1918

Four O'clock

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
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LENT

THROUGH all these long, sad forty days of Thine,
Lord, fill me with adoring sympathy,
In meek attendance may I mark Thy steps,
Content to walk the lonely path with Thee,
O, fasting Christ.

From cold, compulsory service make me free,
For Thy great heart would none of grudging love,
I would unbidden taste the Cup with Thee,
And vain and worldly pleasures rise above,
O, loving Christ.

To live so emptied of this worthless self,
That Thy great love may fill and through me shine,
To wrestle in my wilderness with sin,
And conquer through Thy grace and strength Divine.
O, tempted Christ.

'Tis sweet to feel that so I touch Thy life,
So share Thy conflict over sin for me,
That with Thee in the Garden I may pray,
And weeping, bow before Thee on the Tree,
O, suffering Christ.

And then, Thy sorrows having humbly shared,
To greet Thee, Lord, as one long loved and known,
When with exultant heart on Easter Day,
I hail Thee Victor o'er the sealed stone,
O, risen Christ.

—*Harriette H. Brooks.*

HAIL, THOU ONCE-DESPISED JESUS!

365

(*Processional Hymn.*)

HAIL, Thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor:
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made,
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear. Amen.

Bakewell. Barnby.

Sir Joseph Barnby, composer of the tune St. Hilda, was born in York, England, and served as chorister at York Minster. Later he was appointed Succentor and director of musical instruction at Eton College. His chief works are "Rebekah," an oratorio, and "The Lord is King," for the Leeds Festival, 1883. He also wrote much church music, both services and hymns, there being no less than thirty-one tunes from his versatile mind in the Church Hymnal. The words of this hymn were originally those of Joseph Bakewell (1721-1819).

Dates of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, Feb. 13th; Easter Day, March 31st

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SAVE ME, O GOD, FOR THY NAME'S SAKE

(Psalter)

SAVE me, O God, for thy Name's sake: and avenge me in thy strength.

Hear my prayer, O God: and hearken unto the words of my mouth.

For strangers are risen up against me: and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes, seek after my soul.

Behold, God is my helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.

He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: destroy thou them in thy truth.

An offering of a free heart will I give thee, and praise thy Name, O Lord: because it is so comfortable.

For he hath delivered me out of all my trouble: and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Psalm 54. Gregorian.

Soon after he became pope, Gregory the Great (540-604) introduced the Gregorian Tones. There are eight of these—eight different chants—monotone in composition, as settings for the psalms and services. But a larger variety is provided through a number of endings which may be attached to any one of the eight tones. Thus, while providing the chaste and simple melody desired by Gregory, a diversity of psalm chants is permitted. Each of the conclusions closes upon a chord that will amalgamate readily with the chord of the first reciting note. This is essential to effective antiphonal rendering.

Date of Bishop's Visit for Confirmation this year: Passion Sunday, March 17th

MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD

(Magnificat)

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

St. Luke 1: 46 Noble.

The composer, T. Tertius Noble, whose composition is sung, as the setting of the Magnificat, is now organist and musical director at St. Thomas' Church, New York City. He came to this position from York Minster Cathedral, England, during which appointment most of his compositions were written. His church compositions are, harmonically, far more modern than most of the compositions of the English Church, and yet their melodic character is in no sense lacking.

Confirmation-Lecture-Services on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock

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ALL MY HEART INFLAMED AND BURNING

(*Contralto Solo*)

ALL my heart inflamed and burning,
Saviour, now to Thee is turning,
Shield me in the Judgment Day.
By Thy Cross may I be guided
Meritless, yet be rewarded
Through Thy Grace, O Living Way.

From "Stabat Mater." Dvorak.

"Stabat Mater" is one of the most famous of the great Mediæval Hymns, describing the sufferings of the Virgin Mary as she stood by the Cross of Jesus. It takes its name from the Latin words which begin, "Stabat Mater dolorosa." It has been ascribed to various authors, but is now generally recognized as the work of Jocopone da Todi. It is a magnificent example of the rhyming Latin poetry of the Middle Ages, deservedly famous both for the beauty of its language and of its thought.

Next Sunday, March 10th, 4 P. M., Wood's "No More Night"

ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

✠

INTERLUDE—"Largo," from "The New World Symphony" . . . . . *Dvorak*

Organ, Harp and Violin

(*After the Anthem.*)

✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

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Series of Special Afternoon Services all Sundays in Lent

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BLESSED JESU, FOUNT OF MERCY

(*Anthem*)

BLESSED Jesu, fount of mercy,
We, Thy faithful in Thy Passion,
All Thy sorrows share with Thee.

Chorus from "Stabat Mater." Dvorak.

Antonin Dvorak is a Bohemian composer who evinced an inexhaustible wealth of melodic invention and coloring, together with a certain unexpectedness which characterizes all his musical works. He wrote many orchestral works the most noted is "The New World Symphony;" compositions for the pianoforte, songs and operas; the most noted are "Gypsie Songs" and the opera "The Spectre's Bride;" one oratorio, "St. Ludmila;" a "Stabat Mater," from which the chorus to be rendered is taken. The chorus is melodic in structure and is divided into two parts. The first part is defined by the use of the meaning of figure; the second is built in canonic form.

Lectures on Wartime Subjects, Mondays at 5 P. M.

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ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

336

(*Congregational Hymn*)

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

A. M. Toplady. T. Hastings.

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778) was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a clergyman of the Church of England. This hymn was written at the close of a controversial pamphlet, "Discharged as from a Catapult," against John Wesley. Of all the hymns in our language this is the most generally popular. Concerning it Dr. Julian's words are not too strong: "No other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp upon the English-speaking world."

Monday, March 4th, 5 P. M., "Picture of Life in U. S. Cantonments"

JESUS IN THE GARDEN

(*Postludium Hymn*)

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come, His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flow'rs, the grass below.
Sorrow, Oh, my soul, then sorrow!

The fig-trees bow'd them as in pain,
The rocks around were rent in twain,
The dawn came on all cold and dim,
The birds forgot their matin hymn.
Sorrow, Oh, my soul, then sorrow!

To John, my servant and my friend,
My loving mother I commend,
O lead her home to bide with thee,
That she my anguish may not see.
Sorrow, Oh, my soul, then sorrow!

M. Louise Baum. C. Hirsch.

This Lenten Hymn-Anthem is traditionally accredited to the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, being taken from "Nach dem Speierschen Ges Buch." The English version has been given to us by M. Louise Baum. The music, arranged by Carl Hirsch, is for mixed voices (a capella). Copyright, 1909, by G. Schirmer, Boston.

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[OVER]

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Sunday Afternoons in Lent

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street below Spruce

"Soldiers of the Cross, Arise!"

Fourth Sunday in Lent, March 10th, 1918

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

Sunday Afternoon Service

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

March 10th, 1918

Four O'clock

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

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[OVER]

America.

LENT—SELF-SACRIFICE

One of the strangest features of the present war is the evidence it offers of the willingness of men to sacrifice their lives. They are willing to make the one great sacrifice. Are we as willing to sacrifice in little things? It is fortunate for these that the great opportunity has come and that by yielding to its impelling call they redeem past years of selfishness. But most cannot give themselves in one great deed. Even of those who serve in army or navy only a few, in proportion to numbers engaged, will die.

For the majority the call is not to one great act of sacrifice, but to many small ones. We are called not to die, but to live for others. Unselfish living is often a more searching test than unselfish dying. Never has the Lenten call to self-denial come more urgently than this year. We are asked to give up for the good of others many of the things which we were wont to claim as our rights. Our unselfishness will be tested by our response to this call.

We need to make such sacrifices, not only to win the war but to purge our national life of its gross materialism. The war is teaching us how empty of spiritual power was that era of gaudy and clamorous prosperity which preceded it. The world has seen much genuine self-sacrifice this year. It is the promise of a better time. But what part shall we have in that redeeming suffering?

For some, this Lent will mean a new experience of the joys which crown a long life of devotion; for others, a going back to learn again to be faithful in more elemental duties. May it help us each according to our need.

DAVID M. STEELE.

THE SON OF DAVID BOWED TO DIE

(*Processional Hymn.*)

THE Son of David bowed to die,
For man's transgressions stricken;
The Father's arm of power was nigh,
The Son of God to quicken.
Praise Him that He died for men:
Praise Him that He rose again.

Death seemed all-conquering when he bound
The Lord of life in prison;
The night of death was nowhere found
When Christ again was risen;
Wherefore praise Him night and day,
Him who took death's sting away.

His saints with Him must bow to death,
With Him are raised in spirit,
With Him they dwell above by faith,
Accepted through His merit:
Heaven and earth resound the strain,
Death by Jesus Christ is slain.

Joseph Anstice. David D. Wood.

David Duffield Wood (1838-1910) was born in Western Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. He lost his sight at an early age, through an accident. When five years old he was sent to the Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, in Philadelphia, where he distinguished himself in mathematics as well as in music. He was for forty-six years Organist and Choirmaster of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. Concurrently, for about twenty-five years, he filled the same position at the Baptist Temple, playing the organ at the evening service.

Dates of Lent this year: Ash Wednesday, Feb. 13th; Easter Day, March 31st

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.
Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US

(*Psalter*)

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.

That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Psalm 67. Gregorian.

The Gregorian Tones or chants which, in their different variations, are familiar to all, have been in common use for twelve centuries. They are attributed to Gregory the Great (540 604), the first and greatest of the sixteen popes of that name. He was the first monk to ascend the papal throne, and soon afterwards was concerned with the melodious and flowing style of church music then in use. These melodies, the work of Ambrose, he desired to supersede with the severer and more solemn monotone which characterizes the Gregorian chants.

Date of Bishop's Visit for Confirmation: next Sunday, March 17th

MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD

(*Magnificat*)

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

St. Luke 1: 46 Stainer.

The Magnificat is the greatest Song of Thanksgiving in the New Testament. It is the praise of Mary, who, despite "the lowliness of his hand-maiden," shall henceforth be called blessed. The theme is the recognition of the general law of the exaltation of the lowly over the great, the meek over the proud, the poor and hungry over the wealthy; and the acknowledgment of the culminating manifestation of this general law in the blessing of Israel. The canticle links most appropriately the two lessons, the promises of the Old Testament and their fulfilment in the New.

Confirmation-Lecture-Services on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock

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THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT

(*Soprano Solo and Chorus*)

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street thereof and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. There shall be no more curse, nor pain, nor death. But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face. There shall be no night there; and they need no lamp, nor light of the sun, for the Lord God shall give them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Rev. xxii.

David D. Wood.

Dr. Wood was best known during his life as an organist and as a teacher of the organ. His ear was so acute that it was a common experience for his pupils to be corrected for a wrong fingering. He was pre-eminent in the purity and clearness of his interpretation, in particular in the works of Bach. He mastered them with a spiritual as well as a tonal completeness that has hardly been equaled among organ players. The organ accompaniment in this anthem has been prepared from the recollection of Mrs. Wood with the assistance of Mr. Rollo F. Maitland.

ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

✠

INTERLUDE—"Andante Grazioso" . . *Wood*

Organ, Harp and 'Cello

(*After the Anthem.*)

✠

"Whosoever thou art that enterest this Church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who worship, and those who minister here."

The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others; never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

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THE TWILIGHT SHADOWS FALL

(*Anthem*)

THE twilight shadows fall,
But do not fear,
At evening comes the call
"Be of good cheer."
Though dark the clouds above,
Trusting our Father's love,
The sun sets clear.

The twilight shadows fall,
We kneel at peace
With Thee, the world, and all,
Our faith increase!
Truth, hope, and love abide,
Lord, Thou hast satisfied.
Vain troubling cease.

The twilight shadows fall,
Life's goal is nigh;
We soon shall hear Thee call
"Come up on high."
Then fades the night away,
Greet we the perfect day,
God's cloudless sky.

J. B. Thompson. David D. Wood.

It was not until after Dr. Wood's death that the abundance and beauty of his own compositions came to light. None of his representative anthems were published during his lifetime. They had been sung by the choir of St. Stephen's from vocal parts, the composer playing the accompaniment from memory. The anthems are distinguished by a fulness and a depth of polyphony that seem at the same time to hark back to the tradition of a former age and to point to its coming revival.

Lectures on Wartime Subjects, Mondays at 5 P. M.

HE LEADETH ME

616

(*Congregational Hymn*)

HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore. W. B. Bradbury.

This was one of Dr. Wood's favorite hymns. The tune is by William Bachelder Bradbury (1816-1868), an American musician, born in York, Maine. He began his musical career while still working at his trade as a shoemaker, receiving his first instruction from Sumner Hill, of Boston. In 1833 he attended Dr. Lowell Mason's singing school and the Boston Academy of Music. Most of his time until 1847 was spent in teaching, organizing, and conducting juvenile musical festivals, and composing and writing music. He then spent two years at Leipzig pursuing advanced studies.

Monday, March 11th, 5 P. M., "Work of Base Hospital Units"

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OUT OF THE DEEP HAVE I CALLED

(*Postludium*)

OUT of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord : Lord, hear my voice.

O let thine ear consider well : the voice of my complaint.

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss : O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with thee : therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him : in his word is my trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord : before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy : and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel : from all his sins.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

De Profundis. Ancient Chant.

The Lenten note of penitence is struck in this which, although a psalm, is used to-day as a Postludium Hymn. It is a cry of despair, both because of suffering and because of heavy consciousness of sin. Too often in the Lenten season, this attitude of mind alone predominates. Like St. Paul, the Psalmist is perplexed but not in despair. To both there shines through the darkest sorrow that certain blessing of God's mercy. The purpose of Lent is not alone to rouse the sense of sin, but also to show that with the Lord there is plenteous redemption. The musical setting is that of an ancient chant, about the origin of which nothing is known. It is closely associated with Dr. Wood by his friends, having been frequently used by him in his choir selections.

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A Word in Passing

Strangers are INVITED to all our services.

There is a service similar to this
EVERY SUNDAY afternoon

There are organ, harp, violin and 'cello prelude, interlude and postlude at ALL services.

The full CHOIR of to-day is
in attendance on all Sundays.

The Rector makes the ADDRESS
at all the services.

The words of the anthems form
the THEMES of the addresses.

The church seats comfortably
A THOUSAND PEOPLE

All seats are UN-RESERVED
at these afternoon services.

Why not come NEXT SUNDAY?—
and the NEXT?

A Lenten Resolution

"I will come to church REGULARLY
every Sunday afternoon during Lent."

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

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Mrs. Virginia F. Banks
Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Marguerite Lautenbach
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Mrs. Laura E. Miller
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Miss Marie E. Rodenbausen
Miss Claire Ruos
Mildred Faas

ALTOS

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Anderson
Miss Louise Belcher
Miss Francis L. Bowers
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss M. F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford
Miss Helen A. Straughn

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Mr. Thomas Henry Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
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Mr. Frederick Stanger
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Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

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SERVICE

CHURCH OF ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK, MARCH 25, 1918, 4.30 P. M.

✠

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

397

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong. Amen.

P. Abelard — Ancient Plain-Song.

CREED, COLLECTS, LESSER BENEDICTION

The Bishop of Pennsylvania,
RT. REV. PHILIP MERCER RHINELANDER, D. D., D. C. L., LL. D.

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN

196

OUR fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Bless Thou our native land!
Long may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

God save our splendid men;
Send them safe home again;
God save our men!
Save them victorious,
Upright and chivalrous;
They are so dear to us,
God save our men!

C. T. Brooks. — America.

[OVER]

ADDRESS

The Archbishop of York,
MOST REV. COSMO GORDON LANG, D. D., D. C. L., LL. D., D. Lit.

ANTHEM: "THE RECESSIONAL"

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Rudyard Kipling. Reginald DeKoven.

COLLECTS AND BENEDICTION

POSTLUDIUM HYMN

199

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
Amen.

H. E. Chorley. A. S. Sullivan.

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Mr. Harry C. Saylor

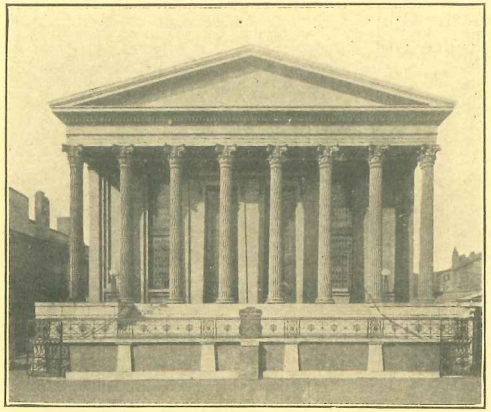
HENRY KRAEMER, [illegible]
Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

..PROGRAM..

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER SEASON

COMBINED WITH

April Number of Parish Helper



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street, below Spruce

Philadelphia, Pa.

CORPORATION

Corporate Title "Rector, Church Wardens and Vestrymen of the Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany"

Rector . . . . . Rev. David M. Steele, D.D.

Wardens

Rector's Warden . . . . . Mr. John W. Pepper
Accounting Warden . . . . . Mr. Arthur W. Sewall

Vestrymen

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Mr. John W. Brock
Mr. Alfred G. Clay
Mr. Russell Duane
Mr. Charles C. Harrison
Mr. Charles C. Harrison, Jr.
Mr. Malcolm Lloyd, Jr.
Mr. Owen J. Roberts
Mr. Charles Stewart Wurts
Mr. J. E. Zimmerman

Assistants { Rev. Granville Taylor . . . At the Church
Rev. W. Arthur Warner . . . At the Chapel

Organist and Choirmaster . . . . Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Parish Visitors { Miss Gertrude M. Allen . . At the Church
Miss Anna Van Kirk . . . At the Chapel

Secretary . . . . . Miss Laura E. Gesswein
Book-keeper . . . . . Mr. Arthur W. Marshall

Verger . . . . . Mr. William J. Montgomery
Janitor . . . . . Mr. Harvey West
Janitress . . . . . Mrs. Ella Watkins

Mail Address, 330 S. 13th St. Telephone Number, Filbert 2883

The Parish House is open at all times. The Rector's Study, the Offices of the Clergy, Choirmaster, Parish Visitors, Secretary, Verger and all members of the Staff are here. Any or all of these can be seen or telephoned or written to at any time at the above address. This Church is not a retreat; it is a work-shop. It is not isolated; it is centrally located. Its tasks do not end with one day's services; its ministrations are for all those who desire them at any time.

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.
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KATHARINE E. NAGLE

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

for which there are

Special Programs Printed

March 24 Sunday	4.00 P.M.—Palm Sunday Cycle Service
March 25 Monday	4.00 P.M.—Service, Archbishop of York
March 27 Wednesday	4.00 P.M.—Children's Service, in Church
March 27 Wednesday	8.00 P.M.—Service, American Guild of Organists
March 28 Thursday	8.00 P.M.—Maundy Thursday, Corporate Communion
March 29 Friday	11.00 A.M.—Good Friday Service
March 31 Sunday	8.00 A.M. and 11.00 A.M.—Easter Day, Holy Communion, Morning Prayer, and Sermon
March 31 Sunday	4.00 P.M.—Easter Carol Service
April 7 Sunday	4.00 P.M.—Repetition Carol Service

COLLECTS

(Easter Even)

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Easter Day)

O God, who for our redemption didst give thine only-begotten Son to the death of the Cross, and by his glorious resurrection hast delivered us from the power of our enemy; Grant us so to die daily from sin, that we may evermore live with him in the joy of his resurrection; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

LETTER TO PARISHIONERS

(Easter Notes and Notices)

The novel form the Parish Helper takes with this appearance will explain itself. It is only for this one occasion; but even that will make for variety as well as serve the ends of utility. It combines the paper with five programs, for that many services. What with Easter coming on the very last day of the month, there is not time to prepare copy in Holy Week. And with five special services, each one requiring a program, I have hit upon this way of economizing printing for all the five or six thousand copies of that number of programs combined. They are for use in Church, as well as for much wider distribution afterward. Mail this one to a friend when you go home. It will be an invitation to come to some other services.

The hours of service, the objects for offerings, the provision for chancel decoration, etc., on Easter Sunday, these arrangements will all be identical with those of previous years. There will be a Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, a second Celebration with full Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock and the Easter Carol Service at 4 o'clock. The Easter Offering in the main is the annual one for the Rector's Discretionary Fund, although of course any person is at liberty, as always, to designate their contribution for any Special Object. The flowers are intended all to be memorial and only such things as people send voluntarily, or subscribe money specifically to purchase, will be used in the chancel that day. It is important that this matter should all be arranged at the earliest possible date and that some member of the Altar Society or else the Rector should be notified.

A gratifying culmination to the series of Lecture-Services on the Thursday Evenings in Lent was the Service of Confirmation itself on last Sunday with its class of sixty-five members. It only remains now for every one to focus their attention on the Corporate Communion of the Confirmation Alumni Association on Maundy Thursday Evening. I find that the purpose of Holy Communion on this evening is not fully understood. This service is distinctly a memorial communion on the night in which our Lord ate the Passover with His disciples.

In a local paper from another parish, I have read a column under this for head-line: "Leave Atlantic City alone on Easter Day."

HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.
Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

This is good advice. Few who go there go to Church; and Easter Day without the Easter Service is really a sad commentary on our Christianity. If you must go to the seashore, at least choose some other season. Easter Day in the home Church, which is ours and which is working in our name in the cause of Christ, ought to bring the unspeakable joy of the risen Lord to our hearts. And this ought to be better than the fleeting joy of those who seek mere delectation.

Some, who should have been, were not in Church last Easter, even as they are not always there on ordinary Sundays. Were you one of these? Did you stay away because you preferred to work, or read, or go on an outing, or do nothing? If so, do you possibly realize how much you hurt the Church? Those who are half hearted and indifferent are doing more to hinder the coming of Christ's Kingdom than those who deliberately work against God. Do you realize that men outside the Church are judging the Church by you? If they lose respect for the Church as an organization, even though it claim to be of divine origin, whose members care so little about it that it is a matter of small concern to them whether or not they take part in its worship, it is you who are to blame.

The subject of a million sermons preached on Easter, in a thousand tongues and in ten thousand dialects, will be one subject—Immortality. The very word is an old word and the idea one that has held men's best attention since men first began to live or, rather, since they first began to die. The word, Latin in origin, speaks the day's message. "Im" is prefix and means not. "Mors" means death. And both together mean "Not death," not dying, or un-dying. This is far a better word than Resurrection; for it means continuance rather than even brief cessation and abrupt beginning over again of something that, in reality, can never stop. For life is life. All life is real. Life is all of one kind.

Easter therefore is rightly called the Queen of Festivals. Surely it never dawns but that it comes to the soul of man with all the freshness and beauty of the springtime. It causes him to gird his loins, to lift his burdens, grip his staff, and to go forward unafraid into the days beyond. It is the day of unconquerable hope. It is the day on which the answer comes from out the impenetrable spaces to all human questioning concerning what lies beyond the life that now is. May the day bring to us all its full measure of gladness.

Program for Palm Sunday

RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

91

(*Processional Hymn*)

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own annointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

Milman. St. Drostane.

The words of this triumphant hymn for Palm Sunday are by Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D.D., (1791--1868) and tune is the composition of J. B. Dykes. Dean Milman became dean of St. Paul's, London, in 1849. From 1821 to 1831 he was professor of poetry at Oxford and during that period these verses were written. "Dean Milman's poetry—once highly esteemed—has disappeared from public notice. But the Broad Churchman still lives in his hymn, 'When our hearts are bowed with woe,' and the present piece." It is, however, as one of the best of Church historians that he is most famed.

HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.
Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

LO, HOW A ROSE

(In place of Psalter)

LO, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old hath sung.

It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 't was foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.

To show God's love aright,
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half spent was the night.

17th Century. Prætorius.

Michael Praetorius (1571–1621) was organist and chapel master to the Duke of Brunswick. Little is known of his life but his remaining works show him to have been one of the most noted writers of music of his day and land. Prominent among his works are Musae Sioniae in sixteen volumes, containing with other music 1,244 vocal pieces; nine volumes of a secular work called Musa Aonia and several other works, both church and secular. He was at one time appointed Prior of the monastery of Ringelheim but the appointment did not carry with it the necessity of residence.

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SLEEP OF THE CHILD JESUS

(After the First Lesson)

'TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love,
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love.
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

French Carol. Gevaert.

It is as a little child that we like to think of Jesus. Clothed in humility, childlike and sweet, He became none the less the "King of Angels," conqueror of the world, King of Kings. No picture of the "Little Child" more tender than this of Francois Auguste Gevaert has ever been written. Gevaert in 1867 became chef-de-chant at the Academe de Musique at Paris, a post which he held until the opera was closed by the War of 1870. He wrote considerable church music, several successful operas and many minor works. This old French noel was arranged for English use by M. Louise Boum.

CHRIST, WHEN A CHILD

(After the Second Lesson)

CHRIST, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there;
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for His hair.
And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share;
They tore the flow'rs from ev'ry stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

"How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown,
Now that Thy roses all are dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.
They plaited then a crowns of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head;
A garland for His forehead made,
For roses drops of blood instead.

A Legend. Tschaikowsky.

Peter Tschaikowsky (1840–1893) is the most popular of the Russian composers of church music. His list of works is a long one and includes six symphonies, three concert overtures, four marches, a symphonic poem, twelve choral pieces and sixty-eight songs. No other Russian composer is so numerously represented on programs, whether in church or concert room. Tschaikowsky was a leader of the New Russian School, but was more cosmopolitan than his compatriots. Although he retained the classic and national traits in his music both of these were superseded by the distinctiveness of his own individuality.

COME UNTO ME

(Solo and Chorus)

COME unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

From "City of God." H. Alexander Matthews.

✠

ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Psalm 58: 1.—"Are your minds set upon righteousness, O ye congregation; and do ye judge the thing that is right, O ye sons of men?"

✠

INTERLUDE—"Romance" . . *Goring Thomas*

Organ, Harp and Violin

(After the Anthem.)

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THE PALMS

(*Anthem*)

O'ER all the way, green palms and blossoms gay
Are strewn to-day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears away,
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.

CHORUS

Join all and sing, His name declare,
Let every voice resound with acclamation,
Hosanna! praised be the Lord!
Bless Him, who cometh to bring us salvation!

His word goes forth, and people by His might
Once more regain freedom from degradation,
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the light.

Sing and rejoice, O Blest Jerusalem!
Of all thy sons sing the emancipation,
Thro' boundless love the Christ of Bethlehem
Brings faith and hope to thee forever more.

Traditional. Faure.

Palm Sunday is a climaxic day in the career of the Saviour, though the events of the subsequent week reveal a still greater triumph,—a day when even the angels sing glad hosannas. On this Sunday the men of Jerusalem made green His way and shouted with the same voices that later cried against Him. No musical selection is more intimately associated with this Sunday before Easter than the Palms by Jean Faure (1830–1899). Faure was both singer and composer, appearing in opera in London, Berlin and Paris. He was for a time professor of singing at the Paris Conservatoire.

THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE

319

(*Congregational Hymn*)

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

Elliott. T. R. Matthews.

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LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY

88

(*Postludium*)

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne. Amen.

Isaac Williams. W. H. Monk.

The Rev. Isaac Williams (1802–1865) was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1829 and priest in 1831. For many years he was in very poor health, spending most of his time at his home in Gloucestershire, and occasionally assisting his brother, the Rev. Sir George Prevost. On the retirement of the renowned Keble he became a candidate for the professorship of poetry, at Oxford, but failed. His poems and hymns are scattered through several volumes. This hymn is found in his work "The Baptistery," and is part of a poem of one hundred and five stanzas.

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STANDING NOTICES

Communicants coming into the Parish, or leaving it, should comply with the following canon:

"A communicant removing from one parish to another shall procure from the rector of the parish of his last residence, or if there be no rector, from one of the wardens, a certificate, or letter of transfer."

Baptism will be administered at any time; but notice must be given in advance. Concerning Baptism, the rubric says:

"The Minister of every parish shall often admonish the people that they defer not the baptism of their children unless upon a great and reasonable cause. And he shall also warn them, that without like great cause and necessity they procure not their children to be baptized at home in their houses but in the church."

Attention is called to the rubric before the office for the Visitation of the Sick, which reads:

"When any person is sick, notice shall be given thereof to the Minister of the parish." On such notice being given, the Clergy are always ready and desirous to visit those who are "in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity," and to administer the Holy Communion to such as, by reason of sickness or other infirmity, are prevented from coming to the church.

Practice as well as propriety necessitates the arrangements for all functions in Church in advance.

The Clergy should always be consulted before arrangements are made for baptisms, marriages or funerals at which they are expected to officiate. They can be seen after any church service, by those who desire to consult them or at any hour of any day at the Parish House by anybody on any errand.

Parishioners are asked to send prompt notice of changes of residence.

Those who wish to become members of the Parish are asked to send their names and addresses to the Clergy. Applications for pews or sittings should be made to the Verger, who can be seen before or after any service at the Church or on any week day at the Parish House.

LETTER TO STRANGERS

(At Afternoon Services)

Every place, as every time, has its form of good behavior and its standard of polite and proper conduct and deportment. Of all places, the Church is the one where all these things count most and the hour of service is the time when any lapse from such right standards or transgression of the laws of strict propriety becomes most nearly inexcusable. Preparation for these services is made with such exceeding care, the reverent devotion and the spirit of true worship are so real and marked, the great majority of those who worship are so earnest, prayerful and attentive, that it is a grave offense for any few so to comport themselves that they disturb their fellows out of lack of understanding what comprises a proper code of conduct. If, by chance, you who read should be one of those, here are a few

DON'TS

Don't stand in the vestibule and explain that you are waiting for friends. You may make yourself as well as them unwelcome. You are in the way, as they would be if they were waiting there for you. Go on into Church. The pews are unreserved. Presumably you came to say your prayers. The attitude of prayer is kneeling. You cannot worship standing in the vestibule.

Don't come to service late. And do not leave the Church until the last Amen is sung. You would not act thus in a friend's house at a feast. You would come on time. You would remain seated until the hostess gave the signal to rise. In the meantime, you would not wander aimlessly around the table and you would not straggle out just when the conversation was most interesting and attention of all others was the most absorbed.

Don't remain seated, bolt upright in your pew, all through the service. You are not a mere onlooker. A Church is not a grandstand. Its pews are not even like seats at a theatre. You come to worship. This involves three things. Each one claims its right attitude. At service, people stand to praise; they kneel to pray; they sit to hear—reading of lessons or public address. If one keeps in mind this threefold principle, it will explain every rubric in the Prayer Book.

Don't come to church at all unless you come for the primary purpose of church attendance, namely to worship. Mere excitement is not ennobling; the mere instinct of wanting to be part of a crowd is a low instinct. To this place of worship, every person is invited; but, once here, remember that devotion calls for your best personal attention to the one matter in hand. Else you will waste your time; and, worse, you will distract those who want most to call upon their God.

Don't make unseemly noise, create disturbance, make yourself unpopular, the choir and clergy despair of being heard, and everybody near you wish you would go home, when you cough and act generally as though you were the only person in the building. Of all forms of thoughtlessness, this is the worst; and of all crude and noisesome annoyances, this is the least permissible. Even if one has a cold, there is no need making sounds like blowing a trombone.

Don't put your smallest change in the Alms Basin. If the largest you have is the smallest there is, keep it. Nobody wants it, neither needs it, worse than you do. No Church has a penny-in-the-slot machine. No Church is a five-cent store. It is not even a dime-museum. Do not merely do your bit—if it is a t'openny bit. This service is at least worth "two-bits."

Don't think the paragraph above is a mere witticism. There is a good reason for it. The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others; never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

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Mr. Frederick Buckley
Mr. Robert Crooks
Mr. Alfred F. Degerberg
Mr. William Donley
Mr. William Stewart
Mr. Clarence Zimmer
Mr. Albert Zintl

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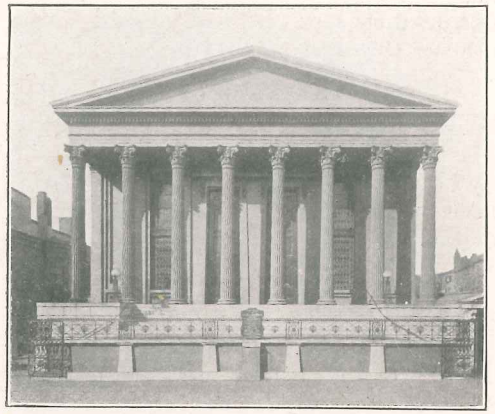
..PROGRAM..

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER SEASON

COMBINED WITH

April Number of Parish Helper



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

Thirteenth Street, below Spruce

Philadelphia, Pa.

CORPORATION

Corporate Title "Rector, Church Wardens and Vestrymen of the Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany"

Rector . . . . . Rev. David M. Steele, D. D.

Wardens

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Accounting Warden . . . . . Mr. Arthur W. Sewall

Vestrymen

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Mr. Charles Stewart Wurts
Mr. J. E. Zimmerman

Assistants { Rev. Granville Taylor . . . At the Church
Rev. W. Arthur Warner . . . At the Chapel

Organist and Choirmaster . . . . Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Parish Visitors { Miss Gertrude M. Allen . . At the Church
Miss Anna Van Kirk . . . At the Chapel

Secretary . . . . . Miss Laura E. Gesswein
Book-keeper . . . . . Mr. Arthur W. Marshall

Verger . . . . . Mr. William J. Montgomery
Janitor . . . . . Mr. Harvey West
Janitress . . . . . Mrs. Ella Watkins

Mail Address, 330 S. 13th St. Telephone Number, Filbert 2883

The Parish House is open at all times. The Rector's Study, the Offices of the Clergy, Choirmaster, Parish Visitors, Secretary, Verger and all members of the Staff are here. Any or all of these can be seen or telephoned or written to at any time at the above address. This Church is not a retreat; it is a work-shop. It is not isolated; it is centrally located. Its tasks do not end with one day's services; its ministrations are for all those who desire them at any time.

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

for which there are

Special Programs Printed

March 24 Sunday	4.00 P.M.—Palm Sunday Cycle Service
March 25 Monday	4.30 P.M.—Service, Archbishop of York
March 27 Wednesday	4.00 P.M.—Children's Service, in Church
March 27 Wednesday	8.00 P.M.—Service, American Guild of Organists
March 28 Thursday	8.00 P.M.—Maundy Thursday, Corporate Communion
March 29 Friday	11.00 A.M.—Good Friday Service
March 31 Sunday	8.00 A.M. and 11.00 A.M.—Easter Day, Holy Communion, Morning Prayer, and Sermon
March 31 Sunday	4.00 P.M.—Easter Carol Service
April 7 Sunday	4.00 P.M.—Repetition Carol Service

COLLECTS

(Easter Even)

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Easter Day)

O God, who for our redemption didst give thine only-begotten Son to the death of the Cross, and by his glorious resurrection hast delivered us from the power of our enemy; Grant us so to die daily from sin, that we may evermore live with him in the joy of his resurrection; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

LETTER TO PARISHIONERS

(Easter Notes and Notices)

The novel form the Parish Helper takes with this appearance will explain itself. It is only for this one occasion; but even that will make for variety as well as serve the ends of utility. It combines the paper with five programs, for that many services. What with Easter coming on the very last day of the month, there is not time to prepare copy in Holy Week. And with five special services, each one requiring a program, I have hit upon this way of economizing printing for all the five or six thousand copies of that number of programs combined. They are for use in Church, as well as for much wider distribution afterward. Mail this one to a friend when you go home. It will be an invitation to come to some other services.

The hours of service, the objects for offerings, the provision for chancel decoration, etc., on Easter Sunday, these arrangements will all be identical with those of previous years. There will be a Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, a second Celebration with full Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock and the Easter Carol Service at 4 o'clock. The Easter Offering in the main is the annual one for the Rector's Discretionary Fund, although of course any person is at liberty, as always, to designate their contribution for any Special Object. The flowers are intended all to be memorial and only such things as people send voluntarily, or subscribe money specifically to purchase, will be used in the chancel that day. It is important that this matter should all be arranged at the earliest possible date and that some member of the Altar Society or else the Rector should be notified.

A gratifying culmination to the series of Lecture-Services on the Thursday Evenings in Lent was the Service of Confirmation itself on last Sunday with its class of sixty-five members. It only remains now for every one to focus their attention on the Corporate Communion of the Confirmation Alumni Association on Maundy Thursday Evening. I find that the purpose of Holy Communion on this evening is not fully understood. This service is distinctly a memorial communion on the night in which our Lord ate the Passover with His disciples.

In a local paper from another parish, I have read a column under this for head-line: "Leave Atlantic City alone on Easter Day."

This is good advice. Few who go there go to Church; and Easter Day without the Easter Service is really a sad commentary on our Christianity. If you must go to the seashore, at least choose some other season. Easter Day in the home Church, which is ours and which is working in our name in the cause of Christ, ought to bring the unspeakable joy of the risen Lord to our hearts. And this ought to be better than the fleeting joy of those who seek mere delectation.

Some, who should have been, were not in Church last Easter, even as they are not always there on ordinary Sundays. Were you one of these? Did you stay away because you preferred to work, or read, or go on an outing, or do nothing? If so, do you possibly realize how much you hurt the Church? Those who are half hearted and indifferent are doing more to hinder the coming of Christ's Kingdom than those who deliberately work against God. Do you realize that men outside the Church are judging the Church by you? If they lose respect for the Church as an organization, even though it claim to be of divine origin, whose members care so little about it that it is a matter of small concern to them whether or not they take part in its worship, it is you who are to blame.

The subject of a million sermons preached on Easter, in a thousand tongues and in ten thousand dialects, will be one subject—Immortality. The very word is an old word and the idea one that has held men's best attention since men first began to live or, rather, since they first began to die. The word, Latin in origin, speaks the day's message. "Im" is prefix and means not. "Mors" means death. And both together mean "Not death," not dying, or un-dying. This is far a better word than Resurrection; for it means continuance rather than even brief cessation and abrupt beginning over again of something that, in reality, can never stop. For life is life. All life is real. Life is all of one kind.

Easter therefore is rightly called the Queen of Festivals. Surely it never dawns but that it comes to the soul of man with all the freshness and beauty of the springtime. It causes him to gird his loins, to lift his burdens, grip his staff, and to go forward unafraid into the days beyond. It is the day of unconquerable hope. It is the day on which the answer comes from out the impenetrable spaces to all human questioning concerning what lies beyond the life that now is. May the day bring to us all its full measure of gladness.

PROGRAM

FOR

MORNING SERVICES

EASTER DAY

1918

"He is not here; for He is Risen."

"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"

HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.
Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

HOLY COMMUNION

eight o'clock

✠

Processional Hymn — 115 . . . . . *All Hallow's*

THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal.
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

Greek. Tr., J. N. Neale

Kyrie Eleison . . . . . *Tours*

LORD, have mercy upon us, and incline
our hearts to keep this law.

Gloria Tibi . . . . . *Tours*

GLORY be to Thee, O Lord!

Anthem—"By Early Morning Light" . . . . . *Traditional*

BY early morning light,
Ere yet the day was bright,
Three women came to seek their Lord;
But what their joy to hear
The Angel's message clear
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

They saw upon the tomb,
Dispelling all its gloom,
An angel fair in raiment white,
To them the angel said
Mourn not your Lord as dead,
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

H. A. Dickinson

Communion Hymn —225 . . . . . *Hodges*

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.

R. Heber

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Recessional Hymn — 243 . . . . . *Resurrection Morning*

ON the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that resurrection-day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

S. Baring-Gould

"And they rehearsed the things that happened in the way, and how He was known of them in the breaking of the bread. St. Luke 24 35.

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MORNING PRAYER and HOLY COMMUNION

eleven o'clock

✠

Processional Hymn — 109 . . . . . *Fortunatus*

"WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!
Lo! the dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today.

Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning rise O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. Amen.

Sullivan

Christ Our Passover . . . . . *Gregorian*

(*Before the Psalter*)

CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast,

Not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. 1 Cor. v. 7.

CHRIST being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him.

For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin; but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi.9

CHRIST is risen from the dead: and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death: by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die; even so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 20.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Te Deum—in G minor . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

(*After the First Lesson*)

WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

Jubilate Deo . . . . . *Schubert*

(*After the Second Lesson*)

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Introit Hymn — 110 . . . . . *St. Kevin*

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal
But today amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

Greek. Tr. by J. M. Neale

HENRY KRAEMER, PH. D. KATHARINE E. NAGLE

Kyrie Eleison . . . . . *Tours*

LORD, have mercy upon us, and incline
our hearts to keep this law.

Gloria Tibi . . . . . *Tours*

GLORY be to Thee, O Lord.

Hymn — 112 . . . . . *Worgan*

JESUS Christ is risen today,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia! Amen.

Latin: Tate and Brady

Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Anthem—"Easter Song" . . . . . *Fehrman*

CHRIST is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it thro' the valleys,
Sin now is conquer'd, Christ doth atone,
Death now is vanquish'd, victory won,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

When to the dark tomb women came sadly,
Angels there told them these tidings gladly;
Join we the angels, glad heart and voice,
Christ is arisen, Christians rejoice!

Christ is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it through the valleys,
Jesus hath broken bonds of the grave,
Risen victorious, mighty to save,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

Gerok

Communion Hymn — 228 . . . . . *Unde et Memores*

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee,
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord. Amen.

W. Bright

Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, Ph. D.
Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

Recessional Hymn — 368 . . . . . *Alleluia*

ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia, His the triumph,
His the victory alone
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redemeed us by His blood.

Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er;
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne;
Thou within the veil hast entered
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood. Amen.

W. C. Dix

STANDING NOTICES

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Editor American Journal of Pharmacy
HENRY KRAEMER, PH. D.
Librarian
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

This is good advice. Few who go there go to Church; and Easter Day without the Easter Service is really a sad commentary on our Christianity. If you must go to the seashore, at least choose some other season. Easter Day in the home Church, which is ours and which is working in our name in the cause of Christ, ought to bring the unspeakable joy of the risen Lord to our hearts. And this ought to be better than the fleeting joy of those who seek mere delectation.

Some, who should have been, were not in Church last Easter, even as they are not always there on ordinary Sundays. Were you one of these? Did you stay away because you preferred to work, or read, or go on an outing, or do nothing? If so, do you possibly realize how much you hurt the Church? Those who are half hearted and indifferent are doing more to hinder the coming of Christ's Kingdom than those who deliberately work against God. Do you realize that men outside the Church are judging the Church by you? If they lose respect for the Church as an organization, even though it claim to be of divine origin, whose members care so little about it that it is a matter of small concern to them whether or not they take part in its worship, it is you who are to blame.

The subject of a million sermons preached on Easter, in a thousand tongues and in ten thousand dialects, will be one subject—Immortality. The very word is an old word and the idea one that has held men's best attention since men first began to live or, rather, since they first began to die. The word, Latin in origin, speaks the day's message. "Im" is prefix and means not. "Mors" means death. And both together mean "Not death," not dying, or un-dying. This is far a better word than Resurrection; for it means continuance rather than even brief cessation and abrupt beginning over again of something that, in reality, can never stop. For life is life. All life is real. Life is all of one kind.

Easter therefore is rightly called the Queen of Festivals. Surely it never dawns but that it comes to the soul of man with all the freshness and beauty of the springtime. It causes him to gird his loins, to lift his burdens, grip his staff, and to go forward unafraid into the days beyond. It is the day of unconquerable hope. It is the day on which the answer comes from out the impenetrable spaces to all human questioning concerning what lies beyond the life that now is. May the day bring to us all its full measure of gladness.

Easter Carol Service

EASTER DAY

March 31st, 1918
Four O'clock

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.
BY ORGAN, HARP, VIOLIN AND 'CELLO

Andante, from String Quartet . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*
Reve Angelique . . . . . *Rubenstein*
Allegretto Grazioso, from 4th Symphony . *Tschaikowsky*

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

(In Place of Psalter)

INTO the woods the Master went, clean forspent,
Into the woods the Master came, forspent with love and shame
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came. Alleluia!

Out of the woods my Master went, and He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came, content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came. Alleluia!

Ancient Carol — Grieg

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin: but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi.9.

THIS JOYFUL EASTER-TIDE

(After First Lesson)

THIS joyful Easter-tide,
Away with sin and sorrow!
My Love, the Crucified,
Hath sprung to life this morrow.

Had Christ, that once was slain,
Ne'er burst His three-day prison,
Our faith had been in vain;
But now hath Christ arisen.

My flesh in hope shall rest,
And for a season slumber;
Till trump from east to west
Shall wake the dead in number.

Death's flood hath lost his chill,
Since Jesus cross'd the river;
Lover of souls, from ill
My passing soul deliver.

Traditional — Charles Wood

Those who die in the fear of the Lord God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death. They pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings unchanged. Rest they may—rest they surely will, if they need rest. But what is their rest? It is not idleness, but peace of mind,—Rev. Charles Kingsley.

HENRY KRAEMER, PS. D.
LIBRARIES
KATHARINE E. NAGLE

BY EARLY MORNING LIGHT

(After Second Lesson)

BY early morning light,
Ere yet the day was bright,
Three women came to seek their Lord;
But what their joy to hear
The Angel's message clear
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

They saw upon the tomb,
Dispelling all its gloom,
An angel fair in raiment white,
To them the angel said
Mourn not your Lord as dead,
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

Traditional 1675 H. A. Dickinson

Almighty God, who through thine only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we humbly beseech thee that, as by thy special grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost ever, one God, world without end. Amen. Collect for Easter Day.

THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE

(After Third Collect)

AT morn while the world was still sleeping,
Three holy women came weeping;
They sought the Lord Jesus Christ their head,
Who was arisen from the dead,
Alleluia!

O who will roll the stone away,
The stone so great before the door?
But when they came where Jesus lay,
They found the stone was there no more.
Alleluia!

They entered then the grave in fear,
And saw therein a form of light,
An angel, wondrously fair and clear,
Robed in a long, pure robe of white.
Alleluia!

"Now go ye forth, ye women kind,"
The white robed angel sweetly said,
"Tell all His loved ones that ye find,
That Christ is risen from the dead."
Alleluia!

Now sing we all Alleluia,
The Saviour Christ is risen;
He of the Church the living head,
The Saviour Christ is risen.
Alleluia!

Clarence Dickinson Felix Woyrsch

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast. Not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. 1 Cor. v. 7.

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ADDRESS . . . . . By the Rector

ANTHEM—"Hallelujah Chorus"

HALLELUJAH unto God's Almighty Son,
Praise the Lord, ye bright angelic choirs
in holy songs of joy.
Man, proclain his grace and glory.
Hallelujah unto God's Almighty Son.

Mount of Olives — Beethoven

INTERLUDE—"Romance in B" . H. Alex. Matthews

THE STRIFE IS O'ER

121

(*Congregational Hymn*)

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

Latin: Tr., F. Pott — Palestrina

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Col. iii. 1.

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REST IN PEACE

(Postludium Hymn)

REST in peace, O souls immortal,
Who have passed on through Death's portal,
Out of this world's care and strife
Into Heaven's all glorious life,
Sleep with God, Oh faithful hearted,
Rest in peace, O souls departed.

All earth's strivings now are stilled,
All earth's longings now fulfilled;
His heaven's prepared place,
Ye who see Him face to face,
In the Father's love approved,
Rest in peace, O souls beloved.

Jacob Schubert

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as we are unleavened. For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, and not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the leavened bread of sincerity and truth. 1 Cor. v. 6.

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LETTER TO STRANGERS

(At Afternoon Services)

Every place, as every time, has its form of good behavior and its standard of polite and proper conduct and deportment. Of all places, the Church is the one where all these things count most and the hour of service is the time when any lapse from such right standards or transgression of the laws of strict propriety becomes most nearly inexcusable. Preparation for these services is made with such exceeding care, the reverent devotion and the spirit of true worship are so real and marked, the great majority of those who worship are so earnest, prayerful and attentive, that it is a grave offense for any few so to comport themselves that they disturb their fellows out of lack of understanding what comprises a proper code of conduct. If, by chance, you who read should be one of those, here are a few

DON'TS

Don't stand in the vestibule and explain that you are waiting for friends. You may make yourself as well as them unwelcome. You are in the way, as they would be if they were waiting there for you. Go on into Church. The pews are unreserved. Presumably you came to say your prayers. The attitude of prayer is kneeling. You cannot worship standing in the vestibule.

Don't come to service late. And do not leave the Church until the last Amen is sung. You would not act thus in a friend's house at a feast. You would come on time. You would remain seated until the hostess gave the signal to rise. In the meantime, you would not wander aimlessly around the table and you would not straggle out just when the conversation was most interesting and attention of all others was the most absorbed.

Don't remain seated, bolt upright in your pew, all through the service. You are not a mere onlooker. A Church is not a grandstand. Its pews are not even like seats at a theatre. You come to worship. This involves three things. Each one claims its right attitude. At service, people stand to praise; they kneel to pray; they sit to hear—reading of lessons or public address. If one keeps in mind this threefold principle, it will explain every rubric in the Prayer Book.

Don't come to church at all unless you come for the primary purpose of church attendance, namely to worship. Mere excitement is not ennobling; the mere instinct of wanting to be part of a crowd is a low instinct. To this place of worship, every person is invited; but, once here, remember that devotion calls for your best personal attention to the one matter in hand. Else you will waste your time; and, worse, you will distract those who want most to call upon their God.

Don't make unseemly noise, create disturbance, make yourself unpopular, the choir and clergy despair of being heard, and everybody near you wish you would go home, when you cough and act generally as though you were the only person in the building. Of all forms of thoughtlessness, this is the worst; and of all crude and noisesome annoyances, this is the least permissible. Even if one has a cold, there is no need making sounds like blowing a trombone.

Don't put your smallest change in the Alms Basin. If the largest you have is the smallest there is, keep it. Nobody wants it, neither needs it, worse than you do. No Church has a penny-in-the-slot machine. No Church is a five-cent store. It is not even a dime-museum. Do not merely do your bit—if it is a t'openny bit. This service is at least worth "two-bits."

Don't think the paragraph above is a mere witticism. There is a good reason for it. The offerings in this parish, at every service, are for some form of beneficence. They are always for others; never for ourselves. Not a dollar laid upon the Altar in this Chancel in ten years has gone to defray Church Expenses; every penny has gone to the doing of Church Work.

"Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little: for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

Ushers

Mr. James H. Bell
Mr. Charles H. Buckley
Mr. Robert Crooks
Mr. Alfred F. Degerberg
Mr. William Donley
Mr. William Stewart
Mr. Clarence Zimmer
Mr. Albert Zintl

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'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

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Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Marguerite Lautenbach
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Mrs. Laura E. Miller
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Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
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Miss Francis L. Bowers
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FOR

Families and Friends of Episcopal Hospital Unit

(Base Hospital, No. 34, U. S. A.)

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, RECTOR

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BASE HOSPITAL, No. 34, U. S. A.

(In Active Service Overseas)

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Miss Mildred M. Krips

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Miss Gertrude Franks
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Miss Edith G. Sutherland

† Deceased

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Carleton Furbush
William H. Felton
Edwin H. Fleming
Charles K, Fuessle
Allen G. Fetterolf
Carl Gates
Albert P. Gates
George G. Goddard
Rowland Guilford
William V. Gamber
Earl C. Hammond
William T. Hannum
James S. Halkett
Ralph B. Hayes
George S. Heimach
Ralf L. Hartwell
Thomas Hedges, Jr.
Karl B. Hoke
Edward B. Jennings
Lewis Josselyn
Winsor Josselyn
William C. Kauffman
Samuel H. Keller
Robert P. Kelly
Lex W. Klutz
William S. Kames
Almon N. Kidder
Harold F. Kraft
James J. Langton
Abraham J. Levy
Nathan Levin
Jesse S. Levy
Henry W. Little
John A. Little
Luigi Livolski
Mannie E. Lipsky
Charles H. Loomis
Matthew G. Lukens
Edward F. Lukens, Jr.
George R. Lutz
Theodore Marceaux
Edwin R. Maier
Edwin M. Mann
Robert R. Martin
Austin G. Mac Claskey
James J. Mac Millan
Joseph A. McCormick
Clayton McElroy, Jr.
Edward P. McLaughlin
Joseph E. Miles
Raymond A. Moll
John C. Morrison
Carlisle C. Moore
James L. Murray
John G. Merkel, Jr.
James O. Moore
Fred. H. Morris
Joseph P. Moore
Grover W. Neiffer
Harry Newell
John J. O'Donnell, Jr.
Henry P. Patchett
Perry F. Prather
Edmund M. Pitts
David H. Porterfield
Joseph S. Patterson
Harold H. Raup
Harold L. Rich
John G. Robinson
Nelson S. Rounsley
Louis A. Rosser
Richard S. Romeroy, Jr.
Sidney Sanderson
Malcolm G. Sausser
Richard M. Sands
Robert C. Smith
Fred E. Smith
Elwood Stirling
Charles M. Stout, 3rd
Adiel N. Stern
Lawrence H. Starr
John W. Somers
Claire A. Shetter
Irving B. Strauss
Harry S. Simpson
Joseph J. Slepicks
John A. Sullivan
Frank N. Stoffel
Fred. W. Spellissy
Thomas J. Sparks
Arthur N. Taylor, Jr.
John R. Tanner
John C. Taylor
Michael F. Tobin, Jr.
William Thielend
John Turner
Peter Tamoshantis
William Vogel
Harry Wilkinson
James H. Whiteley
David C. Wiley
Norbert J. Walker
Henry A. Williams
Edwin H. White
Robert S. Whitehead
Henry D. Williams
Amos B. Wenzel
Arthur P. Weinert
Joseph J. Young
Jesse M. Yeager
William J. Young
Joseph J. Young
Nicholas R. Zinni

† Deceased

HOME UNIT No. 34

President - - - - - - - - BENJAMIN S. SANDERSON
Secretary and Treasurer - - - - MRS. EDWARDS E. LEIPER

ADVISORY BOARD

DR. CHARLES H. FRAZIER MR. JAMES LOGAN FISHER
REV. GEORGE CALVERT CARTER

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The officers and Mesdames Hampton L. Carson, John E. Zimmerman, John C. Browne, Clayton McElroy, Singer and Lewis B. Biggs.

Headquarters for meetings and work, St. James Guild Hall, 2210 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. Annual dues, one dollar.

A general meeting is appointed for the THIRD THURSDAY of each month from 3 to 4.30 P. M.

Meetings for Sewing and work on Surgical Dressings EVERY TUESDAY from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Luncheon (at a reasonable cost) is served at one o'clock.

Our HOME UNIT, as its name sufficiently indicates, is designed to band together the families and friends of the men and women of Base Hospital No. 34, U. S. A. We aim, so far as we shall be shown the way and possess the ability, to be in every sense a support and strength to the men and women "over there." In the few months of our existence we have an enrolled membership of 387; a draft for $1,000 has been sent to the Director, in addition to two packing cases of Sweaters, Afghans, Socks and other knitted goods; also three cases of Surgical Dressings.

We ask of all who ought to be on our rolls that they become members of the HOME UNIT; that all who can, will attend regularly the MONTHLY MEETINGS; above all, the offer of service at the MEETINGS FOR WORK.

It is a practical way in which each of us can "do our bit."

Applications for membership and payment of dues should be made to the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Edwards F. Leiper, Superintendent's House, Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia.

(Make checques payable to Mrs. Mary Ashhurst Leiper, Treasurer.)

PRELUDE

BY ORGAN, TROMBONES AND TRUMPETS

From 3.30 to 4 o'clock

National Anthems of Allied Nations

The Brabançonne ..... Belgium

Kimi-ca-yo ..... Japan

Garibaldi's Hymn ..... Italy

National Hymn ..... Serbia

The Marseillaise ..... France

Rule Brittania ..... Great Britain

Star-Spangled Banner ..... United States

The congregation will stand during the playing of The Star-Spangled Banner.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

516

(*Processional*)

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc. Amen.

S. Baring-Gould

A. S. Sullivan

WHOSO DWELLETH

91

(*Psalter*)

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir

WHOSO dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say unto the LORD, Thou art my hope, and my stronghold: my God, in him will I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the hunter: and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall defend thee under his wings, and thou shalt be safe under his feathers: his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.

A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

Yea, with thine eyes shalt thou behold: and see the reward of the ungodly.

For thou, LORD, art my hope: thou hast set thine house of defence very high.

There shall no evil happen unto thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee in their hands: that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him up, because he hath known my Name.

He shall call upon me, and I will hear him yea, I am with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and bring him to honour.

With long life will I satisfy him: and show him my salvation.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

(*After the First Lesson*)

To be sung by the Choir

GLORIA in excelsis Deo,
Et in terra pax,
Hominibus bonae voluntatis,
Laudemus,
Benedicimus,
Glorificamus,
Gratias a gimus,
Tibi propter magnam, gloriam tuam,
Domini Fili, unigenite, Jesu Christe,
Domini Deus,
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris. Amen.

Mozart — Twelfth Mass

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

(After the Second Lesson)

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katherine Lee Bates — Materna

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

The Congregation is requested to join only in the Chorus.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is treading out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe — Folk Melody

ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

FATHER OMNIPOTENT

(*Anthem*)

To be rendered by Choir alone

FATHER Omnipotent! Protect us, we pray Thee,
Save Thou our native land from those who would betray Thee;
God keep Thy children free,
No other help have we,
O Great Deliverer, be our Strength and Stay.

Judge Thou our cause, O Lord, in mercy befriend us!
Thou, only Thou art Righteous, by Thy Grace defend us;
Bind up the hearts that bleed;
Guard us in time of need;
Hear us, we humbly plead! In Thee we trust.

Send out Thy truth and light, the world round victorious!
Shine through the nation's soul in honor yet more glorious!
Strong with Thy Spirit's might,
Aid us in freedom's fight;
Lord God defend the right, forever more! Amen.

W. Herbert Scott — Edward German

OUR FATHERS' GOD TO THEE

196

(*Offertory Hymn*)

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

OUR fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

God save our splendid men;
Send them safe home again;
God save our men!
Save them victorious,
Upright and chivalrous;
They are so dear to us,
God save our men!

C. T. Brooks — America

Postludium Hymn: the Congregation still kneeling.

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
Amen.

H. F. Chorley — A. S. Sullivan

CHOIR

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Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

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Mrs. Virginia F. Banks
Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Marguerite Lautenbach
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Mrs. Laura E. Miller
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Miss Claire Ruos
Miss Marion Stanger
Miss Agnes Wilson
Mildred Faas

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Mr. Harold J. Walters
Dr. Howell S. Zulick

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Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick Stanger
Mr. Arthur M. Kennedy
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

SPECIAL SERVICE
FOR
MOTHERS' DAY

SUNDAY, MAY 12th, 1918
at 2.30 P. M.

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

OUTINGS FOR CHILDREN at the Fresh Air Farm, every week, July and August.

Processional Hymn—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

516

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc. Amen.

Creed and Collects.

VISIT TO THE FARM, one afternoon each week, July and August, Mothers' Meeting and Bible Class combined.

Responsive Reading—"The Beatitudes."

St. Matt. 5 : 2-10

Minister—Blessed are the poor in spirit:
People—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Minister—Blessed are they that mourn:
People—For they shall be comforted.
Minister—Blessed are the meek:
People—For they shall inherit the earth.
Minister Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
People—For they shall be filled.
Minister—Blessed are the merciful:
People—For they shall obtain mercy.
Minister—Blessed are the pure in heart:
People—For they shall see God.
Minister—Blessed are the peacemakers:
People—For they shall be called the children of God.
Minister—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
People—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Hymn—"Jesu, Lover of my Soul."

335

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

A Tribute and a Garland for Mother.

By the children of Primary A.

WEEK END PARTIES for a dozen girls—Saturday to Monday—at the Farm, July and August.

Anthem—"My Mother's Memory."

Sung by the boys of the Lincoln Institute.

Address.

Song—"Praise Him."

By the children of Primary A.

Closing Collects.

Song—"The End of a Perfect Day."

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day,
The soul of a friend we've made.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

TWO GENERAL PARISH PICNICS at the Farm—one on July 4th, one on Labor Day.

A SPECIAL SERVICE

FOR THE

: : VETERAN GUARD : :

THIRD REGIMENT INFANTRY, N. G. P.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 26th, 1918

(Sunday next before Memorial Day)

At Four O'Clock

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

THE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE
FIRST INFANTRY PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE MILITIA
ARE THE SPECIAL GUESTS OF THE
VETERAN GUARDS AT THIS SERVICE.

Third Regiment Infantry, N. G. P.

The Third Regiment Infantry was organized in 1879 through the consolidation of the Infantry Battalion, Washington Grays and the Infantry Battalion, Weccaco Legion, under the command of Col. Sylvester Bonaffon, Jr. The Regiment was subsequently commanded by Col. William B. Smith, Thomas H. Maginnis, Edward Morrell, Robert Ralston, William G. Price, Jr., Benjamin C. Tilghman, Caldwell K. Biddle, Charles T. Cresswell and George E. Kemp.

The Veteran Guard of the Third Regiment Infantry, N. G. P., is composed of officers and men who have served an honorable enlistment of at least six years in the Regiment. All of its members are qualified marksmen. At the outbreak of the present war, one-third of its membership resumed active service and are holding commissions in the United States Army. A large percentage of its personnel has re-entered active service in the Pennsylvania Reserve Militia, many holding commissioned and non-commissioned positions.

The officers present on this occasion are Brig. Gen. Charles T. Cresswell, Col. John M. Groff, Col. J. Warner Hutchins, Lieut. Pemberton, Lieut. Smith, Lt. Col. Charles J. Hendler, Major Frank H. Henry, Acting Major Harry P. Vercoe, Capt. Thomas B. Thomas, Capt. Thomas J. Kernaghan, Lieut. Henry N. Thissell, Lieut. Henry F. Walton, Jr , Lieut. Albert P. McDowell, Lieut. William B. Schofield, Capt. J. Gobin Cranage, Capt. William P. Maclay, Capt. Russell Gray, Capt. Robert B. McGirr, Capt. Edwin C. Young, Capt. Charles S. Townsend, Lieut. Edward F. Jackson, Lieut. Charles Rebmann, Lieut. William D. Bennage, Lieut. Louis A. Bisbort, Lieut. Henry A. N. Piersol, Lieut. Walter W. Frankenfield, Lieut. John Reynolds. Lieut. Edward W. Johnson, Lieut. George K. Anderson, Lieut. William H. Kingsley.

The Regiment has taken an active part in all of the industrial disturbances since its organization. It was mustered into Federal Service April 28th, 1898, and distinguished itself during the Spanish-American War. After its muster out, it was organized into twelve companies, forming the Pennsylvania National Guard. On June 15th, 1916 it was again mustered into the United States Service, and proceeded with the Division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania to El Paso, Texas. After its muster out, it again took its place in the National Guard of Pennsylvania. In April, 1917, it was called into the United States Service for the present World War. During its services at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., owing to the new table of organization, it was consolidated with the 110th U. S. Infantry, with Col. George E. Kemp in command.

Prelude . . . . . "The Star-Spangled Banner"

BY THE REGIMENTAL BAND

Opening Sentences

General Confession and Absolution

For the Psalter . . . . . Hymn 418

(To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.)

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Isaac Watts — W. Croft

After the Lesson, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies"

(To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.)

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katherine Lee Bates — Materna

Creed and Collects

Solo

Address . . . . . By the Rector

Anthem . . . . . "The Homeland"

(To be sung by the Choir.)

THE Homeland! the Homeland!
The land of the free-born;
There is no night in the Homeland,
But aye the fadeless morn.
I'm sighing for the Homeland,
My heart is aching here,
There is no pain in the Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

My Lord's in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
There's no sin in the Homeland,
And no temptation there.
The music of the Homeland
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes gush out with tears.

Loved ones in the Homeland
Are calling me away,
To mansions in the Homeland,
And life beyond decay.
There's no death in the Homeland,
No sorrow is above;
Christ brings us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Rev. H. R. Haweis — Sir Arthur Sullivan

Offertory . . . . . By the Regimental Band

Closing Prayers

Postludium . . . . . "I Heard a Voice"

(To be sung by the Choir.)

I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors.

Rev. xiv. 13 — Sir John Goss

Taps . . . . . By the Guard Bugler

Recessional . . . . . Dead March in "Saul"

(The congregation will remain standing until after the Guard has left the Church.)

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

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'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
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Mr. Frederick Stanger
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Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

November 3, 1918

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion · 10 o'clock—Sunday School

HOLY COMMUNION AND SERMON
at 11 o'clock

Processional Hymn 439 . . . . . *Dykes*

Kyrie Eleison . . . . . *Tours*

Gloria Tibi . . . . . *Anon.*

Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "I Am the Bread of Life" . . . . . *George A. A. West*

I am the bread of life, he that cometh to me shall never hunger; he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

Recessional Hymn 414 . . . . . *Dykes*

2.30 o'clock—Primary and Bible Classes

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Processional Hymn 401 . . . . . *Martin*

Psalm 23 . . . . . *Gregorian*

Magnificat } in A . . . . . *Myles Foster*
Nunc Dimittis }

For Solo . . . . . *Spanish Chant*

For the passing souls we pray,
Saviour, meet them on the way;
Let their trust lay hold on Thee
Ere they touch eternity.

Holy counsels long forgot
Breathe again 'mid shell and shot;
Through the mist of life's last pain
None shall look to Thee in vain.

To the hearts that know Thee, Lord,
Thou wilt speak through flood and sword;
Just beyond the cannon's roar
Thou art on the farther shore.

For the passing souls we pray,
Saviour, meet them on the way;
Thou wilt hear our yearning call,
Who hast loved and died for all.

Address . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "Souls of the Righteous" . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality:
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

On earth as children chastened by love's rod,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy;
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Interlude — "Angelus" . . . . . *Massenet*

(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

Congregational Hymn 176 . . . . . *J. Barnby*

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest.
Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.
Alleluia.

Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west,
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

Postludium — "I heard a Voice from Heaven saying unto me" . . . *Sir John Goss*

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors.

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

SOPRANOS

Mrs. Harry C. Banks
Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Miss Clarissa Hughes
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Mrs. Florence S. Reed
Miss Kathryn Reeves
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Miss Claire Ruos
Miss Agnes Wilson
Mildred Faas

ALTOS

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Anderson
Miss Francis L. Bowers
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss Mildred W. Shattuck
Miss Martha F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford

TENORS

Mr. Claude A. Nightlinger
Mr. Ollie W. Turnbull
Mr. Granville Taylor
Mr. Harold J. Walters
Dr. Howell S. Zulick

BASSES

Mr. George L. Gaff
Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. G. Killhour
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick Stanger
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

November 10, 1918

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 10 o'clock—Sunday School

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON
at 11 o'clock

Processional Hymn 607 . . . . . *Calkin*
Te Deum—in C . . . . . *Stanford*
Benedictus . . . . . *Gregorian*
Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR
Offertory . . . . . *Harp Solo*
Recessional Hymn 523 . . . . . *Gadsby*

2.30 o'clock **Primary and Bible Classes**

SPECIAL SERVICE
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE BISHOP WHITE PRAYER BOOK SOCIETY
at 4 o'clock

Processional Hymn 22 (C. H. 521) . . . . . (*St. Asaph*) . . *W. S. Bambridge*

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the hearts of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun;
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

Psalm 53 . . . . . *Gregorian*

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 2. (M. H. 102) . . (*Whitehead*) . . *J. B. Whitehead*

Faith of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

Faith of our Fathers! Faith and Prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee;
And thro' the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.

REFRAIN.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for Thee.

Faith of our Fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach Thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly word and virtuous life.
Amen.

For Solo — Hymn 61 . . . . . (*Melita*) . . *J. B. Dykes*

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In peace and war Thy will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy changeless purpose rules them all.

When death flies swift on wave or field,
Be Thou a sure defence and shield!
Console and succor those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!
O, hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes.
Amen.

Hymn 4 (C. H. 261) . . . . . (*Duke Street*) . . *J. Hatton*

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

Sermon . . . . . BY THE RT. REV. THEODORE I. REESE, D. D.

Offertory Anthem — "Lord of our Life" . . . . . *J. T. Field*

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

[OVER]

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth ;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth ;
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord !

Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven ;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven ;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

Congregational Hymn 36 (C. H. 196) . . . . . (*America*) . . *H. Carey*

Our fathers' God ! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

Bless Thou our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night ;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies ;
On Him we wait ;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state !

God save our splendid men ;
Send them safe home again ;
God save our men !
Save them victorious,
Upright and chivalrous ;
They are so dear to us,
God save our men ! Amen.

Postludium — Hymn 23 (C. H. 228) . . . . . (*Unde et Memores*) . . *W. H. Monk*

And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee,
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one, true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal :
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast !
Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal !
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

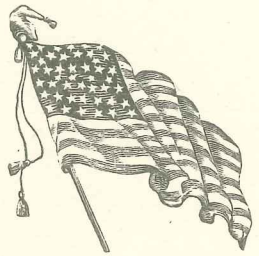
Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Mrs. Deborah Donahue Schlack
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Marguerite Weideman

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

November 17, 1918



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 10 o'clock—Sunday School

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON
at 11 o'clock

Processional Hymn 397 . . . . . *Ancient Plain Song*
Te Deum—in C . . . . . *Stanford*
Benedictus . . . . . *Gregorian*
Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR
Offertory Anthem—"Praise Ye the Lord in Heaven" . . . . . *Arensky*
Recessional Hymn 329 . . . . . *Haydn*

2.30 o'clock **Primary and Bible Classes**

SPECIAL SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING
at 4 o'clock

Prelude—

NATIONAL ANTHEMS OF THE ALLIED NATIONS

(Organ, Trombones, Trumpets and Tympani)

God, the All Terrible . . . . . Russia
The Brabanconne . . . . . Belgium
Kimi-ca-yo . . . . . Japan
Garibaldi's Hymn . . . . . Italy
National Hymn . . . . . Serbia
The Marseillaise . . . . . France
God Save the King . . . . . Great Britain

Star-Spangled Banner . . . . . United States

Gloria in Excelsis . . . . . *Mozart*

GLORIA in excelsis Deo,
Et in terra pax,
Hominibus bonae voluntatis,
Laudemus,
Benedicimus,
Glorificamus,
Gratias a gimus,
Tibi propter magnam, gloriam tuam,
Domini Fili, unigenite, Jesu Christe,
Domini Deus,
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris. Amen.

In place of Magnificat—"A Te Deum for These Times" . . . . . *Oakeley*

1 We *thank* | Thee — | Lord,
2 For mercies *mani*- | fold in | these dark | days;—
3 For Heart of Grace that *would not* | suf-fer | wrong;
4 For all the *stir*rings | in the | dead dry | bones;
5 For bold self-*steel*ing to the | times' dread | needs;
6 For every *sacri*- | fice of | self to | Thee;
7 For ease and wealth and *life* so | free-ly | given;
8 *We* | thank — | Thee — | Lord,
9 For Thy deep *sound*ing of the | hearts of | men;
10 For Thy great *open*ing | of the | hearts of | men;
11 For Thy close *knit*ting of the | hearts of | men;
12 For all who *sprang* to | an-swer | the great | call;
13 For their high *cour*age and self- | sac-ri- | fice;
14 For their en*dur*ance | un-der | dead-ly | stress;
15 For all the unknown *he*roes | who have | died
16 To keep the *land* in | vi-o- | late and | free;
17 We *thank* | Thee — | Lord,
18 For all who come *back* | from the | Gates of | Death;
19 For all who pass to *lar*ger | life with | Thee,
20 And find in *Thee* the | wid-er | lib-er | ty;
21 For hope of righteous *and* En- | dur-ing | Peace;
22 For hope of *clean*er | earth and | clos-er | heaven;
23 With burdened hearts, but *faith* un-| quench-a- | ble,
24 *We* | thank — | Thee — | Lord!

For Solo — "Battle Hymn of the Republic" . . . . . *Folk Melody*

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is treading out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

Address . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "The Recessional" . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Old Hundredth

Congregational Hymn 470 . . . . . .

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

At the Presentation.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

Stainer

Postludium — "The Sevenfold Amen" . . . . . .

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS
Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

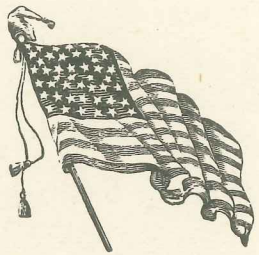
USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Mrs. Deborah Donahue Schlack
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Marguerite Weideman

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

(Special Thanksgiving Observance)

December 1, 1918



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 10 o'clock—Sunday School

HOLY COMMUNION AND SERMON

at 11 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 43 . . . . . *Greenland*

Kyrie Eleison . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

Gloria Tibi . . . . . *Anonymous*

Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Offertory Anthem—"The Night is Far Spent" . . . . . *Steane*

Recessional — Hymn 48 . . . . . *Hassler*

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING SEASON SERVICE

at 4 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 194 . . . . . *Warren*

1 GOD of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine. Amen.

Psalter — Selection . . . . . *Gregorian*

(For Thanksgiving Day)

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God: yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart: and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving: sing praises upon the harp unto our God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth: and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men;

Who giveth fodder unto the cattle: and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem: praise thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates: and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders: and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson . . . . . Isaiah 66: 1–23

In place of Magnificat — Hymn 418 (No. 8) . . . . . *St. Anne*

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Special Thanksgivings

Address . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "The Recessional" . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

(With Orchestral Accompaniment of Trumpets, Trombones and Tympani)

1 GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Congregational Hymn 60—"Faith of Our Fathers" . . . . . *St. Catharine*

1 FAITH of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for Thee.

3 Faith of our Fathers! Faith and Prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee;
And thro' the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.

4 Faith of our Fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach Thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly word and virtuous life.

At the Presentation.

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to Thee till death. Amen.

Postludium — Hymn 422 . . . . . *Langran*

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Mrs. Deborah Donahue Schlack
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

(British Day Observance)

December 8, 1918

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 10 o'clock—Sunday School

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON

at 11 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 317 . . . . . *Monk*

Benedicite . . . . . *Robinson*

Benedictus . . . . . *Gregorian*

Kyrie Eleison . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

Gloria Tibi . . . . . *Anonymous*

Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Offertory — Harp Solo.

Recessional — Hymn 41 . . . . . *Monk*

SPECIAL "BRITISH DAY" SERVICE

at 4 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 317 . . . . . *Monk*

1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Coming: in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming: O Thou glorious Priest!
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned! Amen.

Psalm — 70 . . . . . *Gregorian*

HASTE thee, O God, to deliver me: make haste to help me, O Lord.

2 Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul: let them be turned backward and put to confusion that wish me evil.

3 Let them for their reward be soon brought to shame: that cry over me, There! there!

4 But let all those that seek thee be joyful and glad in thee: and let all such as delight in thy salvation say alway, The Lord be praised.

5 As for me, I am poor and in misery: haste thee unto me, O God.

6 Thou art my helper, and my redeemer: O Lord, make no long tarrying.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson . . . . . Isaiah 55

Magnificat . . . . . *Noble*

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo — "The Homeland" . . . . . *Sullivan*

THE Homeland! the Homeland!
The land of the free-born;
There is no night in the Homeland,
But aye the fadeless morn.
I'm sighing for the Homeland,
My heart is aching here,
There is no pain in the Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

My Lord's in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
There's no sin in the Homeland,
And no temptation there.
The music of the Homeland
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes gush out with tears.

Loved ones in the Homeland
Are calling me away,
To mansions in the Homeland,
And life beyond decay.
There's no death in the Homeland,
No sorrow is above;
Christ brings us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Address . . . . . BY MAJOR "IAN HAY" BEITH, C.B.E., M.C.

Anthem — "And the Glory of the Lord" . . . . . *Handel*

AND the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Interlude — "Aire" . . . . . *Henry Purcell*

. . . . . *S. S. Wesley*

Congregational Hymn — 491 . . . . . .

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won,
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

Postludium — "Sevenfold Amen" . . . . . *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

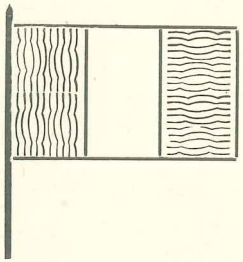
USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Mrs. Deborah Donahue Schlack
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Marguerite Weideman

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

(French Day Observance)

December 15, 1918



"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!"

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 10 o'clock—Sunday School

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON

at 11 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 317 . . . . . *Monk*

Benedicite . . . . . *Robinson*

Benedictus . . . . . *Gregorian*

Kyrie Eleison . . . . . *Elvey*

Gloria Tibi . . . . . *Anonymous*

Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Offertory Anthem — "And the Glory of the Lord" . . . . . *Handel*

Recessional — Hymn 521 . . . . . *Bambridge*

SPECIAL "FRENCH DAY" SERVICE

at 4 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 45 . . . . . *Ancient Plain Song*

Psalm — 67 . . . . . *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us : and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us,

2 That thy way may be known upon earth : thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase : and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us : and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson . . . . . St. John 14

Magnificat . . . . . *Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo — "O Lord Most Holy" . . . . . *Cæsar Franck*

O LORD most holy. O Lord most mighty.
O loving Father. Thee would we be praising alway.
Help us to know Thee, know Thee and love Thee;
Father, grant us Thy truth and grace;
Father, guide and defend us.

Rule Thou our wilful hearts,
In all our sorrows let us find our rest in Thee;
And in temptation's hour,
Save through Thy mighty power,
Thine aid, O send us; Hear us in mercy.
Show us Thy favor;
So shall we live, and sing praise to Thee.

Address . . . . . BY M. FRANCOIS DE ST. PHALLE

Anthem — "Sanctus" . . . . . *Gounod*

HOLY, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
Heaven and earth show forth Thy glory.
All earth and heaven show forth Thy glory.
Glory and power be Thine forever.
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

Interlude — "Priere" . . . . . *Cæsar Franck*

Congregational Hymn — 481 . . . . . *Retreat*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Thou sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

Postludium — Hymn 228 . . . . . *Unde et Memores*

1 And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee,
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one, true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal :
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast !
Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal !
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS
Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Romanett
Mrs. Deborah Donahue Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

December 22, 1918

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON

at 11 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 48 . . . . . *Hassler*
Benedicite . . . . . *Warren*
Benedictus . . . . . *Gregorian*
Kyrie Eleison . . . . . *Elvey*
Gloria Tibi . . . . . *Anonymous*
Sermon . . . . . BY THE RECTOR
Offertory Anthem — "The Sorrows of Death" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*
Recessional — Hymn 519 . . . . . *Morley*

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 397 . . . . . *Plain Song*

O WHAT the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise. Amen.

Gregorian

Psalm — 13 . . . . . .

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O Lord; for ever: how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

2 How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so vexed in my heart: how long shall my enemies triumph over me?

3 Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death;

4 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him: for if I be cast down, they that trouble me will rejoice at it.

5 But my trust is in thy mercy: and my heart is joyful in thy salvation.

6 I will sing of the Lord, because he hath dealt so lovingly with me: yea, I will praise the name of the Lord most highest.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson . . . . . Isaiah 62

Magnificat — in E . . . . . *Parker*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo — A Legend . . . . . *Tschaikowski*

CHRIST, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there,
He watered them three times a day
To make a garland for His hair.

2 And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share;
They tore the flowers from every stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

3 "How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown
Now that Thy roses all are dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.

4 They plaited then a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head;
A garland for His forehead made,
For roses drops of blood instead.

Address . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "God is with Us" . . . . . *Kastalsky*

GOD is with us, O ye nations understand. Submit yourselves, for God is with us! Give ear, all ye of far countries. Gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together and it shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand. Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts, Himself, and let Him be your fear. He shall be for a Sanctuary. I will wait upon the Lord, and I will look for Him.

Behold I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me. The people that walked in darkness hath seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulders. Of the increase of his government there shall be no end. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor; The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Interlude — "Andante" . . . . . *Tschaikowski*

Congregational Hymn — 487 . . . . . *Russian Hymn*

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.
Amen.

Postludium — "Star of Even" . . . . . *Tilliard*

STAR of morn and even
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Star of morn and even
Shine on us from Heaven,
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

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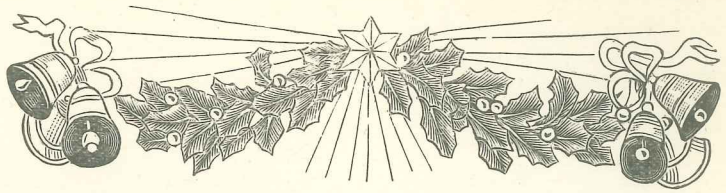


CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

December 29, 1918

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

December 29, 1918

Sentences

1. "Good Neighbors All of Chartres" . . . . . *Flemish*

First Lesson

2. "Listen, Lordlings, Unto Me" . . . . . *English*

Second Lesson

3. "Out on the Endless Purple Hills" . . . . . *Russian*

Creed and Collects

4. "From High Heaven" . . . . . *Traditional*

Prayers

5. "'Tis the Time for Mirth" . . . . . *Old French*

Address

6. "The Lord of Glory" . . . . . *American*

Interlude

Allegretto . . . . . *Lachaume*

Congregational Hymn

7. "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful" . . . . . *Adeste Fideles*

Prayers

8. "I Heard the Bells" . . . . . *Danish*

Repetition Carol Service Next Sunday

Sentences

Good Neighbors All of Chartres . . . . . *Flemish*

GOOD neighbors all of Chatres,
And ye of Monteray,
O come let us be joyful
Upon this joyful day,
When Jesus Christ was born
Of Virgin Mary holy,
So near the ox and ass,
Between the which He lay,
All in a manger lowly.

Then all the holy Angels
In divers tongues sang out
To shepherdess and shepherd
Who there dwelt round about,
Attending of their sheep,
That grazed on plain and mountain,
To say a little babe
Had just been born hard by,
Jesus, of life, the fountain.

Then pray we all to Mary,
And Jesus she does love,
That we may dwell together
In Paradise above.
And when our life is o'er,
In this our earthly dwelling,
They will not let us go
To burn in hell below,
In misery past telling.

First Lesson

Listen, Lordlings, Unto Me . . . . . *English*

LISTEN, Lordlings, unto me, a tale I will you tell,
Which, on this night of glee, in David's town befell :
Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary, that sweet maid,
Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging prayed.

REFRAIN.

Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed;
Cry out and shout all round about
That Christ is born indeed.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of angels in their sight came down from Heav'n's high steep.
Tidings ! Tidings ! unto you ; to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

Onward then the angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning see ye mind, my masters, one and all,
At the Altar Him to find Who lay within the stall.

Second Lesson

Out on the Endless Purple Hills . . . . . *Russian*

OUT on the endless purple hills,
Deep in the endless sombre night,
Shepherds guarded their weary ones,
Their flocks of cloudy white.
That like a snowdrift in silence lay,
Save one lamb with its fleece of gray.

Out on the hillside, all alone,
Gazing afar with sleepless eyes,
The little gray lamb prayed soft and low,
Its face toward the starry skies.
Moon of the heavens so fair, so bright,
Give me, O give me a fleece of white.

Patiently longing out of the night,
Apart from the others, far apart,
Came limping and sorrowful, all alone,
The lamb of the weary heart,
Murmuring, I must bide away,
I am not worthy, my fleece is gray.

Many cathedrals, grand and dim,
Whose windows glimmer with pane and lens,
'Mid the incense raised in prayer,
And hallowed with past amens,
The infant Saviour is pictured fair,
With kneeling Magi, wise and old,
The Baby hand rests not on gifts,
The frankincense, myrrh and gold,
But on the head with a heavenly light
Of the Lamb that was changed to white.

Creed and Collects

From High Heaven . . . . . *Traditional*

FROM high heaven the angels come singing,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
Rejoice and sing a glorious lay,
For Christ the Lord is born to-day.
Allelujah !

For in a manger cold is laid lowly,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
A babe shall save our souls from sin,
To heavenly mansions lead us in.
Allelujah !

Let melody fill all the sky ringing,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child,
And all mankind the chorus swell,
The Christ child comes on earth to dwell,
Allelujah !

Prayers

'Tis the Time for Mirth . . . . . *Old French*

'TIS the time for mirth and singing,
Every heart with joy is light;
Peace and joy and gladness bringing,
Jesus Christ is born to-night.
Jesus comes, the bells are ringing,
All our woe is vanished quite.

We were lost, in darkness straying,
Pleased, when all with guilt was rife,
Like mad dogs each other slaying,
Every town was filled with strife.
Had God's mercy been delaying,
Wrong had lasted all our life.

If the clouds have passed before us,
Lord, what blessing comes from you,
Who have placed a Father o'er us
Wise, and good, and kind, and true.
Free from wrath He will restore us,
Vanished joy He will renew.

Address . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

The Lord of Glory . . . . . *American*

A GLORY lit the wintry sky
Before the break of day,
And in a little house near by
The Lord of Glory lay:

Angels of peace the tidings bring,
Angels of Jesus sing.

"I come to bring the weary rest,"
The Lord of Glory said,
Yet found no place to east or west,
Where He might lay His head.

Angels of peace above Him still,
Angels await His will.

And when they led Him forth to die,
Around His cross of shame,
The men He came to save stood by,
And mocked their Saviour's name.

Angels of peace their stations keep,
Angels of sorrow weep.

O Son of man whom angels know!
O heart of man, how cold,
How dull to see, to praise how slow,
Now as in days of old.

Angels of peace their hymns upraise,
Angels of glory praise.

Interlude — Allegretto . . . . . *Lachaume*

Congregational Hymn — 49 . . . . . *Adeste Fideles*

OH come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc. Amen.

Prayers

I Heard the Bells . . . . . *Danish*

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play;
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

SOPRANOS

Mrs. Harry C. Banks
Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Miss Clarissa Hughes
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Mrs. Florence S. Reed
Miss Kathryn Reeves
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Miss Claire Ruos
Mrs. Francois de St. Phalle
Miss Agnes Wilson
Mildred Faas

ALTOS

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Anderson
Miss Frances L. Bowers
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss Marguerite J. Gamble
Miss Mildred W. Shattuck
Miss Martha F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford

TENORS

Mr. Claude A. Nightlinger
Mr. Oliver W. Turnbull
Mr. Harold J. Walters
Dr. Howell S. Zulick

BASSES

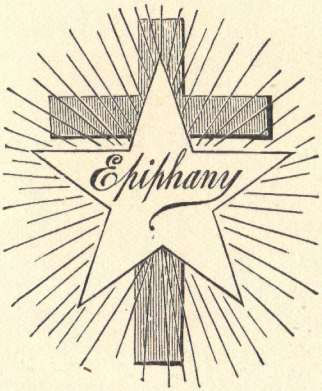
Mr. George L. Gaff
Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. Arthur M. Kennedy
Mr. H. J. Kilhour
Mr. Thomas Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Donahue Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

January 19, 1919



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

TWO NEGRO SPIRITUALS

1. A Motherless Child.
2. Deep River.

TWO AMERICAN INDIAN AIRS

1. Indian Summer.
2. The Sky Blue Water.

Processional — Hymn 482 . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

IN loud exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
But Sion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face.
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace. Amen.

Psalm — 53 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE foolish body hath said in his heart: There is no God.

2 Corrupt are they, and become abominable in their wickedness: their is none that doeth good.

3 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men: to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God.

4 But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable: there is also none that doeth good, no not one.

5 Are not they without understanding that work wickedness: eating up my people as if they would eat bread? they have not called upon God.

6 They were afraid where no fear was: for God hath broken the bones of him that besieged thee; thou hast put them to confusion, because God hath despised them.

7 O that the salvation were given unto Israel out of Sion: O that the Lord would deliver his people out of captivity.

8 Then should Jacob rejoice: and Israel should be right glad.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson . . . . . Isaiah 40

Magnificat — in C . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo — A Ballad of Trees and the Master . . . . . *G. W. Chadwick*

INTO the woods the Master went, clean forspent,
Into the woods the Master came, forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came. Alleluia!

Out of the woods the Master went, and He was well content;
Out of the woods the Master came, content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came. Alleluia!

Address

Anthem — "To whom then will ye liken God?" . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

TO Whom then will ye liken God? Or what likeness will ye compare unto Him? Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundation of the earth? Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the the earth; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in: that bringeth the princes to nothing; He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

To whom then will ye liken Me? saith the Holy One. Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint. Praise Him and magnify His holy Name forever. Amen.

Interlude — Negro Spiritual . . . . . *Coleridge Taylor*

Congregational Hymn — 344 . . . . . *Bethany*

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

Postludium — "The twilight shadows fall" . . . . . *David D. Wood*

THE twilight shadows fall,
But do not fear,
At evening comes the call
"Be of good cheer."
Though dark the clouds above,
Trusting our Father's love,
The sun sets clear.

The twilight shadows fall,
We kneel at peace
With Thee, the world, and all,
Our faith increase!
Truth, hope, and love abide,
Lord, Thou hast satisfied.
Vain troubling cease.

The twilight shadows fall,
Life's goal is nigh;
We soon may hear Thee call
"Come up on high."
Then fades the night away,
Greet we the perfect day,
God's cloudless sky.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

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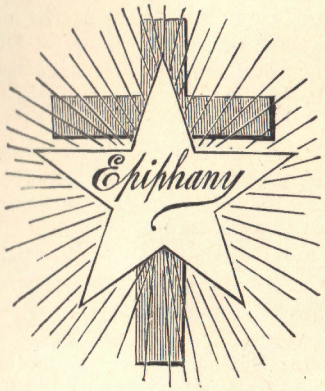
Miss Marguerite Weideman

RUSSIAN MUSIC SERVICE

January 26, 1919



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

RUSSIAN MUSIC

"Russia accepted Christianity from Greece at the end of the tenth century and, coincident with this, the musical interest of this people became centered in Church music. From the first, all instrumental music was excluded; and it was this law which gave rise to an unparalleled development of pure choral music. The compositions vary from simple structures in four parts to difficult and very complex writings in eight or even ten voice parts. The great depth of the octavo bass voice, peculiar to Russia, has played no small part in the development of this choral art; for the use of this voice permits of an unusual range of vocal tone, besides furnishing a foundation of tremendous strength.

"A few of the more important characteristics of this music are the strange cadences; the introduction of sustained passages as choral background for a solo, or melodic phrase in another voice part; the frequent termination of a phrase in a unison or in an open fifth; and the extensive use of pianissimo effects, frequently in the highest registers of the voices. Perhaps this last-mentioned characteristic is the one through which the music makes its strongest appeal."

"The music of the Russian Church is untainted by any association with the secular world. It is the music of the Church—pure, simple, glorious and devotional—music which never fails to inspire those who know it. It has been truthfully said that one cannot know religious music until the Russian Cathedral choirs have been heard. Since visitors to Russia, and many writers, always refer to the Church music and the choirs of Russia in the highest terms, is it not possible, and, perhaps wise, for us to imitate, at least in some measure, her musical methods? Reason would seem to indicate such a procedure."—N. L. NORDEN.

RUSSIAN MUSIC SERVICE

January 26, 1919

In Place of Psalter

"Hymn to the Trinity" . . . . . *Rachmaninoff*

First Lesson

"Praise Ye the Lord" . . . . . *Arensky*

Second Lesson

"The Day of Judgment" . . . . . *Arkhangelsky*

Creed and Collects

"We Have no Other Guide" . . . . . *Shvedof*

Address

"Praise the Lord, O My Soul" . . . . . *Gretchaninoff*

Interlude

"Kammenoi Ostrow" . . . . . *Rubenstein*

Congregational Hymn

"Rise, Crowned with Light" . . . . . *Russian Hymn*

Benediction

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Russian Composers

1. Andante . . . . . *Karganoff*
2. Chant sans Paroles . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*
3. Romance . . . . . *Glinka*
4. Andante (from String Quartet) . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

SERVICE PROPER

Beginning at 4 o'clock

In place of Psalter

Hymn to the Trinity

GLORY to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and to ages of ages. Amen.

Only begotten Son, Word of the Father, Who art immortal, Thou didst vouchsafe for our salvation to become incarnate of the Holy Mother of God, the blessed and ever Virgin Mary.

Changeless Essence, lo, Thou wast made very Man; and crucified, Thou the God-man, to vanquish death by dying.

Thou alone, O Christ, art glorified in the Trinity with Father and Holy Spirit; O save us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
To Thee, O Lord, we cry. Amen.

First Lesson

Praise Ye the Lord

OH, praise ye the Lord in heaven, praise Him enthroned on high! Alleluia!

Second Lesson

The Day of Judgment

UPON the Day of Judgment do I meditate with great awe.
And all my wicked deeds do I lament;
How may I answer the great Eternal King?
How may I dare to answer the summons of the Judge?
O Thou most gracious Father, and the only begotten Son,
Spirit Divine, have mercy upon me.

Creed and Collects

We Have No Other Guide

WE have no other guide but Thee, O Holy Father.
Thou art our Guide, and in Thee we hope and trust.
We praise Thee, for we are indeed Thy servants.
And art not ashamed.

Address . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

Praise the Lord, O My Soul

PRAISE thou the Lord, O my soul, praise His holy Name.
Blessed art Thou evermore.

O Lord my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious.
Blessed art Thou evermore.

Thou deckest Thyself with light as a garment, Thou spreadest out the heavens as a curtain:

Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord, both now and ever and to ages of ages. Amen.

Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Interlude — "Kammenoi Ostrow" . . . . . *Rubenstein*

Congregational Hymn — 487 . . . . . *Russian Hymn*

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.
Amen.

This tune, as of course everyone recognizes, is that of the Russian National Hymn, "God the All-Terrible." The words are those of Hymn number 487 in the Hutchins Hymnal, although words more nearly parallel to the original are those of Hymn number 198, "God the All-Merciful."

Benediction

FORECAST OF SERVICES
FOUR SUNDAYS IN FEBRUARY

February 2d—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

Prayers for the Peace Conference.
"O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers."
Anthem—"Great is Jehovah the Lord."

February 9th—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany

THE CHURCH AND THE FAMILY

Observant of Roosevelt Memorial Day,
"O Lord, we beseech thee to keep thy Church and household continually in thy true religion."
Anthem—"How Blest are They."

February 16th—Sunday called Septuagesima

THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

Adverting to Present-Day Social Unrest.
"That we, who are justly punished for our offenses, may be mercifully delivered by thy goodness."
Anthem—"Ho, Everyone that Thirsteth."

February 23d—Sunday called Sexagesima

THE CHURCH AND THE NATION

Following so closely Washington's Birthday.
"O Lord God, who seest that we put not our trust in any thing that we do."
Anthem—"How Lovely is Thy Dwelling-Place."

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

SOPRANOS

Mrs. Harry C. Banks
Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Miss Clarissa Hughes
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Mrs. Florence S. Reed
Miss Kathryn Reeves
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Miss Claire Ruos
Mrs. Francois de St. Phalle
Miss Agnes Wilson
Mildred Faas

ALTOS

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Anderson
Miss Frances L. Bowers
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss Marguerite J. Gamble
Miss Mildred W. Shattuck
Miss Martha F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford

TENORS

Mr. Claude A. Nightlinger
Mr. Oliver W. Turnbull
Mr. Harold J. Walters
Dr. Howell S. Zulick

BASSES

Mr. George L. Gaff
Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. Arthur M. Kennedy
Mr. H. J. Kilhour
Mr. Thomas Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend
Mr. Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

February 9, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 10 o'clock—Sunday School

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON

at 11 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 24 . . . . . *Dykes*

Te Deum—in B flat . . . . . *King Hall*

Benedictus . . . . . *Gregorian*

Offertory Anthem — "God is with us" . . . . . *Katalsky*

Recessional — Hymn 476 . . . . . *Thibaut*

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 401 . . . . . *Martin*

O HEAVENLY Jerusalam,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.

3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

Psalm — 112 . . . . . *Gregorian*

BLESSED is the man that feareth the Lord : he hath great delight in his commandments.

2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth : the generation of the faithful shall be blessed.

3 Riches and plenteousness shall be in his house : and his righteousness endureth for ever.

4 Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness : he is merciful, loving, and righteous.

5 A good man is merciful, and lendeth : and will guide his words with discretion.

6 For he shall never be moved : and the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

7 He will not be afraid of any evil tidings : for his heart standeth fast, and believeth in the Lord.

8 His heart is stablished, and will not shrink : until he see his desire upon his enemies.

9 He hath dispersed abroad, and given to the poor : and his righteousness remaineth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honour.

10 The ungodly shall see it, and it shall grieve him : he shall gnash with his teeth, and consume away; the desire of the ungodly shall perish.

Lesson . . . . . .

Magnificat — in F . . . . . *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor) — "Be thou faithful unto death" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

BE thou faithful unto death, and I will give to thee a crown of life. Be not afraid, My help is nigh.

Address . . . . . .

Anthem — "How blest are they" . . . . . *Tschaikowski*

HOW blest are they whom Thou hast chosen and taken unto Thee, O Lord!
Their memorial is from generation to generation.
Alleluia! Amen.

Interlude — "Elegy" . . . . . *Ern*

Congregational Hymn — 636 . . . . . *Adeste Fidel*

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine

The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

Postludium — "Rest in Peace" . . . . . *Schubert*

REST in peace, O souls immortal,
Who have passed on through death's portal,
Out of this world's care and strife
Into Heaven's all glorious life,
Sleep with God, Oh faithful hearted,
Rest in peace, O souls departed.

All earth's strivings now are stilled,
All earth's longings now fulfilled;
In His Heaven's prepared place,
Ye who see Him face to face,
In the Father's love approved,
Rest in peace, O souls beloved.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

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Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

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Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SUNDAY CALLED SEPTUAGESIMA

February 16, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 10 o'clock—Sunday School

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON
at 11 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 73 ..... *Haydn*

Te Deum—in C ..... *Stanford*

Benedictus ..... *Gregorian*

Offertory — Harp Solo.

Recessional — Hymn 408 ..... *Ewing*

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 509 ..... *Elvey*

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

Psalm — 53 ..... *Gregorian*

THE foolish body hath said in his heart : There is no God.
2 Corrupt are they, and become abominable in their wickedness : their is none that doeth good.
3 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men : to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God.
4 But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable : there is also none that doeth good, no not one.
5 Are not they without understanding that work wickedness : eating up my people as if they would eat bread? they have not called upon God.
6 They were afraid where no fear was : for God hath broken the bones of him that besieged thee; thou hast put them to confusion, because God hath despised them.
7 O that the salvation were given unto Israel out of Sion : O that the Lord would deliver his people out of captivity.
8 Then should Jacob rejoice : and Israel should be right glad.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat ..... *West*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Baritone) — "Like as the Hart" ..... *Allitsen*

LIKE as the hart desireth the water brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God:
My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God!
When shall I come into the presence of God?
My tears have been my meat, day and night; while they daily say unto me: "Where is now thy God?"
Why art thou so full of heaviness, my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me?
Oh put thy trust in God, for I will yet thank Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Address ..... BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "Ho! Everyone that Thirsteth" ..... *Martin*

HO! everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money! come ye, buy, and eat.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

Then shall ye go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree; instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle tree.

Interlude — Allegretto ..... *Cesar Cui*

Congregational Hymn — 417 ..... *Balerma*

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore. Amen.

Postludium — Hymn 647 ..... *Dickinson*

HEAR our prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere we lay us down to sleep;
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round our bed their vigils keep.

Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home.

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Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

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Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SUNDAY CALLED SEXAGESIMA

February 23, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

8 o'clock—Holy Communion 11 o'clock—Sunday School

MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON

at 11 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 397 ..... *Ancient Plain Song*

Te Deum—in C ..... *Stanford*

Benedictus ..... *Gregorian*

Offertory — Tenor Solo—"If with all your hearts" ..... *Mendelssohn*

Recessional — Hymn 422 ..... *Langran*

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Processional — Hymn 506 ..... *Gauntlett*

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim you eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

Psalm — 67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us : and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth : thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase : and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us : and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat ..... *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprano) — "O country bright and fair" ..... *Horatio Parker*

O COUNTRY bright and fair,
What are thy beauties rare?
What thy rich treasure?
Thy name brings joyful tears,
Falling upon our ears,
Sweet beyond measure.

Thou art the home of rest,
Thy mention to the breast
Gives bliss unspoken.
Who learn thy blessed ways
Shall have, in songs of praise,
Comfort unbroken.

Thou only mansion bright,
Full of supreme delight,
Thou art preparing.
There shall all tears be dry,
There is serenest joy,
All shall be sharing.

Address ..... BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "How lovely is Thy dwelling-place" ..... *Brahms*

HOW lovely is Thy dwelling-place, O Lord of Hosts! For my soul, it longeth, yea fainteth, for the courts of the Lord; my soul and my body crieth out, yea for the living God.

How lovely is Thy dwelling-place, O Lord of Hosts! Blest are they that dwell within thy house, they praise Thy name evermore; they praise Thee, they praise Thy name evermore!

How lovely is Thy dwelling-place!

Interlude — Andante ..... *Jarneself*

Congregational Hymn — 196 ..... *America*

OUR fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

2 Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

3 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state! Amen.

Postludium — "Alla Trinita ..... *Palestrina*

ALLA trinita beata da noi sempre adorata,
Trinita gloriosa unita maravigliosa.
Tu sei manna saporosa e tutta desiderosa.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

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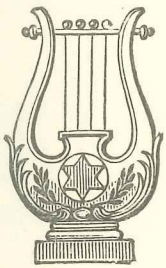
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SERVICE OF

OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC

March 2, 1919

(Sunday Before Lent)



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

SUNDAY SERVICES

8.00 O'CLOCK..... HOLY COMMUNION
10.00 O'CLOCK.....SUNDAY SCHOOL
11.00 O'CLOCK.....MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON
2.30 O'CLOCK.....BIBLE CLASSES AND PRIMARY DEPT.

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

PRELUDE BEGINS AT 3.30 O'CLOCK

(Familiar Melodies on Organ and Chimes)

Psalm — 23 (Genevan Psalter)..... *"Martyrdom"*

THE Lord's my Shepherd: I'll not want,
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head with oil Thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Lesson

For the Magnificat — Hymn 470..... *"Old Hundredth"*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Creed and Prayers

Solo..... *Bach-Gounod*

(Clavichord "Ave Maria," tr. for voice, violin, harp and organ.)

AVE MARIA, gratia plena
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.
Sancta Maria Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis, peccatoribus, nunc
Et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Address.....BY THE RECTOR

Anthem — "Holy art Thou." (Largo from "Xerxes").....*Handel*

HOLY art Thou,
Lord God Almighty,
Who wert and art to come.
Glory and majesty in heaven are Thine.
Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony.
Blessing and glory to the Lamb for evermore;
For worthy art Thou;
Let all nations and kindreds and peoples
Give thanks to Thee
For evermore. Amen.

Interlude — "Andante"..... *Beethoven*

Congregational Hymn — 508..... *Marlow*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Postludium — Cradle Song ..... *Isaac Watts*

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head,
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

2 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay,
Oh, to tell the wondrous story,
How His foes abused their King,
How they killed the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

3 Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days;
Then to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.

Dates of Lent this year: From Ash Wednesday, March 5, to Easter Day, April 20
The date of Confirmation this year is Passion Sunday, April 6, the 4 o'clock service
Series of Monday Lectures, in the Church, in Lent, at 5 o'clock, by Visiting Speakers
Thursday evening Confirmation-Lecture-Service each week in Lent, in the Paris House, at 8 o'clock.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
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Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

March 16, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

SUNDAY SERVICES

8.00 O'CLOCK ..... HOLY COMMUNION
10.00 O'CLOCK ..... SUNDAY SCHOOL
11.00 O'CLOCK ..... MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON
2.30 O'CLOCK ..... BIBLE CLASSES AND PRIMARY DEPT.

SERVICES FOR LENT

Monday	5.00 o'clock	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

PRELUDE BEGINS AT 3.30 O'CLOCK

Processional — Hymn 506 ..... *Gauntlett*

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim you eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

Psalm — 67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us : and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth : thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad : for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God : yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase : and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us : and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat — in B flat ..... *Stanford*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Duet (Tenor and Soprano) — "Jesus, Saviour, in Thy Passion" ..... *Dvorak*

JESUS, Saviour, in Thy passion
Give me part, I pray Thee fashion
Every thought and act of mine.
May Thy cross, my soul inspiring,
Be my cross, may I, aspiring,
Ever yearn for the divine.

Address

Anthem — "Blessed Jesu, Fount of Mercy" ..... *Dvorak*

BLESSED Jesu, fount of mercy,
We, Thy faithful in Thy passion,
All Thy sorrows share with Thee.

Interlude — Largo (from New World Symphony) ..... *Dvorak*

Congregational Hymn — 102 ..... *Maker*

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn Thy face on me.

3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near me when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me:
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Postludium — Hymn 642 ..... *Dykes*

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

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'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
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Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

March 23, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

SUNDAY SERVICES

8.00 O'CLOCK ..... HOLY COMMUNION
10.00 O'CLOCK ..... SUNDAY SCHOOL
11.00 O'CLOCK ..... MORNING PRAYER AND SERMON
2.30 O'CLOCK ..... BIBLE CLASSES AND PRIMARY DEPT.

SERVICES FOR LENT

Monday	5.00 o'clock	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address

EVENING PRAYER, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

PRELUDE BEGINS AT 3.30 O'CLOCK

Processional — Hymn 521 ..... *Bambridge*

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the hearts of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun;
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

Psalm — 13 ..... *Gregorian*

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O Lord; for ever: how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

2 How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so vexed in my heart: how long shall my enemies triumph over me?

3 Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death;

4 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him: for if I be cast down, they that trouble me will rejoice at it.

5 But my trust is in thy mercy: and my heart is joyful in thy salvation.

6 I will sing of the Lord, because he hath dealt so lovingly with me: yea, I will praise the name of the Lord most highest.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat ..... *Matthews*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor) — "Behold and See" ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

THY rebuke hath broken His Heart,
He is full of heaviness.
He looked for some to have pity on Him;
But there was no man, neither found He any to comfort Him.
Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

Address

Anthem — "He was Despised" ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

HE was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!
He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him,
And with His stripes we are healed.

Interlude — Aria ..... *Handel*

Congregational Hymn — 104 ..... *Konig*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
Through the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

Postludium — "Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

March 30, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

SELECTIONS FROM BACH'S ST. MATTHEW PASSION

General Confession

Lord's Prayer and Versicles

Psalm — 126 ..... *Gregorian*

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion: then were we like unto them that dream.
2 Then was our mouth filled with laughter : and our tongue with joy.
3 Then said they among the heathen: The Lord hath done great things for them.
4 Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already: whereof we rejoice.
5 Turn our captivity, O Lord: as the rivers in the south.
6 They that sow in tears: shall reap in joy.
7 He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

Lesson

The Agony in the Garden ..... *Bach*

CHORALE—Near Thee would I be staying;
O Lord, disdain me not;
From Thee would ne'er be straying,
How dark soe'er Thy lot.
Till Thou dost yield Thy spirit
To meet the stroke of death,
Thy love I'd seek to merit,
And soothe Thy latest breath.

RECIT. (*Tenor and Bass*)—Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto His disciples: Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray. And He took with Him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful, and very heavy. Then saith Jesus to them: My soul is very sorrowful, e'en unto death; tarry here, and watch with Me.

RECIT. (*Tenor*)—O grief! how throbs his heavy laden breast!
His spirit faints, how pale His weary face!

He to the Judgment-hall is brought,
There is no help, no comfort near.

The powers of darkness now assail Him,
His chosen friends will soon forsake Him.

Ah! if my love Thy stay could be,
If I could gauge Thy grief and share it,
Could make it less or help to bear it,
How gladly would I watch with Thee.

CHORALE—My Saviour, why should agony befall Thee?
Ah, my offences thus to suffer call Thee;
Yet I should bear the pain of my demerit,
Not Thy sweet spirit.

SOLO (*Tenor*) AND CHORUS—I would beside my Lord be watching,
That evil draw me not astray.
For my sake
He to die will undertake,
His sorrow joy for me secureth.
The griefs that He for us endureth,
How bitter, yet how sweet, are they.

Creed and Prayers

A Meditation on the Eucharist ..... *Bach*

RECIT.—Although our eyes with tears o'erflow,
Since Jesus now must from us go,
His gracious promise doth the soul uplift.
His Flesh and Blood, O precious gift!
He leaves us for our soul's refreshment.
As He while in the world did love His own,
So now, with love unchanging,
He loves them still unto the end.

ARIA (*Soprano*)—Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine,
Come and dwell my heart within.
All things else I count but loss,
Glory only in Thy Cross.
Dearer than the world beside
Is the Saviour who hath died.

Address

The Death of Christ ..... *Bach*

RECIT. (*Tenor*)—Now from the sixth hour, there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said: Eli, Eli, lama, Sabachthani. That is: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? Some of them that stood there heard Jesus cry aloud, and they said:

CHORUS—He calleth for Elias.

RECIT. (*Tenor*)—And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink, the others said:

CHORUS—Wait, and see if Elias cometh to save Him.

RECIT. (*Tenor*)—Jesus, when He had cried with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

CHORALE—When life begins to fail me,
I fear not, having Thee:
When pains of death assail me,
My comfort Thou wilt be.
Whene'er from woes that grieve me
I seek to find relief,
Alone Thou wilt not leave me,
For Thou hast tasted grief.

SOLI AND CHORUS—And now the Lord to rest is laid,
His sorrows o'er, for all our sins oblation made.
O consecrated Body,
See, with repentant tears we would bedew it,
Which our offence to such a death hath brought.
While life shall last let us adore and praise the Lord,
That He for man has full redemption wrought.
Lord Jesus, rest in peace.

DOUBLE CHORUS—Here yet awhile, Lord, Thou art sleeping
Hearts turn to Thee, O Saviour blest,
Rest Thou calmly, calmly rest.
Death that holds Thee in its keeping
When its bonds are loosed by Thee,
Shall become a welcome portal,
Leading man to life immortal,
While he shall Thy glory see.
Saviour blest,
Slumber now, and take Thy rest.

Interlude — Aria ..... *Bach*

Congregational Hymn — 359 ..... *Conkey*

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

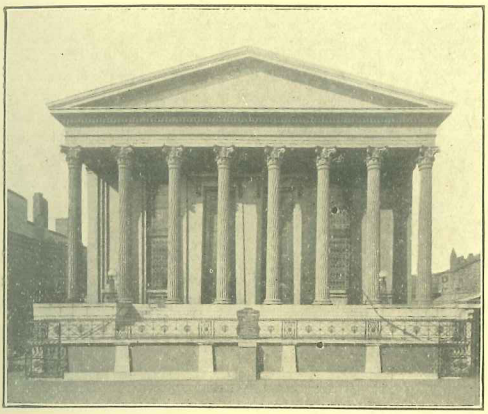
5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Prayers

Program

Holy Week and Easter Season

1919



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Philadelphia, Pa.

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Mail Address, 330 S. 13th St. Telephone Number, Filbert 2883

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✠

COLLECTS

(Easter Even)

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Easter Day)

O God, who for our redemption didst give thine only-begotten Son to the death of the Cross, and by his glorious resurrection hast delivered us from the power of our enemy; Grant us so to die daily from sin, that we may evermore live with him in the joy of his resurrection; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

LETTER TO PARISHIONERS

(Easter Notes and Notices)

Because of the Rector's enforced absence for several weeks, it has not been possible to print the Parish Helper for April. This is unfortunate because it robs us of opportunity to make suitable announcement of Holy Week and Easter Services. All will be sympathetic in this loss, however, and it is hoped this printed page may serve the purpose. Lent has not been so generally observed as in previous years. Let us all make up for this by a more active and intensive observance of Holy Week—now that it has come.

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The flowers are intended all to be memorial and only such things as people send voluntarily, or subscribe money to purchase, specifically, will be used in the chancel that day. It is important that this matter should all be arranged at the earliest possible date and that some member of the Altar Society, or else the Rector, should be notified.

A gratifying culmination to the series of Lecture-Services on the Thursday Evenings in Lent was the Service of Confirmation itself on last Sunday with its class of fifty members. It only remains now for every one to focus attention on the Corporate Communion of the Confirmation Alumni Association on Maundy Thursday Evening. This service is distinctly a memorial communion on the night in which our Lord ate the Passover with His disciples.

In a local paper from another parish, I have read a column under this for head-line: "Leave Atlantic City alone on Easter Day." This is good advice. Few who go there, go to Church; and Easter Day without the Easter Service is really a sad commentary on our Christianity. Easter Day in the Home Church, which is ours and which is working in our name in the cause of Christ, ought to bring the unspeakable joy of the risen Lord to our hearts.

D. M. S.

PROGRAM FOR PALM SUNDAY

✝

RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

91

(Processional Hymn)

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own annointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

Milman. St. Drostane.

The words of this triumphant hymn for Palm Sunday are by Rev. Henry Hart Milman. D.D., (1791–1868) and tune is the composition of J. B. Dykes. Dean Milman became dean of St. Paul's, London, in 1849. From 1821 to 1831 he was professor of poetry at Oxford and during that period these verses were written. "Dean Milman's poetry—once highly esteemed—has disappeared from public notice. But the Broad Churchman still lives in his hymn, 'When our hearts are bowed with woe,' and the present piece." It is, however, as one of the best of Church historians that he is most famed.

April 17, 8.00 P. M. Maundy Thursday Corporate Communion

LO, HOW A ROSE

(In Place of Psalter)

LO, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old hath sung.

It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 't was foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.

To show God's love aright,
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half spent was the night.

17th Century. Prætorius.

Michael Praetorius (1571–1621) was organist and chapel master to the Duke of Brunswick. Little is known of his life but his remaining works show him to have been one of the most noted writers of music of his day and land. Prominent among his works are Musae Sioniae in sixteen volumes, containing with other music 1,244 vocal pieces; nine volumes of a secular work called Musa Aonia and several other works both church and secular. He was at one time appointed Prior of the monastery of Ringelheim, but the appointment did not carry with it the necessity of residence.

April 18, 11.00 A. M. Good Friday Service

SLEEP OF THE CHILD JESUS

(After the First Lesson)

'TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love,
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love.
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

French Carol. Gevaert.

It is as a little child that we like to think of Jesus. Clothed in humility, childlike and sweet, He became none the less the "King of Angels," conqueror of the world, King of Kings. No picture of the "Little Child" more tender than this of Francois Auguste Gevaert has ever been written. Gevaert in 1867 became chef-de-chant at the Academe de Musique at Paris, a post which he held until the opera was closed by the War of 1870. He wrote considerable church music, several successful operas and many minor works. This old French noel was arranged for English use by M. Louise Boum.

April 20, 4.00 P. M. Easter Carol Service

CHRIST, WHEN A CHILD

(After the Second Lesson)

CHRIST, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there;
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for His hair.
And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share;
They tore the flow'rs from ev'ry stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

"How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown,
Now that Thy roses all are dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.
They plaited then a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head;
A garland for His forehead made,
For roses drops of blood instead.

A Legend. Tschaikowsky.

Peter Tschaikowsky (1840-1893) is the most popular of the Russian composers of church music. His list of works is a long one and includes six symphonies, three concert overtures, four marches, a symphonic poem, twelve choral pieces and sixty-eight songs. No other Russian composer is so numerously represented on programs, whether in church or concert room. Tschaikowsky was a leader of the New Russian School, but was more cosmopolitan than his compatriots. Although he retained the classic and national traits in his music, both of these were superseded by the distinctiveness of his own individuality.

April 27, 4.00 P. M. Repetition Carol Service

I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE

I AM the bread of Life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

St. John 6: 35. West.

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ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

✝

INTERLUDE—"Lento" . . . *Chaminade*

Organ, Harp and Violin

(*After the Anthem*)

April 17, 8.00 P. M. Maundy Thursday Corporate Communion

THE PALMS

(*Anthem*)

O'ER all the way, green palms and blossoms gay
Are strewn to-day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears away,
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.

CHORUS

Join all and sing, His name declare,
Let every voice resound with acclamation,
Hosanna! praised be the Lord!
Bless Him, who cometh to bring us salvation!

His word goes forth, and people by His might
Once more regain freedom from degradation,
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the light.

Sing and rejoice, O Blest Jerusalem!
Of all thy sons sing the emancipation,
Thro' boundless love the Christ of Bethlehem
Brings faith and hope to thee forever more.

Traditional. Faure.

Palm Sunday is a climaxic day in the career of the Saviour, though the events of the subsequent week reveal a still greater triumph,—a day when even the angels sing glad hosannas. On this Sunday the men of Jerusalem made green His way and shouted with the same voices that later cried against Him. No musical selection is more intimately associated with this Sunday before Easter than the Palms by Jean Faure (1830-1899). Faure was both singer and composer, appearing in opera in London, Berlin and Paris. He wa for a time professor of singing at the Paris Conservatoire.

April 18, 11.00 A. M. Good Friday Service

HE LEADETH ME

616

(*Congregational Hymn*)

HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Gilmore. Barnby.

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY

88

(*Postludium*)

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne. Amen.

Isaac Williams. W. H. Monk.

The Rev. Isaac Williams (1802–1865) was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1829 and priest in 1831. For many years he was in very poor health, spending most of his time at his home in Gloucestershire, and occasionally assisting his brother, the Rev. Sir George Prevost. On the retirement of the renowned Keble he became a candidate for the professorship of poetry, at Oxford, but failed. His poems and hymns are scattered through several volumes. This hymn is found in his work. "The Baptistery," and is part of a poem of one hundred and five stanzas.

STANDING NOTICES

Communicants coming into the Parish, or leaving it, should comply with the following canon:

"A communicant removing from one parish to another shall procure from the rector of the parish of his last residence, or if there be no rector, from one of the wardens, a certificate, or letter of transfer."

Baptism will be administered at any time; but notice must be given in advance. Concerning Baptism, the rubric says:

"The Minister of every parish shall often admonish the people that they defer not the baptism of their children unless upon a great and reasonable cause. And he shall also warn them, that without like great cause and necessity they procure not their children to be baptized at home in their houses but in the church."

Attention is called to the rubric before the office for the Visitation of the Sick, which reads:

"When any person is sick, notice shall be given thereof to the Minister of the parish." On such notice being given, the Clergy are always ready and desirous to visit those who are "in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity," and to administer the Holy Communion to such as, by reason of sickness or other infirmity, are prevented from coming to the church.

Practice as well as propriety necessitates the arrangements for all functions in Church in advance.

The Clergy should always be consulted before arrangements are made for baptisms, marriages or funerals at which they are expected to officiate. They can be seen after any church service, by those who desire to consult them or at any hour of any day at the Parish House by anybody on any errand.

Parishioners are asked to send prompt notice of changes of residence.

Those who wish to become members of the Parish are asked to send their names and addresses to the Clergy. Applications for pews or sittings should be made to the Verger, who can be seen before or after any service at the Church or on any week day at the Parish House.

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

SOPRANOS

Mrs. Harry C. Banks
Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Miss Clarissa Hughes
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Mrs. Florence S. Reed
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Mrs. Francois de St. Phalle
Miss Agnes Wilson

Mildred Faas

ALTOS

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Anderson
Miss Frances L. Bowers
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss Marguerite J. Gamble
Miss Mildred W. Shattuck
Miss Martha F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford

TENORS

Mr. Paul N. Jepson
Mr. Walter B. Taitt
Mr. Oliver W. Turnbull

Dr. Howell S. Zulick

BASSES

Mr. George L. Gaff
Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. Arthur M. Kennedy
Mr. H. J. Kilhour
Mr. Lewis W. Easby
Mr. Thomas Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend

Mr. Harry C. Saylor

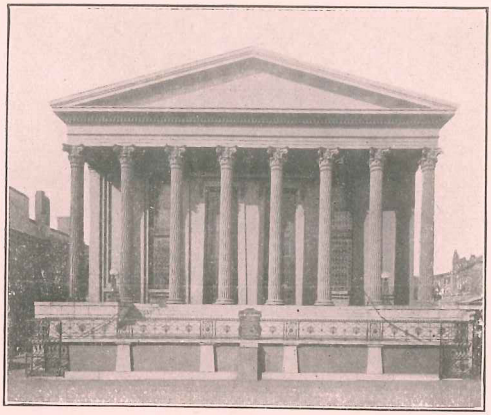
USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

Program

Easter Carol Service

1919



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D. M. S.

PROGRAM

✝

COME, YE FAITHFUL

110

(Processional Hymn)

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But today amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

Neale Sullivan

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

(In Place of Psalter)

Congregation seated

INTO the woods the Master went, clean forspent,
Into the woods the Master came, forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came. Alleluia!

Out of the woods my Master went, and He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came, content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came. Alleluia!

Lanier Anonymous

Almighty and everlasting God, who of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Clergy and entire Choir are present at all afternoon services

HE IS RISEN

117

(After the First Lesson)

HE is risen, He is risen;
Tell it out with joyful voice:
He has burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Come, ye sad and fearful hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed;
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

Alexander — Frances McCollin

Strangers and visitors are always welcome

BY EARLY MORNING LIGHT

(After the Second Lesson)

BY early morning light,
Ere yet the day was bright,
Three women came to seek their Lord;
But what their joy to hear
The Angel's message clear
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

They saw upon the tomb,
Dispelling all its gloom,
An angel fair in raiment white,
To them the angel said
Mourn not your Lord as dead,
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

Traditional — H. A. Dickinson

Almighty God, who through thine only begotten Son, Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we humbly beseech thee that, as by thy special grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost ever, one God, world without end. Amen.

Repetition Carol Service next Sunday at four o'clock

EASTER SONG

(In place of Solo)

CHRIST is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it thro' the valleys,
Sin now is conquer'd, Christ doth atone,
Death now is vanquish'd, victory won,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

When to the dark tomb women came sadly,
Angels there told them these tidings gladly;
Join we the angels, glad heart and voice,
Christ is arisen, Christians rejoice!

Christ is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it through the valleys,
Jesus hath broken bonds of the grave,
Risen victorious, mighty to save,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

Gerok Fehrman

✝

ADDRESS . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

✝

INTERLUDE—"Adagio" . . . *Vieuxtemps*

(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

(After the Anthem)

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin: but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Rom.* vi. 9.

THERE STOOD THREE MARIES BY THE TOMB

(In place of Anthem)

THERE stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early;
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind
They came, the Prince of Life to find.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Go tell them all and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner Mary.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the blessed form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The world itself keeps Easter day,
The heaven above is beaming,
All in high festival array,
The merry bells are gleaming,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians see ye rise as well!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

H. Alexander Matthews

The Easter music will be repeated next Sunday

JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY

112

(*Congregational Hymn*)

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing
Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia!

Tate and Brady
From the Latin

Worgan
From Lyra Davidica

We beseech thee, O Lord, pour thy grace into our hearts; that, as we have known the incarnation of thy Son Jesus Christ by the message of an Angel, so by his cross and passion we may be brought unto the glory of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

There is a Service similar to this every Sunday

MORN OF BEAUTY! MORN OF GLADNESS!

(*Postludium*)

MORN of beauty! Morn of gladness!
Brightening o'er the sinful earth;
Chasing shades of doubt and sadness,
Wak'ning all to holy mirth.
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Past are the days of tears and mourning,
Peace and joy alone remain,
All hail the light of Easter dawning
On the darksome world again!
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Sibelius

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; We give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours. And we beseech thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who by thy death didst take away the sting of death; Grant unto thy servants so to follow in faith where thou hast led the way, that we may at length fall asleep peacefully in thee, and awake up after thy likeness; through thy mercy, who livest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

STANDING NOTICES

Communicants coming into the Parish, or leaving it, should comply with the following canon:

"A communicant removing from one parish to another shall procure from the rector of the parish of his last residence, or if there be no rector, from one of the wardens, a certificate, or letter of transfer."

Baptism will be administered at any time; but notice must be given in advance. Concerning Baptism, the rubric says:

"The Minister of every parish shall often admonish the people that they defer not the baptism of their children unless upon a great and reasonable cause. And he shall also warn them, that without like great cause and necessity they procure not their children to be baptized at home in their houses but in the church."

Attention is called to the rubric before the office for the Visitation of the Sick, which reads:

"When any person is sick, notice shall be given thereof to the Minister of the parish." On such notice being given, the Clergy are always ready and desirous to visit those who are "in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity," and to administer the Holy Communion to such as, by reason of sickness or other infirmity, are prevented from coming to the church.

Practice as well as propriety necessitates the arrangements for all functions in Church in advance.

The Clergy should always be consulted before arrangements are made for baptisms, marriages or funerals at which they are expected to officiate. They can be seen after any church service, by those who desire to consult them or at any hour of any day at the Parish House by anybody on any errand.

Parishioners are asked to send prompt notice of changes of residence.

Those who wish to become members of the Parish are asked to send their names and addresses to the Clergy. Applications for pews or sittings should be made to the Verger, who can be seen before or after any service at the Church or on any week day at the Parish House.

RUSSIAN MUSIC SERVICE

May 4, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

RUSSIAN MUSIC

"Russia accepted Christianity from Greece at the end of the tenth century and, coincident with this, the musical interest of this people became centered in Church music. From the first, all instrumental music was excluded; and it was this law which gave rise to an unparalleled development of pure choral music. The compositions vary from simple structures in four parts to difficult and very complex writings in eight or even ten voice parts. The great depth of the octavo bass voice, peculiar to Russia, has played no small part in the development of this choral art; for the use of this voice permits of an unusual range of vocal tone, besides furnishing a foundation of tremendous strength.

"A few of the more important characteristics of this music are the strange cadences; the introduction of sustained passages as choral background for a solo or melodic phrase in another voice part; the frequent termination of a phrase in a unison or an open fifth; and the extensive use of pianissimo effects, frequently in the highest registers of the voices. Perhaps this last-mentioned characteristic is the one through which the music makes its strongest appeal.

"The music of the Russian Church is untainted by any association with the secular world. It is the music of the Church—pure, simple, glorious and devotional—music which never fails to inspire those who know it. It has been truthfully said that one cannot know religious music until the Russian Cathedral choirs have been heard. Since visitors to Russia, and many writers, always refer to the Church music and choirs of Russia in the highest terms, is it not possible, and, perhaps wise, for us to imitate, at least in some measure, her musical methods? Reason would seem to indicate such a procedure."—*N. L. Norden.*

RUSSIAN MUSIC SERVICE

May 4, 1919

Instrumental Prelude . . . . . Beginning 3.30 P. M.
(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

Service Proper . . . . . Beginning 4.00 P. M.

In Place of Psalter

"Hymn to the Trinity" . . . . . *Rachmaninoff*

First Lesson

"The Day of Judgment" . . . . . *Arkhangelsky*

Second Lesson

"We Have no Other Guide" . . . . . *Shvedof*

Creed and Collects

"We Praise Thee" . . . . . *Shvedof*

Address

"God is With Us" . . . . . *Katalsky*

Interlude
(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

"Chant sans Paroles" . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn
487

"Rise! Crowned with Light" . . . . . *Russian Hymn*

Benediction

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

by

Russian Composers

SERVICE PROPER

Beginning at 4 o'clock

In place of Psalter

Hymn to the Trinity

GLORY to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and to ages of ages. Amen.

Only begotten Son, Word of the Father, Who art immortal, Thou didst vouchsafe for our salvation to become incarnate of the Holy Mother of God, the blessed and ever Virgin Mary.

Changeless Essence, lo, Thou wast made very Man; and crucified, Thou the God-man, to vanquish death by dying.

Thou alone, O Christ, art glorified in the Trinity with Father and Holy Spirit; O save us
Lord, have mercy upon us.
To Thee, O Lord, we cry. Amen.

First Lesson

The Day of Judgment

UPON the Day of Judgment do I meditate with great awe. And all my wicked deeds do I lament;
How may I answer the great Eternal King?
How may I dare to answer the summons of the Judge?
O Thou most gracious Father, and the only begotten Son, Spirit Divine, have mercy upon me.

Second Lesson

We Have No Other Guide

WE have no other guide but Thee, O Holy Father.
Thou art our Guide, and in Thee we hope and trust.
We praise Thee, for we are indeed Thy servants,
And are not ashamed.

Creed and Collects

We Praise Thee

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, O Lord,
We give thanks unto Thee, and we pray unto Thee,
O Lord, our God.

Address . . . . . BY THE RECTOR

God is With Us

GOD is with us, O ye nations understand. Submit yourselves, for God is with us! Give ear, all ye of far countries. Gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together and it shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand. Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts, Himself, and let Him be your fear. He shall be for a Sanctuary. I will wait upon the Lord, and I will look for Him.

Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulder. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Interlude — "Chant sans Paroles" . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn — 487 . . . . . *Russian Hymn*

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes !
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.
Amen.

This tune, as of course everyone recognizes, is that of the Russian National Hymn, "God the All-Terrible." The words are those of Hymn number 487 in the Hutchins Hymnal, although words more nearly parallel to the original are those of Hymn number 198, "God the All-Merciful."

Benediction

STRANGERS and visitors are always welcome.

Do not let your Church attendance stop with the passing of the Easter season. Keep on coming to Church.

The Clergy and entire choir are present at all afternoon services.

There will be a repetition sometime soon of the Cantata of last Spring—Matthews' "City of God."

There will be a repetition of the "Bach Service" of Lent at the time of the Bach Festival in June.

The Clergy are always anxious to know the names and addresses of strangers in the city, who may be visitors in Church, or of residents in the community, who are occasional attendants at the Services here, or of any persons unknown to them who are willing to make themselves known. If you will write your name and address on one of the cards provided in the book-racks of the pews, and hand it to the Sexton, or place it in the Alms Basin at any service, or mail it to 330 South 13th Street, the Rector will be glad to mail you special notices of special services from time to time, and to send you copies of the Parish Paper month by month.

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

CHORUS:

SOPRANOS

Mrs. Harry C. Banks
Miss Ruth N. Buck
Miss Elizabeth Semans Ford
Miss Ellen P. Foster
Miss Dorothy Bell Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss Edith M. Gregg
Miss Clarissa Hughes
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Mrs. Florence S. Reed
Miss Marie E. Rodenhausen
Mrs. Francois de St. Phalle
Miss Agnes Wilson

Mildred Faas

ALTOS

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Anderson
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss Marguerite J. Gamble
Miss Mildred W. Shattuck
Miss Martha F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford
Miss Olive Sweigert

TENORS

Mr. Paul N. Jepson
Mr. Walter B. Taitt
Mr. Oliver W. Turnbull

Dr. Howell S. Zulick

BASSES

Mr. George L. Gaff
Mr. A. DeHaven Kane
Mr. Arthur M. Kennedy
Mr. H. J. Kilhour
Mr. Lewis W. Easby
Mr. Thomas Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend

Mr. Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

May 11, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

✠

SERVICE FOR MOTHERS' DAY

Processional — Hymn 519 ..... *Morley*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing:
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

Psalm — 23 ..... *Gregorian*

THE Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a green pasture : and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3 He shall convert my soul : and bring me forth in the paths of of righteousness for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat — Hymn 335 ..... *Marsh*

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor)—"Come, ye children" ..... *Sullivan*

NO chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness: for whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.

Come ye children and hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Lo, the poor crieth, and the Lord heareth him, yea and saveth him out of all his trouble.

Address

Anthem — "Holy art Thou." (Largo from "Xerxes") ..... *Handel*

HOLY art Thou,
Lord God Almighty,
Who wert and art to come.
Glory and majesty in heaven are Thine.
Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony.
Blessing and glory to the Lamb for evermore;
For worthy art Thou;
Let all nations and kindreds and peoples
Give thanks to Thee
For evermore. Amen.

Interlude — Melody ..... *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn — 672 ..... *Mason*

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

Postludium — "Now the day is over" ..... *Barnby*

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

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USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

May 18, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

TWO NEGRO SPIRITUALS

1. A Motherless Child
2. The Lord Delivered Daniel

TWO AMERICAN INDIAN AIRS

1. Indian Summer
2. The Sky Blue Water

Processional — Hymn 523 ..... *Gadsby*

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight!
Jordan flows before us;
Sion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory,
Blessed three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light!

Psalm — 70 ..... *Gregorian*

HASTE thee, O God, to deliver me: make haste to help me, O Lord.
2. Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul: let them be turned backward and put to confusion that wish me evil.
3. Let them for their reward be soon brought to shame: that cry over me, There! there!
4. But let all those that seek thee be joyful and glad in thee: and let all such as delight in thy salvation say alway, The Lord be praised.
5. As for me, I am poor and in misery: haste thee unto me, O God.
6. Thou art my helper, and my redeemer: O Lord, make no long tarrying.

Lesson

Magnificat — in F ..... *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprano) — "Lamb of God" ..... *Bizet*

LAMB of God, Thou that takest away the world's guilt,
O have compassion upon us.
Lamb of God, Thou that takest away the world's guilt,
may Thy peace be with us.

Address

Anthem — "Comes, at times, a stillness" ..... *Oakeley*

COMES, at times, a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love;
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

Comes, at length, the sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore;
As when at dawn the feathered choir rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne;
Sinks then the traveler, faint and weary-hearted,
"Long is the way," he whispers, "and forlorn,"

Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day;
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"
Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."

Interlude — "Deep Water" ..... *Negro Spiritual*

Congregational Hymn — 452 ..... *Pleyel*

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our God we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on,

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Postludium ..... *Hopkins*

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

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Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
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Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE MEMORIAL DAY

May 25, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional — Hymn 522 ..... *Mann*

ON our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!
On our way rejoicing, etc.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader!
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc. Amen.

Psalm — 90 ..... *Gregorian*

LORD, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made: thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.
Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday: seeing that is past as a watch in the night.
As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass.
In the morning it is green and groweth up: but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.
For we consume away in thy displeasure: and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.
Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee: and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
For when thou art angry all our days are gone: we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.
The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.
O teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat — Hymn 60 ..... *Walton*

FAITH of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

REFRAIN.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.

2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them could die for Thee.

3 Faith of our Fathers! Faith and Prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo — "The Souls of the Righteous" ..... *H. C. Banks*

SOULS of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord,
And let light perpetual shine upon them. Amen.

Address ..... REV. FREDERICK PERCY HOUGHTON
Chaplain, 103d Regiment, Pennsylvania Engineers

Anthem — "Unfold, ye portals everlasting" ..... *Gounod*

UNFOLD, ye portals everlasting, With welcome to receive Him ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky; Back to the heavenly mansions hasting, for lo, the King comes nigh. But Who is He, the King of Glory? He Who death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty. Of hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers; the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Interlude — Andante ..... *Massenet*

(Organ, Harp, Violin and 'Cello)

Congregational Hymn — (344) ... (15) ..... *Mason*

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

Postludium — "Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Mrs. Anna Graham Cook
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Mrs. Deborah Graham Schlack
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

October 5, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

TWO NEGRO SPIRITUALS

1. A Motherless Child
2. The Lord Delivered Daniel

TWO AMERICAN INDIAN AIRS

1. Indian Summer
2. The Sky Blue Water

Processional — Hymn 519 ..... *Morley*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

Psalm — 23 ..... *Gregorian*

THE Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing.

2. He shall feed me in a green pasture : and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3. He shall convert my soul : and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5. Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me : thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

6. But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat — in F ..... *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Address

Anthem — "Listen to the Lambs" ..... *R. Nathaniel Dett*

LISTEN to the Lambs! All a-crying!
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and
carry the young lambs in His bosom. Amen.

Interlude — "Deep Water" ..... *Negro Spiritual*

Congregational Hymn— (412) ..... *Dykes*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

Postludium — Hymn 552 ..... *Hayne*

LOVING Saviour of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from Thy hand.

Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Hazlett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lillian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

October 12, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional — Hymn 401 ..... *Martin*

O HEAVENLY Jerusalam,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.

3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

Psalm — 54 ..... *Gregorian*

SAVE me, O God, for thy Name's sake : and avenge me in thy strength.

2 Hear my prayer, O God : and hearken unto the words of my mouth.

3 For strangers are risen up against me : and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes, seek after my soul.

4 Behold, God is my helper : the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.

5 He shall reward evil unto mine enemies : destroy thou them in thy truth

6 An offering of a free heart will I give thee, and praise thy Name, O Lord : because it is so comfortable.

7 For he hath delivered me out of all my trouble : and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat — in G Minor ..... *Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo — (Baritone) ..... *Mendelssohn*

O GOD, have mercy upon me, and blot out my transgressions according to Thy loving-kindness, yea, even for Thy mercy's sake. Deny me not, O cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy spirit from me, O Lord.

O Lord, a broken heart and a contrite heart is offered before Thee.

I will speak of Thy salvation, I will teach transgressors, and all sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

Then open Thou my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall show forth Thy glorious praise.

Address

Anthem — "Judge me, O God" ..... *Mendelssohn*

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation. Oh deliver me from deceitful and unjust men. For Thou art the God of my strength; oh why dost Thou cast me from Thee? Wherefore mourn I because the enemy sorely oppresseth me? Send out Thy light and truth, Lord; oh let them lead me, and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling-place. And then will I go to the altar of God, the God of my joy. I will praise Thee upon the harp, O my God. O my soul, why art thou cast downward, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in the Lord, O my soul, for I will praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my gracious Lord and God.

Interlude — Andante ..... *Mendelssohn*

Congregational Hymn — 504 ..... *Mason*

MY soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And held divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode. Amen.

Postludium — Hymn 18 ..... *Baker*

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Hazlett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lillian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

October, 19, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional — Hymn 369 ..... *Sydenham*

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of His dying love!
Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

3 Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King!

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come."
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
Amen.

Psalm — 67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Lesson — ..... *Isaiah VI*

Magnificat — in G Minor ..... *Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo — (Soprano) ..... *Max Bruch*

O most blessed Jesu!
Come to me when night is dark;
O come to me with light surrounded,
Thou that so oft a gentle balm
Hast poured upon my heart sore wounded.
The storm is raging without on the lea,
O come bring Thou some light to me!
I'm but a reed wind-shaken.
If o'er the stormy sea Thou fare,
It stills the wildest waves to meet Thee.
Thou speakest, and from rock and storm
Sweet summer flowers spring up to greet Thee
For we are naught with all our power,
Be Thou our help in danger's hour.
Those Thou lovest from injury guard,
For gracious art Thou.

Address — ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem — "Jubilate! Amen" ..... *Max Bruch*

JUBILATE! Amen. Hark! Hark! The vesper hymn is stealing o'er the waters soft and clear. Hark! Is nearer and yet nearer pealing, Farther now, and farther stealing. And now breaks upon the ear.

Jubilate! Amen. Hark! Now like moonlit waves retreating, To the shore it dies along. Hark! Now like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Jubilate! Amen. Hush! again like waves retreating, To the shore it dies along. Hark! Hark! Amen!

Interlude — Andante ..... *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn — 374 ..... *Elvey*

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own;
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring.
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King. Amen.

Postludium — Hymn 9 ..... *Stainer*

Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lillian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

October 26, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional — Hymn 312 ..... *Gounod*

Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

Lesson ..... *Matthew VI*

Benedictus qui venit ..... *Gounod*

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo — "Sanctus" ..... *Gounod*

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. Amen.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem — "Gloria in excelsis" ..... *Gounod*

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Interlude — "Agnus Dei".....*Bizet*

Congregational Hymn — 383.....*Dykes*

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

Postludium — "Sevenfold Amen".....*Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

Soloists

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

Ushers

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

November 2, 1919

SUNDAY AFTER ALL SAINTS' DAY

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antiphon ..... *Goss*

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours.

Psalm—130 ..... *Gregorian*

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

2 O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

3 If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

4 For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

5 I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

6 My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy; and with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson ..... *Revelation XIII*

Nunc dimittis—in B-flat ..... *Stanford*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) ..... *Gaul*

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes; and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His Temple.

And they shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Souls of the Righteous" ..... *Noble*

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

O earth as children chasten'd by Love's road,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy:
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Interlude—"The Angelus" ..... *Massenet*

Congregational Hymn—176 ..... *Barnby*

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest.
Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia.

Postludium—"Rest in Peace" ..... *Schubert*

REST in peace, O souls immortal,
Who have passed on through death's portal,
Out of this world's care and strife
Into Heaven's all glorious life,
Sleep with God, Oh faithful hearted,
Rest in peace, O souls departed.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

Soloists

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

Ushers

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

November 9, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 311 ..... *Jeffery*

Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory,
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2. O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3. O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4. O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase:
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5. O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always. Amen.

Psalm—46 ..... *Gregorian*

God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell: and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord; what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world: he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

10 Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Lesson ..... *John XIV*

Nunc dimittis—in B-flat ..... *Stanford*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) ..... *MacDermid*

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor the arrow that flieth by day; nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge even the most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Lovely Appear over the Mountains" ..... *Gounod*

Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession,
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,
In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.
In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding,
Shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground;
Under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound,
Void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding.
Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly,
Shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

Interlude—Tone Poem ..... *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn—179 ..... *Cobb*

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2. Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3. Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have trimuphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4. Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity. Amen.

Postludium—"God's Peace is Peace Eternal" ..... *Grieg*

God's peace is peace eternal,
Here discords all our joys displace;
We wage a war infernal,
And gentle mercy finds no place.

2. Life is our time of trial now,
Before the Judge we all must bow,
God merciful and kind will shield us,
And from the evil set us free.

3. He knoweth when to sin we yield us,
The path we follow recklessly;
He will the vilest soul release
Who turns from sin to heaven's peace.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

Soloists

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick

Soprano, Mildred Faas

Ushers

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT

November 23, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 383 ..... *Dykes*

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2
Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3
Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

Psalm—32 ..... *Gregorian*

Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven: and whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth no sin: and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 For whilst I held my tongue: my bones consumed away through my daily complaining.

4 For thy hand is heavy upon me day and night: and my moisture is like the drought in summer.

5 I will acknowledge my sin unto thee: and mine unrighteousness have I not hid.

6 I said, I will confess my sins unto the Lord: and so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.

7 For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found: but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in; thou shalt preserve me from trouble: thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go: and I will guide thee with mine eye.

10 Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding: whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.

11 Great plagues remain for the ungodly: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, mercy embraceth him on every side.

12 Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord: and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis—in G minor ..... *Noble*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in pease: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"O Lord Most Holy" ..... *Cesar Franck*

O Lord most holy, O Lord most mighty,
O loving Father, Thee would we be praising alway.
Help us to know Thee and Love Thee;
Father, grant us Thy truth and grace;
Father, guide and defend us.
Rule Thou our wilful hearts,
Keep thine our wandering thoughts;
In all our sorrows let us find our rest in Thee;
And in temptation's hour, save through Thy mighty power,
Thine aid O send us, show us Thy favor we pray Thee.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Blessed He Who From Earth's Dreams" ..... *Cesar Franck*

Blessed he, who, from earth's dreams awaking,
Turns his heart from worldly pride;
Who every other joy forsaking,
Of wealth the golden fetters breaking,
Treasures of heav'n spreads around on every side.
Then when the awful trumpet soundeth,
Let him rejoice! Let him rejoice!
Blessed is he, in whom God's grace and love aboundeth,
Angels for him heaven's gates fling open wide.

Interlude—"Priere" ..... *Cesar Franck*

Congregational Hymn—353 ..... *Mason*

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3

Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign. Amen.

Postlodium—Hymn 23 ..... *Horatio Parker*

Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

Soloists

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

Ushers

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

(Special Thanksgiving Observance)

November 30, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 192 ..... *Kocher*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2

All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4

As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

Psalm—Selection ..... *Gregorian*

(For Thanksgiving Day)

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem : and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart : and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving : sing praises upon the harp unto our God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth : and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men;

Who giveth fodder unto the cattle : and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates : and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders : and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 418 ..... *Croft*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

2

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) ..... *Cesar Franck*

Hear my cry, O God attend unto my prayer;
From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee,
When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
For Thou hast been a shelter for me and a strong tower from the enemy.
When I cry unto God then shall my enemies turn back; this I know, for God is for me.
In God will I praise His word.
In God I have put my trust.
Let my mouth be filled with praise, and with Thy honour all the day. Amen.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Recessional" ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3

Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser creeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding call not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Interlude—"Andante" ..... *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—"Faith of Our Fathers" (60)..... *Hemy*

Faith of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

2

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate
If they, like them, could die for Thee.

3

Faith of our Fathers! Faith and Prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee;
And thro' the truth that comes from God
Our land shall then indeed be free.

4

Faith of our Fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach Thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly word and virtuous life.

At the Presentation

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to Thee till death. Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 19 .... *Hopkins*

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

Soloists

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

Ushers

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Liiian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

December 14, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 317 ..... *Monk*

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing;
Coming: in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming: O Thou glorious Priest!
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2
Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way:
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3
Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4
Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5
Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned! Amen.

Psalm—121 ..... *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 45 ..... *Plain Song*

OH come, oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2
Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3
O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4
Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Benedictus qui venit" ..... *Gounod*

BLESSED is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"God is With Us" ..... *Katalsky*

GOD is with us, O ye nations understand. Submit yourselves, for God is with us! Give ear, all ye of far-countries. Gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together and it shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand. Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts, Himself, and let Him be your fear. He shall be for a Sanctuary. I will wait upon the Lord, and I will look for Him.

Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulder. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Interlude—"Andantino" ..... *Rimsky-Korsakow*

Congregational Hymn—319 ..... *T. R. Matthews*

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3

The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5

When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying,
"Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" .... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

December 21, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

As Antiphon—"Lo, How a Rose" ..... *Praetorius*

(CONGREGATION REMAIN STANDING)

LO, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old hath sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, etc.

Opening Sentences

General Confession

Lord's Prayer and Versicles

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—"Holy Art Thou" ..... *Handel*

HOLY art Thou,
Lord God Almighty,
Who wert and art to come.
Glory and majesty in heaven are Thine.
Earth lowly bending swells the full harmony.
Blessing and glory to the Lamb for evermore;
For worthy art Thou;
Let all nations and kindreds and peoples
Give thanks to Thee
For evermore. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) ..... *Handel*

Comfort ye my people, saith your God;
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that cryeth in the wilderness,
"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem ..... *Handel*

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Interlude—"Aria" ..... *Handel*

Congregational Hymn—261 ..... *Hatton*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
Amen.

Collects and Benediction

CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

December 28, 1919

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

December 28, 1919

ANTIPHON—Chorale ..... *J. S. Bach*

Sentences

1 "Listen, Lordlings, Unto Me" ..... *English*

First Lesson

2. "The Neighbors of Bethlehem" ..... *Belgian*

Second Lesson

3. "Noel, Noel" ..... *Irish*

Creed and Collects

4. "From Heaven High" ..... *Traditional*

Prayers

5. "Chanson Joyeuse" ..... *French*

Address

6. "The Eve of Grace" ..... *American*

Offertory

7. Congregational Hymn ..... *No. 49*

Prayers

8. "I Heard the Bells" ..... *Danish*

Repetition Carol Service Next Sunday

Antiphon

(CONGREGATION REMAIN STANDING)

Beside Thy Cradel Here I Stand ..... *J. S. Bach*

BESIDE Thy cradle here I stand,
O Thou that ever livest,
And bring Thee with a willing hand
The very gifts Thou givest.
Accept me; 'tis my mind and heart,
My soul, my strength, my every part,
That Thou from me requirest.

Sentences

Listen, Lordlings, Unto Me ..... *English*

LISTEN, Lordlings, unto me, a tale I will you tell,
Which, on this night of glee, in David's town befell:
Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary, that sweet maid,
Weary were they, nigh to death; and for a lodging prayed.

REFRAIN.
Sing high, sing low, sing to and fro,
Go tell it out with speed;
Cry out and shout all round about
That Christ is born indeed.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of angels in their sight came down from Heav'n's high steep.
Tidings! Tidings! unto you; to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.

Onward then the angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning see ye mind, my masters, one and all,
At the Altar Him to find Who lay within the stall.

First Lesson

The Neighbors of Bethlehem ..... *Belgian*

GOOD neighbors, tell me, why that sound,
That noisy tumult rising round,
Awaking all in slumber lying,
Truly disturbing are these cries,
All through the quiet village flying,
O come, ye shepherds, wake, arise!

Repetition Carol Service Next Sunday

What, neighbors, then do ye not know,
God hath appeared on earth below,
And now is born in manger lowly,
In humble guise He came this night,
Simple and meek, this infant holy,
Yet how divine, in beauty bright!

Good neighbors, I must make amend,
Forthwith to bring Him will I send,
And Joseph with the gentle Mother
When to my home these three I bring,
Then will it far outshine all other,
A palace fair, for greatest King!

Second Lesson

Noel, Noel ..... *Irish*

Noel, Noel,
Children of hope and faith,
Divine Noel is bringing to you
The Saviour Christ.
Noel, Noel.

2

Noel, Noel,
Raise now the song on high.
To-day is born the Saviour of men,
Christ the Lord.
Noel, Noel.

3

Noel, Noel,
Come to the hearts of men
In the lowly manger rude and plain,
The King of Kings.
Noel, Noel.

Creed and Collects

From Heaven High ..... *Traditional*

FROM heaven high the angels come singing,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
Rejoice and sing a glorious lay,
For Christ the Lord is born to-day.
Allelujah!

For in a manger cold is laid lowly,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
A babe shall save our souls from sin,
To heavenly mansions lead us in.
Allelujah!

Let melody fill all the sky ringing
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
And all mankind the chorus swell
The Christ child comes on earth to dwell.
Allelujah!

Prayers

Chanson Joyeuse ..... *French*

JESUS meek and mild,
He, our Saviour holy,
Came to earth a child,
Simple, sweet and lowly;
Shepherds near the manger low
Knelt in awe, His name to know;
Magi proud and stately
Bow'd before Him greatly,
More than baby hands can hold
Brought of myrrh and gold.
Even then, to their ken,
Jesus was the Lord of men!

The angels in heaven all have sung Noel!
And Earth's choiring voices shall the chorus swell.
Noel! Noel! Noel! Sing we all Noel!
Noel! Noel! Noel! Sing we all Noel!

Then was born in lowly stall
He, the gracious Lord of all,
Holy, kind and fair,
'Mid the cattle there!
Pure and sweet His childly guise,
Shining clear His baby eyes,
Lovely little lamb, lovely little lamb.

Baby Jesus learn'd
Nestled near His mother,
Baby prayers to say,
Just like any other;
Yes, 'tis He who taught us all,
Children, whether great or small,
Pater Noster's beauty,
Ave Mary's duty,
Glorias that joyful sing
Praises to our King.
We today surely may
Follow Love along the way.

Come, my heart, then singing go,
In thee Love divine shall glow,
Till thou weep no more, till thou weep no more!
Mary is the Mother,
Jesus thy dear brother,
Come from heav'n above,
Just to teach thee Love!

Address

The Eve of Grace ..... *American*

WHERE wilt thou lodge this Eve of Grace?
O Mother Mary! O Mary Mother!

The wind is cold, the ground is hard;
With snow the crinkled grass is starred;
The door of the crowded inn is barred,
The door of the inn is barred.
But the stalled kine they will give me place,
And I shall lie warm this Eve of Grace.

What dost thou see this Eve of Grace?
O Mother Mary! O Mary Mother!

Within the field the flocks abide,
The shepherds watching at their side;
And out of the East three kings do ride,
All out of the East they ride.
With royal treasure they come apace
And follow a star this Eve of Grace.

What dost thou hear this Eve of Grace?
O Mother Mary! O Mary Mother!

King Herod groans upon his bed,
His sword with infant blood is red;
The mothers of Ramah mourn their dead,
In Ramah they mourn their dead.
But an angel choir in the starry place
Are singing of peace this Eve of Grace.

Who comes to earth this Eve of Grace?
O Mother Mary! O Mary Mother!

A little child, a babe new born,
A rose that blossoms on a thorn,
But fairer than all the lights of morn,
Yea, fairer than lights of morn.
For lo! God's Son and man's solace
Is given to us this Eve of Grace.

Congregational Hymn—49 ..... *Adeste Fideles*

OH come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant;
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
Oh come, let us adore Him, etc. Amen.

Prayers

I Heard the Bells ..... *Danish*

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play;
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

CHOIR

Organist and Choirmaster, MR. H. ALEXANDER MATTHEWS

Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

Chorus:

SOPRANOS

Mrs. Harry C. Banks
Miss Dorothy Cannon
Miss Ellen Foster
Miss Dorothy Gibb
Miss Florence Gildersleeve
Miss M. R. Love
Miss Gladys Morehouse
Miss Anna Noeckel
Mrs. Jennie M. Pollard
Miss Kathryn Reeves
Miss Caroline Thomas
Miss Agnes Wilson

Mildred Faas

ALTOS

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Anderson
Miss Alberta Buch
Miss May E. Carver
Miss Marguerite J. Gamble
Miss M. F. Simpson
Miss Lottie Stafford
Miss Mildred W. Shattuck
Miss Olive Sweigert

TENORS

Mr. L. E. Hansen
Mr. Paul N. Jepson
Mr. Carl O. Klose
Mr. Oliver W. Turnbull

Dr. Howell S. Zulick

BASSES

Mr. George L. Gaff
Mr. DeHaven Kane
Mr. Arthur Kennedy
Mr. W. B. Killhour
Mr. Thomas Lawn
Mr. William S. Pickard
Mr. Alexander E. Rae
Mr. Frederick E. A. Townsend

Mr. Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

CHURCH OF

St. Luke and The Epiphany

PHILADELPHIA. PA.

Rev. David M. Steele, Rector

ORGAN and CHORAL RECITAL

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Begining 10.30 P. M.

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1. "Concert Overture" (Organ) ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*
2. "Lied" (Organ) ..... *Hollins*
3. "Ballad" (Organ and 'Cello) ..... *Friml*
4. "Scherzino" (Organ) ..... *Nevin*
5. "O Levely Voices of the Sky" ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*
   (Soprano Solo)
6. "Toccata" (Organ) ..... *Demarest*
7. "The Magic Harp" (Organ and Harp) ..... *Meale*
8. "Evening Bells and Gradle Song" ..... *Macfarlane*
   (Organ and Chimes)

Organ, *H. Alexander Matthews*

Harp, *Dorothy Johnstone Baseler*

Sopran, *Mildred Faas*

'Cello, *Bertrand A. Austin*

(OVER)

Watch Night Service

11.30 P. M. until 12.00

Announcements.

Hymn No. 11

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Meditation

Resolutions

Prayers

Hymn No. 505

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ in the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

Benediction

SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

January 11, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—62 ..... *Mann*

FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward.
Guided by a star.
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2. There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

3. Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

4. Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

Psalm—46 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble.

2. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.

3. Though the waters thereof rage and swell: and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

4. The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

5. God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.

6. The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

7. The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8. O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord: what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.

9. He maketh wars to cease in all the world: he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

10. Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

11. The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Lesson

Magnificat—in A ..... *Foster*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His hand-maiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with Him arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

In Place of Solo—"The Three Kings" ..... *Cornelius*

THREE kings have journeyed from the eastern land,
A star hath led them to Jordan's strand,
And in Judea inquire the three
Where the new-born infant King may be.
With gold and myrrh and incense sweet
They bring the Holy Child an offering meet.

And brightly shineth the guiding star;
Unto the manger the kings repair;
With rapture on the boy they gaze,
And bow before Him in joy and praise.
With gold and myrrh and incense sweet,
They bring the Holy Boy an offering meet.

O child of man! hold thee firm and true;
The kings come hither, O come thou, too!
The star of mercy, the star of love,
Shall point thee the pathway to heav'n above;
And fail thee gold and incense sweet,
Lay thou thy heart at the Saviour's feet!
Bring Him thy heart!

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem— 'Gloria in Elxcelsis" ..... *Gounod*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Interlude—Andante ..... *Jarnfeldt*

Congregational Hymn—"We Three Kings" ..... *Traditional*

WE three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Chorus

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

3. Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume,
Breathes a life of gathering gloom,
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5. Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth to the heavens replies.

Prayers

Recessional Hymn—66 ..... *Gounoud*

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3. Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

January 18, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antiphon—"I Heard a Voice from Heaven"

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours.

Psalm—130 ..... *De Profundis*

OUT of the de p have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

2 O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint.

3 If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

4 For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

5 I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him: in his word is my trust.

6 My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

7 O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy; and with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel: from all his sins.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis—in E-flat .... *Horatio Parker*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Contralto) "People Victorious" ..... *Horatio Parker*

(From Hora Novissima)

People victorious,
In raiment glorious,
They stand forever.
God wipes away their tears,
Giving through endless years,
Peace like a river.

Earth's turmoils ended are,
Strife, and reproach, and war,
No more annoying:
Children of blessedness
Their heritage of peace
Freely enjoying.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"To whom then will ye liken God?" ..... *Horatio Parker*

TO Whom then will ye liken God? Or what likeness will ye compare unto Him? Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth the princes to nothing; He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

To whom then will ye liken Me? saith the Holy One. Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint. Praise Him and magnify His holy Name forever.

Interlude—From "Suite" in A.....*Horatio Parker*

Congregational Hymn—23.....*Horatio Parker*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.
Amen.

Prayers

Recessional Hymn—305.....*Horatio Parker*

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.
Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

RUSSIAN MUSIC SERVICE

January 25, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—487 ..... *Russian Hymn*

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

Praise Ye the Lord—In place of Psalter ..... *Arensky*

OH, praise ye the Lord in heaven, praise Him
enthroned on high! Alleluia!

First Lesson

O Gladsome Light —..... *Arkhangelsky*

O GLADSOME light of the holy glory of the Father,
Immortal, heavenly, holy, blessed Jesus Christ.
Now that we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
And the lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, ever Divine.
O worthy art Thou at all times to be sung with undefiled tongue.
Therefore all the world doth glorify Thee.

Second Lesson

The Day of Judgment—..... *Arkhangelsky*

UPON the Day of Judgment do I meditate with great awe.
And all my wicked deeds do I lament;
How may I answer the great Eternal King?
How may I dare to answer the summons of the Judge?
O Thou most gracious Father, and the only begotten Son,
Spirit Divine, have mercy upon me.

Creed and Collects

The Lord is Risen—(Soprano Solo) ..... *Rachmaninoff*

"THE Lord is risen." His praise is ringing,
But in my soul is naught but shame.
Blood fills the world and tear drops stinging,
And at the altar this loud singing
Seems like an insult to His name.
And should He choose the worthy from us
Who should eternal light attain,
He would but find hate has o'ercome us
And brothers wrangle to His pain;
And should He come to where is ringing
"The Lord is risen" from one and all,
Before the host what tear drops stinging
Would fill His sad eyes at our fall.

Address

Glory to the Trinity—..... *Rachmaninoff*

GLORY to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and to ages of ages. Amen.

Only begotten Son, Word of the Father, Who art immortal, Thou didst vouchsafe for our salvation to become incarnate of the Holy Mother of God, the blessed and ever Virgin Mary.

Changeless Essence, lo, Thou wast made very Man; and crucified, Thou the God-man, to vanquish death by dying.

Thou alone, O Christ, art glorified in the Trinity with Father and Holy Spirit; O save us

Lord, have mercy upon us.
To Thee, O Lord, we cry. Amen.

Interlude—"Andantino' '.....*Rimsky Korsakow*

Congregational Hymn—383

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

Prayers

To Thee We Sing—.....*Arensky*

TO Thee we sing, Thy holy name we praise!
Our hearts to Thee we raise, Lord of Love!
Our prayer to Thee O God we bring!

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

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'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SUNDAY CALLED SEPTUAGESIMA

February 1, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—312 ..... *Gounod*

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

Psalm—67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth; thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis—in B-flat ..... *Stanford*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) "Lamb of God" ..... *Bizet*

LAMB of God, thou that takest away the world's guilt,
Have compassion upon us.
Lamb of God, thou that takest away the world's guilt,
Have compassion upon us.
Lamb of God, thou that takest away the world's guilt,
May thy peace be with us.

Address

Anthem—"From Thy Love as a Father" ..... *Gounod*

FROM Thy love as a Father,
O Lord, teach us to gather
That Life will conquer Death.
They who seek things eternal,
Shall rise to light supernal
On Wings of lowly faith.

Interlude—"Trianon" ..... *Lachaune*

Congregational Hymn—363 ..... *Maker*

O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side!
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Jesu Word of God" ..... *Gounod*

JESU,, Word of God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin Mary born;
On the cross Thy sacred body,
For us men with nails was torn.

Cleanse us by the blood and water,
Streaming from Thy pierced side.
Feed us with Thy body broken,
Now, and in death's agony.

Jesu, hear us,
O Jesu, spare us,
Jesu, Son of Mary!
Oh grant us, Lord, Thy mercy. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
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USHERS

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Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite W deman

SUNDAY CALLED SEXAGESIMA

February 8, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—523 ..... *Gadsby*

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight!
Jordan flows before us;
Sion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light! Amen.

Psalm—53 ..... *Gregorian*

1 The foolish body hath said in his heart: There is no God.
2 Corrupt are they, and become abominable in their wickedness: there is none that doeth good.
3 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men: to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God.
4 But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable: there is also none that doeth good, no not one.
5 Are not they without understanding that work wickedness: eating up my people as if they would eat bread? They have not called upon God.
6 They were afraid where no fear was: for God hath broken the bones of him that besieged thee; thou hast put them to confusion, because God hath despised them.
7 O that the salvation were given unto Israel out of Sion: O that the Lord would deliver his people out of captivity!
8 Then should Jacob rejoice: and Israel should be right glad.

Lesson

Magnificat—in A ..... *Myles Foster*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Save Us O Lord" ..... *Bairstow*

SAVE us, O Lord, waking,
Guard us sleeping,
That awake we may watch with Christ,
And asleep we may rest in peace. Amen.

Address

Anthem—"Fierce was the wild billow" ..... *Tertius Noble*

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labor'd heavily,
Foam glimmer'd white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh;
Then saith the God of God,
"Peace! It is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest,
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest;
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
When saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesu, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me,
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Interlude—"Aria" ..... *Purcell*

Congregational Hymn—491 ..... *S. S. Wesley*

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

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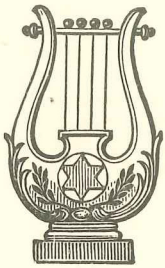
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite W deman

SERVICE OF

OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC

February 15, 1920

(Sunday Before Lent)



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Adazio—from "Moonlight Sonata" ..... *Beethoven*

Bereeuse ..... *Gounod*

Ave Maria—(Soprano Solo) ..... *Gounod-Bach*

Kammenoi Ostrow ..... *Rubenstein*

Opening Hymn—470 ..... *"Old Hundred"*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen.

Psalm—23 (Genevan Psalter) ..... *"Martyrdom"*

THE Lord's my Shepherd: I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table Thou has furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—"Gloria in Excelsis" ..... *Mozart*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Cradle Song" ..... *Nettleton*

(Soprano Solo and Chorus)

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

2 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay,
Oh, to tell the wondrous story,
How His foes abused their King,
How they killed the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

3 Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days;
Then to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Listen to the Lambs" ..... *Dett*

LISTEN to the Lambs! All a-crying!
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and carry the young lambs in His bosom. Amen.

Interlude—"Deep River" ..... *Negro Spiritual*

Congregational Hymn—672 ..... *"Dennis"*

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium Hymn—23 ..... *Parker*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

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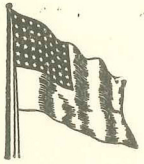
A SPECIAL SERVICE

FOR THE

VETERAN GUARD

THIRD REGIMENT INFANTRY, N. G. P.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 22nd, 1920

(Washington's Birthday)

At Four O'clock

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

THE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE
FIRST INFANTRY PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE MILITIA
ARE THE SPECIAL GUESTS OF THE
VETERAN GUARDS AT THIS SERVICE.

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Entrance ..... *Color Guard*
(PLACING OF FLAGS IN CHANCEL)

Processional ..... *The Choir*

While Standing—The Star Spangled Banner *By the Regimental Band*

Opening Sentences

General Confession and Absolution

In place of Psalter—Hymn 418 ..... *St. Anne*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadows of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in F ..... *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) ..... *Mendelssohn*

BE thou faithful unto death, and I will give to thee a crown of life. Be not afraid, my help is nigh.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Lord of Our Life" ..... *Field*

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven. Amen.

Offertory ..... *By the Regimental Band*

Congregational Hymn—196 ..... *"America"*

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King! Amen.

Prayers and Benediction

Taps ..... *By the Guard Bugler*

Recessional ..... *Dead March in "Saul"*

(The congregation will remain standing until the Guard has left the Church.)

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

February 29, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antiphon—"At the Cross her station keeping" ..... *French Melody*

Psalm—67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth; thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 101 ..... *Rockingham*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Duet—(Soprano and Tenor) ..... *Dvorak*

JESUS, Saviour, in Thy passion
Give me part, I pray Thee fashion
Every thought and act of mine.
May Thy cross, my soul inspiring,
Be my cross. May I, aspiring,
Ever yearn for the divine.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem ..... *Dvorak*

BLESSED Jesu, fount of mercy,
We, Thy faithful, in Thy passion,
All Thy sorrows share with Thee.

Interlude—Largo, from "New World Symphony" ..... *Dvorak*

Congregational Hymn—508 ..... *Marlow*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Jesus in the Garden" ..... *Traditional*

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flowers, the grass below.
Sorrow, Oh my soul, then sorrow!

To John, my servant and my friend,
My loving mother I commend,
O lead her home to bide with thee,
That she my anguish may not see.
Sorrow, Oh my soul, then sorrow!

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

March 7, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

As Antiphon—"Jesus in the Garden" ..... *Traditional*

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flowers, the grass below.
Sorrow, Oh my soul, then sorrow!

In place of Psalter—Anthem ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 104 ..... *Konig*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
Through the sinner's dying Friend.

2
Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3
Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4
Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5
Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6
For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—Tenor ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

THY rebuke hath broken His Heart,
He is full of heaviness.
He looked for some to have pity on Him;
But there was no man, neither found He any to comfort Him.
Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—Contralto Solo and Chorus ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

HE was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!
He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him,
And with His stripes we are healed.

Interlude—"Aria" ..... *Handel*

Congregational Hymn—335 ..... *Marsh*

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Collects and Benediction

PALM SUNDAY

March 28, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 91 ..... *St. Drostane*

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

In place of Psalter—"Lo, How a Rose" ..... *Praetorius*

LO, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old hath sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 't was foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright.
She bore to men a Saviour
When half spent was the night.

After First Lesson—"Sleep of the Child Jesus" ..... *Gevaert*

TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love.
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

2 'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd
Sleep, Thou little child;

3 'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, Thou little child;

After Second Lesson "Christ when a Child" ..... *Tschaikowsky*

CHRIST, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there;
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for His hair.
And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share;
They tore the flow'rs from ev'ry stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

2 "How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown,
Now that Thy roses all are dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.
They plaited then a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head;
A garland for His forehead made,
For roses drops of blood instead.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Surely He hath borne our Griefs ..... *Handel*

SURELY He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!
He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

Address .... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"The Palms" ..... *Faure*

O'ER all the way, green palms and blossoms gay
Are strewn to-day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears away,
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.

CHORUS

Join all and sing, His name declare,
Let every voice resound with acclamation,
Hosanna! praised be the Lord!
Bless Him, who cometh to bring us salvation!

2 His word goes forth, and people by His might
Once more regain freedom from degradation,
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the light.

3 Sing and rejoice, O Blest Jerusalem!
Of all thy sons sing the emancipation,
Thro' boundless love the Christ of Bethlehem
Brings faith and hope to thee forever more.

Interlude—Andante .... *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—319 ..... *Margaret*

THOU didst leave Thy throne and
Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there
found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels
sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to
earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds
had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living
word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with
crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Jesus in the Garden" ..... *Traditional*

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flowers, the grass below.
Sorrow, Oh my soul, then sorrow!

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

EASTER CAROL SERVICE

April 4, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 115 ..... *Martin*

THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

In place of Psalter—"This Joyful Easter-Tide" ..... *Traditional*

THIS joyful Easter-tide
Away with sin and sorrow!
My Love, the Crucified,
Hath sprung to life this morrow.
Had Christ, that once was slain,
Ne'er burst His three-day prison,
Our faith had been in vain;
But now hath Christ arisen.

2 My flesh in hope shall rest,
And for a season slumber;
Till trump from east to west
Shall wake the dead in number.

3 Death's flood hath lost his chill,
Since Jesus cross'd the river;
Lover of souls, from ill
My passing soul deliver.

After First Lesson—"There stood three Maries by the Tomb"
H. Alexander Matthews

THERE stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early;
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind
They came, the Prince of Life to find.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner Mary.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the blessed form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 The world itself keeps Easter day,
The heaven above is beaming,
All in high festival array,
The merry bells are gleaming.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians see ye rise as well!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

After Second Lesson—"Morn of Beauty! Morn of Gladness!" *Sibelius*

MORN of beauty! Morn of Gladness!
Brightening o'er the sinful earth,
Chasing shades of doubt and sadness,
Wak'ning all to holy mirth.
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 Past are the days of tears and mourning,
Peace and joy alone remain,
All hail the light of Easter dawning
On the darksome world again!
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Easter Song" ..... *Fehrman*

CHRIST is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it thro' the valleys,
Sin now is conquer'd, Christ doth atone,
Death now is vanquish'd, victory won,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

When to the dark tomb women came sadly,
Angels there told them these tidings gladly;
Join we the angels, glad heart and voice,
Christ is arisen, Christians rejoice!

Christ is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it through the valleys,
Jesus hath broken bonds of the grave,
Risen victorious, mighty to save,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

Address ..... *By the Rector*

In place of Anthem—"The Three Lilies" ..... *Old Breton Melody*

THREE lilies blossomed from the ground,
Christus resurrexit!
Where blood-drops fell from Jesus' wound.
Christus resurrexit!
One for each Mary burst into bloom,
Christus resurrexit!
When they sought Jesus at the tomb.
Christus resurrexit!

Interlude—"Ave Maris Stella" ..... *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn—121 ..... *Palestrina*

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 11, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 110 ..... *Sullivan*

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun has risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joys to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But today amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

In place of Psalter—"Praise to our God" ..... *Vulpius*

PRAISE to our God in heaven's throne,
Praise to His well beloved Son,
Who for us all hath all things done.
Hallelujah!

2 He has arisen from the grave,
Strong in His might, the pure and brave,
Mortals from sin and death to save.
Hallelujah!

3 Jesus, Who left Thy heaven fair,
Death and the grave for us to dare,
Grant us Thy blessed life to share.
Hallelujah!

After First Lesson—"By Early Morning Light" ..... *Traditional*

BY early morning light,
Ere yet the day was bright,
Three women came to seek their Lord;
But what their joy to hear
The Angel's message clear
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

They saw upon the tomb,
Dispelling all its gloom,
An angel fair in raiment white,
To them the angel said
Mourn not your Lord as dead,
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

After Second Lesson—"Praise ye the Lord" ..... *Arensky*

PRAISE ye the Lord in heaven,
Praise Him enthroned on high.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Morn of Beauty! Morn of Gladness!" ..... *Sibelius*

MORN of beauty! Morn of Gladness!
Brightening o'er the sinful earth,
Chasing shades of doubt and sadness,
Wak'ning all to holy mirth.
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Past are the days of tears and mourning,
Peace and joy alone remain,
All hail the light of Easter dawning
On the darksome world again!
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Address .... *By the Rector*

In place of Anthem—"The Three Lilies" ..... *Old Breton Melody*

THREE lilies blossomed from the ground,
Christus resurrexit!
Where blood-drops fell from Jesus' wound.
Christus resurrexit!
One for each Mary burst into bloom,
Christus resurrexit!
When they sought Jesus at the tomb.
Christus resurrexit!

Interlude—"Chant sans Paroles" ..... *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—121 ..... *Palestrina*

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Contralto, Clara Yocum Joyce

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 18, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 408 ..... *G. F. LeJeune*

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Psalm—46 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell: and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord; what destruction He hath brought upon the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world: He breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

10 Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis—in E ..... *Horatio Parker*

LORD, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people.

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem" ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

REJOICE ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, He healeth those that are broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, City of God.

Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.

O Lord, let there be peace in Thy strength, and abundance in Thy towers.

Peace be within Thy walls, and prosperity within Thy palaces.

Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let Thy saints shout for joy.

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her.

Address

Anthem—"O Brightness of the Immortal Father's Face" *Mark Andrews*

O BRIGHTNESS of the immortal Father's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed.

The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lights of evening shine.
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit adored.

Worthiest art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord:
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored.

Interlude—"Romance" ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

Congregational Hymn—386 ..... *Hastings*

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 23 ..... *Horatio Parker*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett

Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 25, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 325 ..... *Beethoven*

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now Thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

Psalm—93 ..... *Gregorian*

THE LORD is King, and hath put on glorious apparel: the LORD hath put on his apparel, and girded himself with strength.

2 He hath made the round world so sure: that it cannot be moved.

3 Ever since the world began, hath Thy seat been prepared: Thou art from everlasting.

4 The floods are risen, O LORD, the floods have lift up their voice: the floods lift up their waves.

5 The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly: but yet the LORD, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.

6 Thy testimonies, O LORD, are very sure: holiness becometh Thine house for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in B flat ..... *Stanford*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "O Saviour hear me" ..... *Gluck*

O SAVIOUR hear me, I implore Thee,
In Thee alone can peace be found;
Thou canst sustain and Thou restore me,
What e'er the cares that hover round.
Hear my supplication,
Turn on me Thy loving eyes.

When cares of earth to me seem heavy,
Heart sore I seek of Thee relief;
Thy grace remaineth ever ready
To soothe my pain, to assuage my grief.
Hear my supplication,
Turn on me Thy loving eyes.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"O Gladsome Light" ..... *Arkhangelsky*

O GLADSOME light of the holy glory of the Father,
Immortal, heavenly, holy, blessed Jesus Christ.
Now that we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
And the lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, ever Divine.
O worthy art Thou at all times to be sung with undefiled tongue.
Therefore all the world doth glorify Thee.

Interlude—"Folk Song" ..... *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn—345 ..... *Mason*

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 535 ..... *Barnby*

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor **Tenor, Howell S. Zulick**
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lillian Webb

SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 11, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 110 ..... *Sullivan*

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun has risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joys to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But today amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. Amen.

In place of Psalter—"Praise to our God" ..... *Vulpius*

PRAISE to our God in heaven's throne,
Praise to His well beloved Son,
Who for us all hath all things done.
Hallelujah!

2 He has arisen from the grave,
Strong in His might, the pure and brave,
Mortals from sin and death to save.
Hallelujah!

3 Jesus, Who left Thy heaven fair,
Death and the grave for us to dare,
Grant us Thy blessed life to share.
Hallelujah!

After First Lesson—"By Early Morning Light" ..... *Traditional*

BY early morning light,
Ere yet the day was bright,
Three women came to seek their Lord;
But what their joy to hear
The Angel's message clear
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

They saw upon the tomb,
Dispelling all its gloom,
An angel fair in raiment white,
To them the angel said
Mourn not your Lord as dead,
Fear not, for Christ the Lord is risen!

After Second Lesson—"Praise ye the Lord" ..... *Arensky*

PRAISE ye the Lord in heaven,
Praise Him enthroned on high.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Morn of Beauty! Morn of Gladness!" ..... *Sibelius*

MORN of beauty! Morn of Gladness!
Brightening o'er the sinful earth,
Chasing shades of doubt and sadness,
Wak'ning all to holy mirth.
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Past are the days of tears and mourning,
Peace and joy alone remain,
All hail the light of Easter dawning
On the darksome world again!
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Address .... *By the Rector*

In place of Anthem—"The Three Lilies" ..... *Old Breton Melody*

THREE lilies blossomed from the ground,
Christus resurrexit!
Where blood-drops fell from Jesus' wound.
Christus resurrexit!
One for each Mary burst into bloom,
Christus resurrexit!
When they sought Jesus at the tomb.
Christus resurrexit!

Interlude—"Chant sans Paroles" ..... *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—121 ..... *Palestrina*

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Contralto, Clara Yocum Joyce

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Weideman

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 18, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 408 ..... *G. F. LeJeune*

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Psalm—46 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell: and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord; what destruction He hath brought upon the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world: He breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

10 Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis—in E ..... *Horatio Parker*

LORD, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people.

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem" ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

REJOICE ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, He healeth those that are broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, City of God.

Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.

O Lord, let there be peace in Thy strength, and abundance in Thy towers.

Peace be within Thy walls, and prosperity within Thy palaces.

Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let Thy saints shout for joy.

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her.

Address

Anthem—"O Brightness of the Immortal Father's Face" *Mark Andrews*

O BRIGHTNESS of the immortal Father's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed.

The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lights of evening shine.
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit adored.

Worthiest art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord:
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored.

Interlude—"Romance" ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

Congregational Hymn—386 ..... *Hastings*

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 23 ..... *Horatio Parker*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Christina Haslett

Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

April 25, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 325 ..... *Beethoven*

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now Thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

Psalm—93 ..... *Gregorian*

THE LORD is King, and hath put on glorious apparel: the LORD hath put on his apparel, and girded himself with strength.

2 He hath made the round world so sure: that it cannot be moved.

3 Ever since the world began, hath Thy seat been prepared: Thou art from everlasting.

4 The floods are risen, O LORD, the floods have lift up their voice: the floods lift up their waves.

5 The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly: but yet the LORD, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.

6 Thy testimonies, O LORD, are very sure: holiness becometh Thine house for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in B flat ..... *Stanford*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "O Saviour hear me" ..... *Gluck*

O SAVIOUR hear me, I implore Thee,
In Thee alone can peace be found;
Thou canst sustain and Thou restore me,
What e'er the cares that hover round.
Hear my supplication,
Turn on me Thy loving eyes.

When cares of earth to me seem heavy,
Heart sore I seek of Thee relief;
Thy grace remaineth ever ready
To soothe my pain, to assuage my grief.
Hear my supplication,
Turn on me Thy loving eyes.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"O Gladsome Light" ..... *Arkhangelsky*

O GLADSOME light of the holy glory of the Father,
Immortal, heavenly, holy, blessed Jesus Christ.
Now that we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
And the lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, ever Divine.
O worthy art Thou at all times to be sung with undefiled tongue.
Therefore all the world doth glorify Thee.

Interlude—"Folk Song" ..... *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn—345 ..... *Mason*

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 535 ..... *Barnby*

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor **Tenor, Howell S. Zulick**
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lillian Webb

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

May 2, 1920

SELECTIONS FROM MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

General Confession

Lord's Prayer and Versicles

In place of Psalter—Hymn 412 ..... *Dykes*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

Lesson

Reviving the Dead ..... *Mendelssohn*

Recitative.

An Angel.—Now Cherith's brook is dried up, Elijah, arise and depart, and get thee to Zarephath; thither abide: for the Lord hath commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. And the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail. until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

Recitative and Air.

The Widow.—What have I to do with thee, O man of God? art thou come to me, to call my sin unto remembrance? to slay my son art thou come hither? Help me, man of God! my son is sick! and his sickness is so sore, that there is no breath left in him! I go mourning all the day long; I lie down and weep at night. See mine affliction. Be thou the orphan's helper.

Elijah.—Give me thy son. Turn unto her, O Lord my God; in mercy help this widow's son! For thou are gracious, and full of compassion, and plenteous in mercy and truth. Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

The Widow.—Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee?

Elijah.—Lord, my God, O let the spirit of this child return, that he again may live!

The Widow.—The Lord hath heard thy prayer, the soul of my son reviveth!

Elijah.—Now behold, thy son liveth!

The Widow.—Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that His word in thy mouth is the truth. What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?

Both.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

O blessed are they who fear Him!

Chorus.

Blessed are the men who fear Him: they ever walk in the ways of peace. Through darkness riseth light to the upright. He is gracious, compassionate; He is righteous.

Creed and Prayers

O Rest in the Lord—(Contralto Solo) ..... *Mendelssohn*

O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

Address

In the Wilderness ..... *Mendelssohn*

Recitative.

Obadiah.—Man of God, now let my words be precious in thy sight. Thus saith Jezebel; "Elijah is worthy to die." So the mighty gather against thee, and they have prepared a net for thy steps; that they may seize thee, that they may slay thee. Arise, then, and hasten for thy life; to the wilderness journey. The Lord thy God doth go with thee: He will not fail thee, He will not forsake thee. Now begone, and bless me also.

Elijah.—Though stricken, they have not grieved! Tarry here, my servant: the Lord be with thee. I journey hence to the wilderness.

Air.

Elijah.—It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers! I desire to live no longer: now let me die, for my days are but vanity!

I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts! for the children of Israel have broken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I, only am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

Recitative.

See, now he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree in the wilderness: and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him.

Chorus.

Angels.—He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps. Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.

Congregational Hymn—422 ..... *Langran*

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor
Soprano, Mildrer Faas
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Contralto, Clara Yocum Joyce

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lillian Webb

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

ROGATION SUNDAY

May 9, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS
at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude
Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 192 ..... *Kocher*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2
All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3
Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4
As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

Psalm—147 ..... *Gregorian*

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem : and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart : and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving : sing praises upon the harp unto our God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth : and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men;

Who giveth fodder unto the cattle : and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates : and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders : and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in C ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "With Verdure Clad" ..... *Hayden*

AND God said, let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight.
Here fragrant herbs their odors shed;
Here shoots the healing plant.
With copious fruit th' expanded boughs are hung;
In leafy arches twine the shady groves;
O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"The Heavens are Telling" ..... *Hayden*

THE heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His work displays the firmament;
To day that is coming speaks it the day,
The night that is gone to following night.
In all the lands resounds the word,
Never unperceived, ever understood.

Interlude—"Tone Poem" ..... *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn—"O Beautiful for Spacious Skies" ..... *Ward*

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruitful plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

2

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law!

3

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

4

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea! Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 19 ..... *Hopkins*

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor — Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY

May 16, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH & STREET BELOW SPRUCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 128 ..... *Monk*

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His Throne above the skies;
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.
Alleluia!

2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
He hath conquered death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.
Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia!

4 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.
Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race.
Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.
Alleluia!

Psalm—24 ..... *Gregorian*

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas: and prepared it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord: or who shall rise up in his holy place?

4 Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him: even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory: It is the Lord, strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory: Even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Lesson

Magnificat—in G Minor ..... *Tertius Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) "Let Not Your Heart be Troubled" ..... *Lucina Jewell*

AND Jesus said:
Let not your heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid.
Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.
In my Father's house are many mansions;
If it were not so, I would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you;
I will come again and receive you unto Myself;
That where I am, there ye may be also.
And whither I go ye know; And the way ye know.
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting" ..... *Gounod*

UNFOLD, ye portals everlasting, With welcome to receive Him ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky; Back to the heavenly mansions hasting, for lo, the King comes nigh. But who is He, the King of Glory? He Who Death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty. Of hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers; the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Interlude—"Andante" ..... *Glinka*

Congregational Hymn—450 ..... *Holden*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe.
And crown Him Lord of all!
Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 375 ..... *Dykes*

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor **Tenor, Howell S. Zulick**
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lil ian Webb

WHITSUNDAY

May 23, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 386 ..... *Smart*

HOLY Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love and peace,
Look upon the Mediator.
Clothe us with His righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic Hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them
Thine. Amen.

Psalm—121 ..... *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in F ..... *Tertius Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "Like as the Hart" ..... *Allitsen*

LIKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks,
So longeth my soul after Thee, O God;
My soul is athirst for God.
Yea, even for the living God!
When shall I come into the presence of God?
My tears have been my meat, day and night,
While they daily say unto me,
Where is now thy God?
Why art thou so full of heaviness, my soul,
And why art thou so disquieted within me?
Oh, put thy trust in God.
For I will yet thank Him Who is the health of my countenance,
and my God.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—(Soprano) "Holy Spirit, Come" ..... *Martin*

HOLY Spirit, come, O come,
Send from Thy celestial home
The glory of Thy light divine.
Father of the poor, descend,
Bounteous giver, constant Friend,
Come into our hearts and shine.
Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most joyous guest,
Thou, all-quick'ning Saving One,
'Mid earth's labor rest most meet,
'Mid earth's tempest calm and sweet,
'Mid earth's tears true peace alone.
Come, then, O most blessed Light,
Come, and fill with radiance bright
Hearts most faithfully Thine own.

Thy sustaining grace apart,
Ev'ry good doth fail man's heart,
Naught therein but ill hath sway,
Cleanse Thou all impurity,
Pour Thy dew upon the dry,
Heal all wounds, the pains allay,
Gently the unyielding bend,
Warmth into the cold heart send,
Guide the wanderer in Thy way.
On Thy faithful here below,
Trusting in Thy strength, bestow
This Thy holy seven-fold grace;
Grant them strength that shall uplift,
Grant salvation's highest gift
Ever to behold Thy face. Amen.

Interlude—"Andantino" ..... *Rimsky-Korsakow*

Congregational Hymn—414 ..... *Dykes*

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty:
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 9 ..... *Stainer*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

2 Holy Spirit, Be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist, . . Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist, . . Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist, . . Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor **Tenor, Howell S. Zulick**
Soprano, Mildred Faas

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb

Eighteenth Sunday After Trinity

OCTOBER 3, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 520 ..... *Messiter*

REJOICE, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

Psalm—48 ..... *Gregorian*

GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even upon his holy hill.

2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: upon the north side lieth the city of the great King; God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.

3 For lo, the kings of the earth: are gathered, and gone by together.

4 They marvelled to see such things: they were astonished, and suddenly cast down.

5 Fear came there upon them, and sorrow: as upon a woman in her travail.

6 Thou shalt break the ships of the sea: through the east-wind.

7 Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God upholdeth the same for ever.

8 We wait for thy loving-kindness, O God: in the midst of thy temple.

9 O God, according to thy Name, so is thy praise unto the world's end: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

10 Let the mount Sion rejoice, and the daughter of Judah be glad: because of thy judgments.

11 Walk about Sion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof.

12 Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after.

13 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he shall be our guide unto death.

Lesson .....

Magnificat—in F ..... *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filed the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "I Know in Whom I Have Believed" ..... *Scott*

I KNOW in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed into His charge, until that day.

For behold, the day cometh, that shall burn like an oven, when all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts; and it shall leave them neither root nor branch.

But, unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise, with healing in His wings.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"O Wisdom" ..... *Tertius Noble*

O WISDOM! Spirit of the Holy God,
Effulgent glory of eternal light,
Thou order'st all things, O divinest Might,
Strong Wisdom, Spirit of the Holy God.

O Sovereign Lord, Thou master of man's soul,
Inspire, we pray Thee, by Thy human name,
Man's feeble will with Love's perpetual flame,
And hold the wheels of life, with strong control.

O steadfast Spirit of the Holy God,
O come, be near us, guide us day by day,
With saving hand, along Thy marvelous way,
Fair Wisdom, Spirit of the Holy God.

Interlude—" Andante "..... *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn—450..... *Holden*

ALL hail the power of Jesus Name!
Let angels prostrate rall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 19..... *Hopkins*

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light:
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan

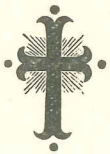
USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb

FREEMAN P. STROUP, Ph. M.

Nineteenth Sunday After Trinity

OCTOBER 10, 1920



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P, M.

Processional—Hymn 401 ..... *Martin*

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.

3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

Psalm—13 ..... *Gregorian*

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O Lord; for ever: how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

2. How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so vexed in my heart: how long shall mine enemies triumph over me?

3. Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death;

4. Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him: for if I be cast down, they that trouble me will rejoice at it.

5. But my trust is thy mercy: and my heart is joyful in thy salvation.

6. I will sing of the Lord, because he hath dealt so lovingly with me: yea, I will praise the name of the Lord most highest.

Lesson .....

Hunc dimittis—in B flat ..... *Stanford*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) "My Soul is Athirst for God" ..... *Gaul*

MY soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

O bring Thou me out of my trouble.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"A Song in the Night" ..... *Woodman*

While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty word of the Lord came down.

All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth —See ye! and when he bloweth a trumpet—Hear ye!

Ye shall have a song, a song in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come unto the mountain of the Lord.

Ye shall have a song, a song in the night.
There is a song so thrilling, so far all songs excelling,
That he who sings it, sings it oft again.
No mortal did invent it, but God by angels sent it,
So deep and earnest, yet so sweet and plain.
The love that it revealeth, all earthly sorrows healeth;
They flee like mist before the break of day.
When, O my soul, thou learnest this song of songs in earnest,
Thy cares and sorrows all shall pass away.

Interlude—"Andante" ..... *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—491 ..... *S. S. Wesley*

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb

Twenty-First Sunday After Trinity

OCTOBER 24, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 519 ..... *Morley*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing:
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne. Amen.

Psalm—23 ..... *Gregorian*

THE Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

3 He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the path of righteousness for his Name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in F ..... *Coleridge-Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprano) "The King of Love" ..... *Gounod*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Listen to the Lambs" ..... *Dett*

LISTEN to the Lambs! All a-crying!
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and carry the young lambs in His bosom. Amen.

Interlude—"Deep River" ..... *Negro Spiritual*

Congregational Hymn—616 ..... *Bradbury*

HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain:
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Prayers

Postludium—"Hymn 552 ..... *Hayne*

LOVING Saviour of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from Thy hand.

Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan

USHERS

Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Christina Haslett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb

Twenty-Second Sunday After Trinity

OCTOBER 31, 1920

Sunday Before All Saints' Day

CHURCH ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P, M.

Antiphon—.....*Goss*

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours.

Psalm—121.....*Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

2. My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5. The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defense upon thy right hand;

6. So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis—in B-flat.....*Stanford*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

In Place of Solo—"Crossing the Bar".....*Barnby*

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which we drew from out of the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell.
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Address.....*By the Rector*

Anthem—"Souls of the Righteous".....*Banks*

SOULS of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord,
And let light perpetual shine upon them. Amen.

Interlude—"The Angelus".....*Massenet*

Congregational Hymn—176 ..... *Barnby*

LOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb

Twenty-Fourth Sunday After Trinity

NOVEMBER 14, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 311 ..... *Jeffery*

ANCIENT of days, Who sittest, throned in glory,
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus. Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost. the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase:
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
Amen.

Psalm—46 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble.
2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea;
3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell: and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.
4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.
5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed: God shall help her, and that right early.
6 The heathen make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved: but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.
7 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.
8 O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord; what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.
9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world: he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.
10 Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be exalted in the earth.
11 The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis in C ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor)—"There Is No Death" ..... *Geoffrey O'Hara*

I TELL you they have not died,
They live and breathe with you;
They walk now here at your side,
They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod,
When you can feel their breath,
When flow'r and soul and God
Knows there is no death!

I tell you they have not died,
Their hands clasp yours and mine;
They are now but glorified,
They have become divine.
They live! they know! they see!
They shout with every breath:
"All is Eternal life!
There is no death!"

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Lovely Appear over the Mountains" ..... *Gounod*

LOVELY appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
Ye mountains. ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession,
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,
In the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone.
In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding,
Shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground;
Under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound,
Void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding.
Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly.
Shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

Interlude—"Largo" ..... *Gluck*

Congregational Hymn—"Faith of Our Fathers" ..... *Walton*

FAITH of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

Refrain.

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.

2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them could die for Thee.

3 Faith of our Fathers! Faith and Prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free.

Postludium—"God's Peace is Peace Eternal" ..... *Grieg*

GOD'S peace is peace eternal,
Here discords all our joys displace;
We wage a war infernal.
And gentle mercy finds no place.

2 Life is our time of trial now,
Before the Judge we all must bow,
God merciful and kind will shield us,
And from the evil set us free.

3 He knoweth when to sin we yield us;
The path we follow recklessly;
He will the vilest soul release
Who turns from sin to heaven's peace.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb

Sunday Next Before Advent

NOVEMBER 21, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antipbon—"Jesu Word of God Incarnate"..... *Gounod*

JESU, Word of God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin Mary born;
On the cross Thy sacred body,
For us men with nails was torn.

Cleanse us by the blood and water,
Streaming from Thy pierced side.
Feed us with Thy body broken,
Now, and in death's agony.

Jesu, hear us,
O Jesu, spare us,
Jesu, Son of Mary!
Oh grant us, Lord, Thy mercy. Amen.

Lesson

Gloria in Excelsis..... *Gounod*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In Place of Solo—"Benedictus"..... *Gounod*

BLESSED is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Address..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Sanctus"..... *Gounod*

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. Amen.

Interlude—"Aria"..... *Mattheson*

Congregational Hymn—412..... *Dykes*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in Love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen"..... *Stainer*

First Sunday in Advent

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING OBSERVANCE

NOVEMBER 28, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn 192.....*Kocher*

GOD of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine. Amen.

In Place of Psalter "Gloria in Excelsis".....*Mozart*

GLORIA in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus, benedicimus, adoramus, glorificamus, gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam, Domine Deus, Deus Rex Coelestis, Deus Pater Omnipotens. Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—Hymn 418.....*Croft*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "O Country Bright and Fair".....*Horatio Parker*

O COUNTRY bright and fair,
What are thy beauties rare?
What thy rich treasure?
Thy name brings joyful tears,
Falling upon our ears,
Sweet beyond measure.

Thou art the home of rest,
Thy mention to the breast
Gives bliss unspoken.
Who learn thy blessed ways
Shall have, in songs of praise,
Comfort unbroken.

Thou only mansion bright,
Full of supreme delight,
Thou art preparing.
There shall all tears be dry.
There is serenest joy,
All shall be sharing.

Address.....*By the Rector*

Anthem—"Recessional".....*H. Alexander Matthews*

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser creeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding call not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Congregational Hymn—196 ..... *"America"*

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

3 Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

4 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state! Amen.

Collects and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews

Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler

'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin

Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas

Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan

Tenor, Howell S. Zulick

Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie

Miss Grace Duncan

Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray

Miss Elizabeth Happersett

Miss Marguerite Holt

Miss Dorothy Shoemaker

Miss Lilian Webb

Miss Kathryn Williams

Second Sunday in Advent

DECEMBER 5, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 397 ..... *Plain Song*

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfillment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Psalm—126 ..... *Gregorian*

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion: then were we like unto them that dream.

2 Then was our mouth filled with laughter: and our tongue with joy.

3 Then said they among the heathen: The Lord hath done great things for them.

4 Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already: whereof we rejoice.

5 Turn our captivity, O Lord: as the rivers in the south.

6 They that sow in tears: shall reap in joy.

7 He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis ..... *Tertius Noble*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Baritone)—"A New Heaven and a New Earth" ..... *Gaul*

THUS saith the Lord, Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create: for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and earth were passed away. And I saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem.
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts.

I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the Seraphim, and one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts.

Address

Anthem—"There shall be no more Night".....*David D. Wood*

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street thereof and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. There shall be no more curse, nor pain, nor death. But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face. There shall be no light there; and they need no lamp, nor light of the sun, for the Lord God shall give them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Interlude—"Aria" .....*Handel*

Congregational Hymn—335.....*Marsh*

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide
Oh receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 19..... .....*Hopkins*

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night. Amen.

Third Sunday in Advent

DECEMBER 12, 1920

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 45 ..... *Ancient Plain Song*

OH COME, oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save;
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Amen.

Psalm—121 ..... *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

2. My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5. The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

6. So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Lesson

Magnificat—in G minor ..... *Noble*

MY SOUL doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Contralto) "O Rest in the Lord" ..... *Mendelsshon*

O REST in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"I Waited for the Lord" ..... *Mendelsshon*

I WAITED for the Lord, He inclined unto me, He heard my complaint. Oh, blessed are they that hope and trust in the Lord.

Interlude—"Evening Song" ..... *Schumann*

Congregational Hymn—481 ..... *Hastings*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes.
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 645 ..... *Sullivan*

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

Organist and Choirmaster, Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

First Sunday After Epiphany

JANUARY 9, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 65 ..... *Kocher*

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
All our costliest treasures bring;
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.
Pure and free from sin's alloy,

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

Psalm—48 ..... *Georgian*

GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even up his holy hill.

2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: upon the north side lieth the city of the great King; God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.

3 For lo, the kings of the earth: are gathered, and gone by together.

4 They marvelled to see such things: they were astonished, and suddenly cast down.

5 Fear came there upon them, and sorrow: as upon a woman in her travail.

6 Thou shalt break the ships of the sea: through the east-wind.

7 Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God upholdeth the same for ever.

8 We wait for thy loving-kindness, O God: in the midst of thy temple.

9 O God, according to thy Name, so is thy praise unto the world's end: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

10 Let the mount Sion rejoice, and the daughter of Judah be glad: because of thy judgments.

11 Walk about Sion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof.

12 Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after.

13 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he shall be our guide unto death.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—"In Bethlem's Manger Lowly" *Traditional*

IN Bethlem's manger lowly,
There lies a little Child,
All fair and sweet and holy,
The Saviour undefiled.
Jesus! Saviour!
I choose Thine own to be.

The shepherds poor adore Thee,
Great kings bring tribute rare,
I lay my heart before Thee,
Thou Child beyond compare.
Jesus! Saviour!
Thou Child beyond compare.

We come to Thee, Lord Jesus,
Our hope and joy Thou art,
From sin Thou wilt release us,
And comfort every heart.
Jesus! Saviour!
Now comfort every heart.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprano) ..... *Handel*

HOW beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"God is with us" ..... *Kastalsky*

GOD is with us, O ye nations understand. Submit yourselves, for God is with us! Give ear, all ye of far-countries. Gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together and it shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand. Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts, Himself, and let Him be your fear. He shall be for a Sanctuary. I will wait upon the Lord, and I will look for Him.

Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulder. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Interlude— Folk Song..... *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn—324..... *Haweis*

JOY to the world! the Lord is come
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 645..... .....*Dykes*

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest.

Organist and Choirmaster .....Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

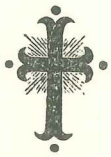
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Second Sunday After Epiphany

JANUARY 16, 1921



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 63 ..... *Hassler*

EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

5 Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.

Psalm—53 ..... *Gregorian*

1 The foolish body hath said in his heart: There is no God.
2 Corrupt are they, and become abominable in their wickedness: there is none that doeth good.
3 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men: to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God.
4 But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable: there is also none that doeth good, no not one.
5. Are not they without understanding that work wickedness: eating up my people as if they would eat bread? They have not called upon God.
6 They were afraid where no fear was: for God hath broken the bones of him that besieged thee; thou hast put them to confusion, because God hath despised them.
7 O that the salvation were given unto Israel out of Sion: O that the Lord would deliver his people out of capavity!
8 Then should Jacob rejoice: and Israel should be right glad.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—Hymn 450 ..... *Holden*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Creed and Prayers

In Place of Solo—"Doubt Not Thy Father's Care" ..... *Elgar*

DOUBT not thy Father's care;
For every grief he finds relief,
And answers every prayer.

Night comes: the sun is lost;
He doth provide, in the heavens wide,
The gleam of a starry host.

Night comes: the soul is dark;
All joy is dead, all gladness fled,
And life has missed its mark.

Then Thou, the wounded soul,
In that sad hour, with healing power
Dost touch, and makest whole.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem— "Light of the World" ..... *Elgar*

LIGHT of the world, we know Thy praise,
The angels and archangels raise,
And all the host of heaven;
More worthy than our faint hymns,
Whose jarring sound that glory dims,
Which God to thee hast given;
But Thou didst not disdain to take
Our low estate, or even to make
The tomb Thy resting place;
So Thou might bring into our night
The dawn of Thine eternal Light,
To shine upon our face.
Nor death, nor hell, nor sin is Lord,
But Thou, O Son of God.
Thy word is now our sovereign law.
Therefore we thank Thee, and we pray
Thy Light may shine unto the Perfect Day,
On us for evermore.

Interlude— "Andante" ..... *Rimsky—Korsakow*

Congregational Hymn—252 ..... *Webb*

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Sion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love.
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster ..... Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Sunday Called Septuagesima

JANUARY 23, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

FOUR NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

1. **They Will Not Lend Me a Child.**
2. **Lament. (I'm Troubled in Mind)**
3. **Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.**
4. **Deep River.**

Processional—Hymn 482 ..... *Horatio Parker*

IN loud exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
But Sion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.
—Amen.

Psalm—67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth; thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad; for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in C ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"The Twilight Shadows Fall" ..... *David D. Wood*

The twilight shadows fall,
But do not fear,
At evening comes the call
"Be of good cheer."
Though dark the clouds above,
Trusting our Father's love,
The sun sets clear.

The twilight shadows fall,
We kneel at peace
With Thee, the world and all,
Our faith increase!
Truth, hope and love abide,
Lord, Thou hast satisfied.
Vain troubling cease!

The twilight shadows fall,
Life's goal is nigh;
We soon may hear Thee call
"Come up on high."
Then fades the night away,
Greet we the perfect day,
God's cloudless sky.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"A Song in the Night" ..... *Huntimgton Woodman*

WHILE all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty word of the Lord came down.

All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth —See ye! and when he bloweth a trumpet—Hear ye!

Ye shall have a song, a song in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come unto the mountain of the Lord.

Ye shall have a song, a song in the night.
There is a song so thrilling, so far all songs excelling,
That he who sings it, sings it oft again.
No mortal did invent it, but God by angels sent it,
So deep and earnest, yet so sweet and plain.
The love that it revealeth, all earthly sorrows healeth;
They flee like mist before the break of day.
When, O my soul, thou learnest this song of songs in earnest,
Thy cares and sorrows all shall pass away.

Interlude—"Chant" ..... *Negro Spiritual*

Congregational Hymn—11 ..... *Ritter*

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 23 ..... *Horatio Parker*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Organist and Choirmaster ..... Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Russian Music Service

JANUARY 30, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antiphon ..... *Tschaikowsky*

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Opening Sentences

General Confession and Absolution

Praise Ye the Lord—In place of Psalter..... *Arensky*

OH, praise ye the Lord in heaven, praise Him enthroned on high! Alleluia!

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis ..... *Gretchaninof*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Collects

God is with us—In place of Solo..... *Kastalsky*

GOD is with us, O ye nations understand. Submit yourselves, for God is with us! Give ear, all ye of far countries. Gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together and it shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand. Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts, Himself, and let Him be your fear. He shall be for a Sanctuary. I will wait upon the Lord, and I will look for Him.

Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulder. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Address

Hymn to the Trinity..... *Rachmaninoff*

GLORY to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, both now and ever, and to ages of ages. Amen.

Only begotten Son, Word of the Father, Who art immortal, Thou didst vouchsafe for our salvation to become incarnate of the Holy Mother of God, the blessed and ever Virgin Mary.

Changeless Essence, lo, Thou wast made very Man; and crucified, Thou the God-man, to vanquish death by dying.

Thou alone, O Christ, art glorified in the Trinity with Father and Holy Spirit; O save us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

To Thee, O Lord, we cry. Amen.

Interlude—"Serenade" ..... *Rachmaninoff*

Congregational Hymn— 435 ..... *Alexis Lvoff*

GOD, the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. Amen.

Prayers

Organist and Choirmaster ..... Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist ..... Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

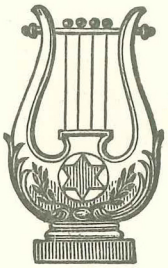
Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

SERVICE OF

OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC

February 6, 1921

(Sunday Before Lent)



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Song Without Words ..... *Mendelssohn*

Kammenoi Ostrow ..... *Rubenstein*

Largo ..... *Handel*

Improvisation on Hymn Tunes

Opening Hymn—470 ..... *"Old Hundred"*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen.

Psalm—23 (Genevau Psalter) ..... *"Martyrdom"*

THE Lord's my Shepherd: I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, any Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table Thou has furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—"Gloria in Excelsis" ..... *Mozart*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord; thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprono)—"Ave Maria" ..... *Gounod-Bach*

AVE MARIA, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.
Sancta Maria
Ora pro nobis, peccatoribus, nunc
Et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Address ..... By the Rector

Anthem—"The Radiant Morn" ..... *Woodward*

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly passed.
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last,

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Interlude—"Adagio from Moonlight Sonata" ..... *Beethoven*

Congregational Hymn—672 ..... *"Dennis"*

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium Hymn—652 ..... *Spohr*

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Organist and Choirmaster ..... Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
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Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

First Sunday in Lent

February 13, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

SERVICES FOR LENT

Monday,	5.00 o'clock....	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock....	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock....	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock....	Evening Prayer and Address
Sunday,	8.00 o'clock....	Holy Communion
	10.00 o'clock....	Sunday School
	11.00 o'clock....	Morning Prayer and Sermon
	2.30 o'clock....	Bible Classes and Primary Dept.
	4.00 o'clock....	Special Service

LITANY, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—78 ..... *'Old English"*

LORD! Who throughout these forty days,
For us didst fast and pray,
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins,
And close by Thee to stay.

2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win,
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesu! with us abide.

5 Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last!

—Amen.

THE LITANY

OR GENERAL SUPPLICATION.

The origin of the Litany, and also the name itself, is Greek. It is essentially a public service of supplication. In the East we find the name applied, in early times, to various solemn services of prayer. But the name, originally general in sense, came to be technically applied, in the fourth century, to a definite Form of Supplication in times of special need. It was usually sung in procession around the parish bounds, with hymns and frequent responses, and with Collects at the various halting places.

Hymn 340 ..... *Lane*

IN the hour of trial,
Jesu, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that moral strife,
Jesu, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

Address ..... By the Rector

Anthem—A Ballad of Trees and the Master .... *H. Alexander Matthews*

INTO the woods the Master went, clean forspent,
Into the woods the Master came, forspent with love and shame,
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went, and He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came, content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

Interlude—"Priere" ..... *Cesar Franck*

Congregational Hymn—335 ..... *Martyn*

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah; leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium Hymn—89 ..... *Spanish Chant*

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

Organist and Choirmaster ..... Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
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Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Second Sunday in Lent

February 20, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

SERVICES FOR LENT

Monday,	5.00 o'clock....	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock....	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock....	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock....	Evening Prayer and Address
Sunday,	8.00 o'clock....	Holy Communion
	10.00 o'clock....	Sunday School
	11.00 o'clock....	Morning Prayer and Sermon
	2.30 o'clock....	Bible Classes and Primary Dept.
	4.00 o'clock....	Special Service

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—608 ..... *Pitts*

LO! the voice of Jesus
Fondly speaks to all:
He it is Who frees us
From sin's bitter thrall;
He it is Whose nature,
Human as our own,
Pleads for every creature
By the Father's throne.

2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distrest:
Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure:
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure;
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight. Amen.

Psalm—67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth; thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 344 ..... *Mason*

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Jesus in the Garden" ..... *Traditional*

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flowers, the grass below.
Sorrow, Oh my soul, then sorrow!

To John, my servant and my friend,
My loving mother I commend,
O lead her home to bide with thee,
That she my anguish may not see.
Sorrow, Oh my soul, then sorrow!

Address ..... By the Rector

Anthem—"Blessed Jesu" ..... *Dvorak*

BLESSED Jesu, fount of mercy,
We, Thy faithful, in Thy passion,
All Thy sorrows share with Thee.

Interlude—Andante ..... *Gluck*

Congregational Hymn—508 ..... *Chetham*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

Prayers and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster.....Mr. H. Alexander Matthews
Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

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USHERS

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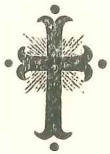
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Third Sunday in Lent

February 27, 1921



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

SERVICES FOR LENT

Monday,	5.00 o'clock....	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock....	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock....	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock....	Evening Prayer and Address
Sunday,	8.00 o'clock....	Holy Communion
	10.00 o'clock....	Sunday School
	11.00 o'clock....	Morning Prayer and Sermon
	2.30 o'clock....	Bible Classes and Primary Dept.
	4.00 o'clock....	Special Service

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—365 ..... *Barnby*

HAIL, Thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor:
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!
Amen.

In place of Psalter—Anthem ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 363 ..... *Maker*

O LAMB of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side!
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.—Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—Tenor ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

THY rebuke hath broken His Heart,
He is full of heaviness.
He looked for some to have pity on Him;
But there was no man, neither found He any to comfort Him.
Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

Address ..... By the Rector

Anthem—Contralto Solo and Chorus ..... *Handel*

(From "The Messiah.")

HE was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!
He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

Interlude—"Aria" ..... *Handel*

Congregational Hymn—104 ..... *Konig*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
Through the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.
—Amen.

Prayers and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster.....Mr. H. Alex. Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Edynfed Lewis
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Fourth Sunday in Lent

March 6, 1921

SELECTIONS FROM BACH'S ST. MATTHEW PASSION

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

The Agony in the Garden.....*Bach*

Chorale—Near Thee would I be staying;
O Lord, disdain me not;
From Thee would ne'er be straying,
How dark soe'er Thy lot.
Till Thou dost yield Thy spirit
To meet the stroke of death,
Thy love I'd seek to merit,
And soothe Thy latest breath.

Recit. (Tenor and Bass)—Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith to His disciples: Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray. And He took with Him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful, and very heavy. Then saith Jesus to them: My soul is exceeding sorrowful, e'en unto death; tarry here, and watch with Me.

Solo (Tenor)
and Chorus—O grief! how throbs his heavy laden breast!
His spirit faints, how pale His weary face!
My Saviour, why should agony befall Thee?
He to the Judgment-hall is brought,
There is no help, no comfort near.
Ah, my offences thus to suffer call Thee;
The powers of darkness now assail Him.
His chosen friends will soon forsake Him.
Yet I should bear the pain of my demerit,
Not Thy sweet spirit.
Ah! if my love Thy stay could be
If I could gauge Thy grief and share it,
Could make it less or help to bear it,
How gladly would I watch with Thee.

I would beside my Lord be wacthing,
That evil draw me not astray,
For my sake
He to die will undertake,
His sorrow joy for me secureth.
The griefs that He for us endureth,
How bitter, yet how sweet, are they.

Lesson

The Betrayal and Arrest.....*Bach*

Recit. (Tenor and Bass)—And while He yet spake, came Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples, and with him was a great multitude, with swords and with staves, from the Chief Priests and the elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, and had said: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He; Him take ye. And straightway came he to Jesus, and said: All hail to Thee, O Master! and kissed Him. Jesus said uno him: My friend, wherefore art thou come? And thereupon they came and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

Duet (Soprano and Alto)
and Chorus—Behold my Saviour now is taken.
Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!
Moon and stars have for grief the night forsaken,
Since my Saviour now is taken.
Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!
To bind Him fast they have not feared.

Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?
Let hell with its manifold terrors affright them,
Affliction, confusion, destruction requite them;
Let wrath swiftly brand
The faithless betrayer, the merciless band.

Creed and Prayers

A Meditation on the Eucharist.....*Bach*

Recit. (Soprano)—Although our eyes with tears o'erflow,
Since Jesus now must from us go,
His gracious promise doth the soul uplift,
His Flesh and Blood, O precious gift!
He leaves us for our soul's refreshment.
As He while in the world did love His own,
So now, with love unchanging,
He loves them still unto the end.

Aria (Soprano)—Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine,
Come and dwell my heart within.
All things else I count but loss,
Glory only in Thy Cross.
Dearer than the world beside
Is the Saviour who hath died.

Congregational Hymn—102.....*Maker*

O SACRED Head surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Oh, turn Thy face on me.

3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.—Amen.

Address

Offertory

The Death of Christ.....*Bach*

Recit. (Tenor and Bass)—Now for the sixth hour, there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said: Eli, Eli, lama, Sabachthani. That is: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? Some of them that stood there heard Jesus cry aloud, and they said:

Chorus—He calleth for Elias.

Recit. (Tenor)—And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and give Him to drink, the others said:

Chorus—Wait, and see if Elias cometh to save Him.

Recit. (Tenor)—Jesus, when He had cried with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

Chorale—When life begins to fail me,
I fear not, having Thee:
— When pains of death assail me,
My comfort Thou wilt be.
Whene'er from woes that grieve me
I seek to find relief,
Alone Thou wilt not leave me,
For Thou hast tasted grief.

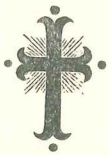
Soli and Chorus—And now the Lord to rest is laid,
His sorrows o'er, for all our sins oblation made.
O consecrated Body,
See, with repentant tears we would bedew it,
Which our offence to such a death hath brought.
While life shall last let us adore and praise the Lord,
That He for man has full redemption wrought.
Lord Jesus, rest in peace.

Double Chorus—Here yet awhile, Lord, Thou art sleeping
Hearts turn to Thee, O Saviour blest,
Rest Thou calmly, calmly rest.
Death that holds Thee in its keeping
When its bonds are loosed by Thee,
Shall become a welcome portal,
Leading man to life immoral,
Where he shall Thy glory see.
Saviour blest,
Slumber now, and take Thy rest.

Prayers

Palm Sunday

March 20, 1921



CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—91 ..... *St. Drostane*

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry.
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

In place of Psalter—"Lo, How a Rose" ..... *Praetorius*

LO, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old hath sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 't was foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright,
She bore to men a Saviour
When half spent was the night.

After First Lesson—"Sleep of the Child Jesus" ..... *Gevaert*

TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, Thou little child;
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love.
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

2 'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd
Sleep, Thou little child;

3 'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, Thou little child;

After Second Lesson—"Christ When a Child" ..... *Tschaikowsky*

CHRIST, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there;
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for His hair.
And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share;
They tore the flow'rs from ev'ry stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

2 "How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown,
Now that Thy roses all are dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.
They plaited then a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head;
A garland for His forehead made,
For roses drops of blood instead.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Surely He hath borne our Griefs" ..... *Handel*

SURELY He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!
He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"The Palms" ..... *Faure*

O'ER all the way, green palms and blossoms gay
Are strewn today in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears away,
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.

CHORUS

Join all and sing, His name declare,
Let every voice resound with acclamation,
Hosanna! praised be the Lord!
Bless Him, who cometh to bring us salvation!

2 His word goes forth, and people by His might
Once more regain freedom from degradation,
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the light.

3 Sing and rejoice, O Blest Jerusalem!
Of all thy sons sing the emancipation,
Thro' boundless love the Christ of Bethlehem
Brings faith and hope to thee forever more.

Interlude —Andante ..... *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—319 ..... *Margaret*

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, I Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for Thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Jesus in the Garden" ..... *Traditional*

WHEN Jesus to the garden there
Did come His agony to bear,
Then sorrow'd all things for His woe,
The trees, the flowers, the grass below.
Sorrow, Oh my soul, then sorrow!

Organist and Choirmaster.....Mr. H. Alex. Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas — Tenor, Ednyfed Lewis
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan — Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie — Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Grace Duncan — Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray — Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Elizabeth Happersett — Miss Kathryn Williams

Easter Carol Service

March 27, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

TONE POEM ..... *Grieg*

SOPRANO SOLO—"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" ..... *Handel*

QUARTET—"Consolation" ..... *H. Alexander Matthews*
(Violin, 'Cello, Harp and Organ)

Processional Hymn=115 ..... *Martin*

THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end. Amen.

In place of Psalter—"Easter Song" ..... *Fehrmann*

CHRIST is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it thro' the valleys,
Sin now is conquer'd, Christ doth atone,
Death now is vanquish'd, victory won,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

When to the dark tomb women came sadly,
Angels there told them these tidings gladly;
Join we the angels, glad heart and voice,
Christ is arisen, Christians rejoice!

Christ is arisen, arisen!
Tell it from the mountains,
Christ is arisen, arisen!
Sound it through the valleys,
Jesus hath broken bonds of the grave,
Risen victorious, mighty to save,
Christ is arisen, arisen!

After First Lesson—"Morn of Beauty! Morn of Gladness!" .. *Sibelius*

MORN of beauty! Morn of Gladness!
Brightening o'er the sinful earth,
Chasing the shades of doubt and sadness,
Wak'ning all to holy mirth.
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

Past are the days of tears and mourning,
Peace and joy alone remain,
All hail the light of Easter dawning
On the darksome world again!
Sing and rejoice with joyful Alleluias!
Sing Alleluia! Alleluia!

After Second Lesson—"A Joyous Easter Song" ..... *Traditional*

Now let us be exceeding glad,
Our hearts no longer need be sad,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
Christ hath o'er-come the tomb's dark night,
The world is bathed in Easter light,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

His stripes shall heal us from our sin,
His cross forgiveness for us win,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
His resurrection from the grave,
From death and hell our souls shall save,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Then let us sing a joyous lay,
Christ our dear Lord is risen today,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
And all mankind in Him new-born
May share the resurrection morn,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"The Three Lilies ..... *Old Breton Melody*

CHREE lilies blossomed from the ground,
Christus resurrexit!
Where blood-drops fell from Jesus' wound,
Christus resurrexit!
One for each Mary burst into bloom,
Christus resurrexit!
When they sought Jesus at the tomb.
Christus resurrexit!

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem —Hallelujah Chorus ..... *Handel*

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign forever and ever, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Interlude —Andante ..... *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn—121 ..... *Palestrina*

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" ..... *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster.....Mr. H. Alex. Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas — Tenor, Ednyfed Lewis
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan — Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie — Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Grace Duncan — Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray — Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Elizabeth Happersett — Miss Kathryn Williams

Second Sunday after Easter

April 10, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—24 ..... *Elliott*

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2. On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3. Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4. To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
Amen.

Psalm—Selection ..... *Gregorian*

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.
The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: and gather together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth those that are broken in heart: and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.

O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving: sing praises upon the harp unto our God.

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth: and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men;

Who giveth fodder unto the cattle: and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem: praise thy God, O Sion.

For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates: and hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders: and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.

Lesson

Magnificat—in G minor ..... *Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Angel Bands" ..... *Saint Saens*

ANGEL bands, in strains sweet sounding,
Anthem to the Saviour raise;
Host of heaven, His throne surrounding,
Hymn the great Creator's praise.
Radiant orb of day, adore Him,
Praise Him, thou who rul'st the night;
Heaven of heavens, oh bow before Him,
Laud Him all ye worlds of light. Amen.

Address

Anthem—"The Omnipotence" ..... *Schubert*

GREAT is Jehovah, the Lord, for heaven and earth testify to His great pow'r. 'T is heard in the fierce raging storm, tn the torrent's loud thundering roar. Great is Jehovah, the Lord! Mighty is His pow'r! 'T is heard in the rustling of leaves in the forest, seen in the waving of golden fields, in loveliest flowers' gaudy array, 't is seen in myriad stars that stud the heavens; fierce it sounds in the thunder's loud roll, and flames in the lightning's brightly quivering flash. Yet clearer thy throbbing heart to thee proclaims Jehovah's pow'r, the Lord God Almighty. Look thou, praying, to heav'n, and hope for grace and for mercy. Great is Jehovah, the Lord!

Interlude—"Folk Song" ..... *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn—435 ..... *Lvoff*

GOD, the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So shall Thy children, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord. Amen.

Prayers

Recessional Hymn—521 ..... *Bainbridge*

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3

One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.
Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster.....Mr. H. Alex. Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas — **Tenor, Ednyfed Lewis**
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan — **Baritone, Harry C. Saylor**

Fourth Sunday after Easter

April 24, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—368 ..... *Wesley*

ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received
Him,
When the forty days were o'er:
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day:
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.
Amen.

Psalm—67 ..... *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us;

2 That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Lesson

Magnificat—in C ..... *Matthews*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) ..... *Mendelssohn*

Recitative.

Ye people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions the Prophet Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God; for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil.

Air.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me. Thus saith our God.

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Jubilate! Amen" ..... *Max Bruch*

JUBILATE! Amen. Hark! Hark! The vesper hymn is stealing o'er the waters soft and clear. Hark! Is nearer and yet nearer pealing, Farther now, and farther stealing. And now breaks upon the ear.

Jubilate! Amen. Hark! Now like moonlit waves retreating, To the shore it dies along. Hark! Now like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Jubilate! Amen. Hush! again like waves retreating, To the shore it dies along. Hark! Hark! Amen!

Intrelude—"Canzonetta" ..... *Jarnfeldt*

Congregational Hymn—32 ..... *Hopkins*

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 535 ..... *Barnby*

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster.....Mr. H. Alex. Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Mr. Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....Mr. John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas — Tenor, Ednyfed Lewis
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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie — Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Grace Duncan — Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray — Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Elizabeth Happersett — Miss Kathryn Williams

Sunday after Ascension Day

May 8, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—128 ..... *Monk*

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His Throne above the skies;
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.
Alleluia!

2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
He hath conquered death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.
Alleluia

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia

4 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.
Alleluia

Psalm—24 ..... *Gregorian*

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas: and prepared it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord: or who shall rise up in his holy place?

4 Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him: even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory: It is the Lord, strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory: Even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis—in B-flat ..... *Stanford*

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation.

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor)—"Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled" ..... *Lucina Jewell*

AND Jesus said:
Let not your heart be troubled,
Neither let it be afraid.
Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.
In my Father's house are many mansions;
If it were not so, I would have told you.
I go to prepare a place for you;
And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I will come again and receive you unto Myself;
That where I am, there ye may be also.
And whither I go ye know; And the way ye know.
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Address ..... *By the Rector*

Anthem—"Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting" ..... *Gounod*

UNFOLD, ye portals everlasting, With welcome to receive Him ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky; Back to the heavenly mansions hasting, for lo, the King comes nigh. But who is He, the King of Glory? He Who Death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty. Of hosts he is the Lord; of angels and of powers; the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Interlude—"Andante" ..... *Glinka*

Congregational Hymn—374 ..... *Elvey*

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.
Amen.

Postludium—..... *Horsley*

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Organist and Choirmaster.....**Mr. H. Alex. Matthews, Mus. Doc.**
Harpist ....**Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler**
'Cellist ....**Mr. Bertrand A. Austin**
Violinist ....**Mr. John K. Witzemann**

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Ednyfed Lewis
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Witsunday

May 15, 1921

CHURCH *of* ST. LUKE *and* THE EPIPHANY

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—386 ..... *Smart*

HOLY Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love and peace,
Look upon the Mediator.
Clothe us with His righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic Hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them
Thine. Amen.

Psalm—121 ..... *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in F ..... *Tertius Noble*

MY soul does magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "Like as the Hart" ..... *Allitsen*

LIKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks,
So longeth my soul after Thee, O God;
My soul is athirst for God.
Yea, even for the living God!
When shall I come into the presence of God?
My tears have been my meat, day and night,
While they daily say unto me,
Where is now thy God?
Why art thou so full of heaviness, my soul,
And why art thou so disquieted within me?
Oh, put thy trust in God.
For I will yet thank Him Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Address

Anthem—"Holy Spirit, Come" ..... *Martin*

HOLY Spirit, come, O come,
Send from Thy celestial home
The glory of Thy light divine.
Father of the poor, descend,
Bounteous giver, constant Friend,
Come into our hearts and shine.
Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most joyous guest,
Thou, all quick'ning Saving One,
'Mid earth's labor rest most meet,
'Mid earth's tempest calm and sweet,
'Mid earth's tears true peace alone.
Come, then, O most blessed Light,
Come, and fill with radiance bright
Hearts most faithfully Thine own.
Thy sustaining grace apart,
Ev'ry good doth fail man's heart,
Naught therein but ill hath sway,
Cleanse Thou all impurity,
Pour Thy dew upon the dry,
Heal all wounds, the pains allay,
Gently the unyielding bend,
Warmth into the cold heart send,
Guide the wanderer in Thy way.
On Thy faithful here below,
Trusting in Thy strength bestow
This Thy holy seven-fold grace;
Grant them strength that shall uplift,
Grant salvation's highest gift
Ever to behold Thy face. Amen.

Interlude—"Andantino" ..... *Rimsky-Korsakow*

Congregational Hymn—414 ..... *Dykes*

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty:
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 9 ..... *Stainer*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

Organist and Choirmaster.....**Mr. H. Alex. Matthews, Mus. Doc.**
Harpist ....**Mrs. Dorothy Johnstone Baseler**
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SOLOISTS

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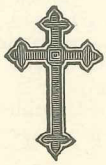
USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Mrs. Elsie Smith Gray
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity

October 2, 1921



Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—421 . . . . . *Haydn*

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

Psalm—61 . . . . . *Gregorian*

HEAR my crying, O God: give ear unto my prayer.
2 From the ends of the earth will I call upon thee: when my heart is in heaviness.
3 O set me up upon the rock that is higher than I: for thou hast been my hope, and a strong tower for me against the enemy.
4 I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever: and my trust shall be under the covering of thy wings.
5 For thou, O Lord, hast heard my desires: and hast given an heritage unto those that fear thy Name.
6 Thou shalt grant the King a long life: that his years may endure throughout all generations.
7 He shall dwell before God for ever: O prepare thy loving mercy and faithfulness, that they may preserve him.
8 So will I always sing praise unto thy Name: that I may daily perform my vows.

Lesson

Magnificat—in A Minor . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Tenor) . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

Recitative.

YE people, rend your hearts, and not your garments, for your transgressions the prophet Elijah hath sealed the heavens through the word of God. I therefore say to ye, Forsake your idols, return to God; for He is slow to anger, and merciful, and kind and gracious, and repenteth Him of the evil.

Air.

If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me. Thus saith our God.
Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence.

Address

Anthem—"Out of Heaven" . . . . . *Frederick Cowen*

OUT of Heaven the Lord hath made thee to hear His voice. Be of good comfort, arise; He calleth thee, and will bring thee by a way thou knowest not. He will lead thee in paths thou hast not known, and darkness shall be light before thee. The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate. Be of good comfort, arise, He calleth thee. The Lord thy God shall bless thee in all that thou doest. Blessed shalt thou be in the city, blessed shalt thou be in the field, blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out, for the Lord thy God is with thee from this time forth for evermore. Amen.

Interlude—Tone Poem, "The Pines" . . . . . *H. Alex. Matthews*

Congregational Hymn—143 . . . . . *Jude*

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 9 . . . . . *Stainer*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity

October 9, 1921

Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 507 . . . . . *Smart*

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of Thee the prophets sing!

2 There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
For unknown are toil and care.

4 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.
Amen.

Psalm—122 . . . . . *Gregorian*

I WAS glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord.
2. Our feet shall stand in thy gates: O Jerusalem.
3. Jerusalem is built as a city: that is at unity in itself.
4. For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord: to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
5. For there is the seat of judgment: even the seat of the house of David.
6. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.
7. Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.
8. For my brethren and companions' sakes: I will wish thee prosperity.
9. Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God: I will seek to do thee good.

Lesson

Nunc dimittis—in E . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Duet—(Contralto and Baritone) . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

LORD, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth.
Lead me, oh, Lord, lead me in Thy righteousness, make Thy way plain before my face.
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be alway acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

Address

Anthem—"How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place" . . . . . *Brahms*

HOW lovely is Thy dwelling place, O Lord of hosts! For my soul, it longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my soul and body crieth out, yea, for the living God. Blest are they that dwell within Thy house: they praise Thy name evermore.

Interlude—"Exaltation" . . . . . *Clarenee Dickinson*

Congregational Hymn—511 . . . . . *Alexander Ewing*

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there!
What radiancy of glory!
What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 21 . . . . . *Sullivan*

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

Organist and Choirmaster.....	H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist	Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist	Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist	John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas	Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan	Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie	Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Grace Duncan	Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Elizabeth Happersett	Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Marguerite Holt	Miss Kathryn Williams

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity

October 16, 1921

Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

FOUR NEGRO SPIRITUALS

They Will Not Lend Me a Child
Lament
Cabin Song
Deep River

Processional—Hymn 519 . . . . . *Morley*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing:
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne. Amen.

Psalm—23 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
2 He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
3 He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Lesson

Magnificat—in F . . . . . *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"Listen to the Lambs" . . . . . *R. Nathaniel Dett*

LISTEN to the lambs! All a-crying!
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and carry the young lambs in His bosom. Amen.

Address

Anthem—"O Holy Lord" . . . . . *R. Nathaniel Dett*

O HOLY Lord!
Done with sin and sorrow!

Interlude . . . . . *Negro Spiritual*

Congregational Hymn—383 . . . . . *Dykes*

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 552 . . . . . *Hayne*

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
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Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity

October 23, 1921

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 482 . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

IN loud exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
But Sion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come,
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies;
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.
Amen.

Psalm—93 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel: the Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.
2 He hath made the round world so sure: that it cannot be moved.
3 Ever since the world began, hath Thy seat been prepared: Thou art from everlasting.
4 The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice: the floods lift up their waves.
5 The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly: but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.
6 Thy testimonies, O Lord, are very sure: holiness becometh Thine house for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in C . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Angel Bands" . . . . . *Saint Saens*

ANGEL bands, in strains sweet sounding,
Anthem to the Saviour raise;
Host of heaven, His throne surrounding,
Hymn the great Creator's praise.
Radiant orb of day, adore Him,
Praise Him, thou who rul'st the night;
Heaven of heavens, oh bow before Him,
Laud Him all ye worlds of light. Amen.

Address

Anthem—"The Omnipotence" . . . . . *Schubert*

GREAT is Jehovah, the Lord, for heaven and earth testify to His great pow'r. 'Tis heard in the fierce raging storm, in the torrent's loud thundering roar. Great is Jehovah, the Lord! Mighty is His pow'r! 'Tis heard in the rustling of leaves in the forest, seen in the waving of golden fields, in loveliest flowers' gaudy array; 'tis seen in myriad stars of heaven; fierce it sounds in the thunder's loud roll, and flames in the lightning's brightly quivering flash. Yet clearer thy throbbing heart to thee proclaims Jehovah's pow'r, the Lord God Almighty. Look thou, praying, to heav'n, and hope for grace and for mercy. Great is Jehovah, the Lord!

Interlude—"Folk Song" . . . . . *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn—459 . . . . . *Croft*

O H, worship the King, all glorious above!
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Sevenfold Amen . . . . . *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity

October 30, 1921

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—518 . . . . . *Monk*

AT the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

Psalm—121 . . . . . *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.
4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord Himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Lesson

Magnificat—in E flat . . . . . *John E. West*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Baritone)—"Fear Not, Little Flock" . . *J. Sebastian Matthews*

FEAR not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

Come, all ye wandering sheep,
Lost and astray;
Seek ye the Light of Life:
I am The Way.

To my outstretched arms
Come, age and youth;
Truth now shall make you free:
I am The Truth.

Tread on to Calvary
Through pain and strife;
Take ye the Living Bread:
I am The Life.

Address

Anthem—"A Song in the Night" . . . . . *R. Huntingdon Woodman*

WHILE all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty word of the Lord came down.
All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth—See ye! and when he bloweth a trumpet—Hear ye!
Ye shall have a song, a song in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come unto the mountain of the Lord.
There is a song so thrilling, so far all songs excelling,
That he who sings it, sings it oft again.
No mortal did invent it, but God by angels sent it,
So deep and earnest, yet so sweet and plain.
The love that it revealeth, all earthly sorrows healeth;
They flee like mist before the break of day.
When, O my soul, thou learnest this song of songs in earnest,
Thy cares and sorrows all shall pass away.

Interlude—"Chant sans paroles" . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—660 . . . . . *Arnold*

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 32 . . . . . *Hopkins*

SAVIOUR again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity

Sunday after All Saints' Day

November 6, 1921

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antiphon . . . . . *Goss*

I HEARD a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours.

In place of Psalter—"Crossing the Bar" . . . . . *Barnby*

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—"Souls of the Righteous" . . *Tertius Noble*

SOULS of the Righteous in the hand of God,
Nor hurt nor torment cometh them anigh;
O holy hope of immortality,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God,
To eyes of men unwise, they seem to die;
They are at peace, O fairest liberty,
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God.

On earth as children chasten'd by Love's rod,
As gold in furnace tried, so now on high
They shine like stars, a golden galaxy:
Souls of the Righteous in the hand of God

Creed and Prayers

Congregational Hymn—176 . . . . . *Barnby*

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest. Alleluia.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light. Alleluia.

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia. Amen.

Address

Anthem—"And I saw another Angel" . . . . . *Stanford*

AND I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads. And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms were in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. Amen. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

Interlude—"Priere" . . . . . *Cesar Franck*

Recessional Hymn—397 . . . . . *Plain-song*

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blesséd ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfillment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blesséd people eternally raise. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity

November 13, 1921

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 266 . . . . . *Cologne*

YE watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright seraphs, cherubim and thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out, dominions, princedoms, powers,
Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs,
Alleluia!

2 O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord.
Alleluia!

3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song.
Alleluia!

4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.
Alleluia! Amen.

Psalm—53 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE foolish body hath said in his heart: There is no God.
2 Corrupt are they, and become abominable in their wickedness: there is none that doeth good.
3 God looked down from heaven upon the children of men: to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God.
4 But they are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable: there is also none that doeth good, no not one.
5 Are not they without understanding that work wickedness: eating up My people as if they would eat bread? They have not called upon God.
6 They were afraid where no fear was: for God hath broken the bones of him that besieged thee; thou hast put them to confusion, because God hath despised them.
7 O that the salvation were given unto Israel out of Sion: O that the Lord would deliver His people out of captivity!
8 Then should Jacob rejoice: and Israel should be right glad.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in B flat . . . . . *Stanford*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"To Thee We Sing" . . . . . *Arensky*

TO Thee we sing, Thy holy name we praise,
Our hearts to Thee we raise, Lord of Love.
Our prayer to Thee, O God, we bring.

Address

Anthem—"O Gladsome Light" . . . . . *Arkhangelsky*

O GLADSOME light of the holy glory of the Father,
Immortal, heavenly, holy, blessed Jesus Christ.
Now that we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
And the lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, ever Divine.
O worthy art Thou at all times to be sung with undefiled tongue.
Therefore all the world doth glorify Thee.

Interlude—Air . . . . . *Corelli*

Congregational Hymn—445 . . . . . *Croft*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 17 . . . . . *Irons*

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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SOLOISTS

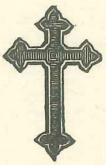
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Sunday Next Before Advent

November 20, 1921



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antiphon . . . . . *Ancient French Melody*

LET all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly minded, for with blessing in His hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth, our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture—in the Body and the Blood—
He will give to all the faithful His own Self for heavenly Food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of light descendeth from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish as the darkness clears away. Amen.

In place of Psalter—"Gloria in Excelsis" . . . . . *Gounod*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 235 . . . . . *Dykes*

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Benedictus" . . . . . *Gounod*

BLESSED is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Address

Anthem—"Sanctus" . . . . . *Gounod*

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts; Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. Amen.

Interlude—"Agnus Dei" . . . . . *Bizet*

Recessional Hymn—312 . . . . . *Gounod*

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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SOLOISTS

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USHERS

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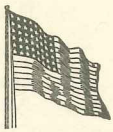
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

First Sunday in Advent

Special Thanksgiving Observance

November 27, 1921



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—420 . . . . . *Kocher*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

In place of Psalter . . . . . *Cologne*

YE watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright seraphs, cherubim and thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out, dominions, princedoms, powers,
Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs,
Alleluia!

2 O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord.
Alleluia!

3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song.
Alleluia!

4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.
Alleluia! Amen.

Lesson

In place of Magnificat—Hymn 421 . . . . . *Elvey*

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—(Soprano) "God of Our Fathers" . . . . . *Scott*

GOD of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

Address . . . . . By the Rector

Anthem—"Laudate Dominum" . . . . . *Cesar Franck*

HALLELUJAH. O praise ye the Lord, praise God in His temple.
Praise ye the Lord in the firmament of His power.
Praise ye Him for His mighty acts, praise ye Him according to His majesty.
Praise ye Him with the sound of the trumpet, praise ye Him with the psaltry and harp.
Praise ye Him with the timbrel.
Praise ye Him with the dance, praise Him with the organ and stringed instruments.
Praise ye Him upon the high-sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord.
O praise ye the Lord, praise God in His temple, O praise ye the Lord in the firmament of His power.
Praise ye Him for His mighty acts, praise ye Him according to His majesty.
Praise ye Him with the sound of the timbrel, praise ye Him with the psaltry and harp, praise ye Him with the timbrel.
O praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.

Congregational Hymn—427 . . . . . *"America"*

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

3 Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

4 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State! Amen.

Collects and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Second Sunday in Advent

December 4, 1921

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—45 . . . . . *Plain Song*

O H, come, oh, come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 Oh, come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Oh, come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 Oh, come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

Psalm—54 . . . . . *Gregorian*

S AVE me, O God, for thy Name's sake: and avenge me in thy strength.
2 Hear my prayer, O God: and hearken unto the words of my mouth.
3 For strangers are risen up against me: and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes, seek after my soul.
4 Behold, God is my helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.
5 He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: destroy Thou them in Thy truth.
6 An offering of a free heart will I give Thee, and praise Thy Name, O Lord: because it is so comfortable.
7 For He hath delivered me out of all my trouble: and mine eye hath seen His desire upon mine enemies.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in B flat . . . . . *Stanford*

L ORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"The Great Day of the Lord" . . . . . *Martin*

T HE great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord. Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek upon earth, which have wrought His judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness: it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.

Address

Anthem—"The Day of Judgment" . . . . . *Arkhangelsky*

U PON the Day of Judgment do I meditate with great awe.
And all my wicked deeds do I lament;
How may I answer the great Eternal King?
How may I dare to answer the summons of the Judge?
O Thou most gracious Father, and the only begotten Son,
Spirit Divine, have mercy upon me.

Interlude—Andante . . . . . *Glinka*

Congregational Hymn—48 . . . . . *Hassler*

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" . . . . . *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

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Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Third Sunday in Advent

December 11, 1921

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—317 . . . . . *Monk*

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming: in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming: O Thou glorious Priest!
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way:
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure. Amen.

Psalm—121 . . . . . *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.
4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord Himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Lesson

Magnificat—in A minor . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Contralto Solo and Chorus—"O Saviour Sweet" . . . . . *Bach*

O SAVIOUR sweet, O Saviour kind,
The way to please Thee we would find,
Whate'er we have it comes of Thee,
O let us ever near Thee be,
O Saviour sweet, O Saviour kind.

O Saviour sweet, O Saviour kind,
Who came to earth the lost to find,
Who died to save us on the tree,
Our hearts are filled with love to Thee,
O Saviour sweet, O Saviour kind.

Thee with tender care I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, die to Thee;
Thus I shall not perish,
But with Thee abide forever,
Joyfully, peacefully,
Where life endeth never.

Address

Anthem—"To Whom Then Will Ye Liken God?" . *Horatio W. Parker*

TO whom then will ye liken God? Or what likeness will ye compare unto Him? Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth the princes to nothing; He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

To whom then will ye liken Me? saith the Holy One. Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint. Praise Him and magnify His holy Name forever.

Interlude—"Andante" . . . . . *Gluck*

Next Sunday: Selection Handel's "The Messiah"

Congregational Hymn—357 . . . . . *Knecht*

O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 23 . . . . . *Horatio W. Parker*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

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Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Display cards announcing these services and intended for use in public places may be secured from the ushers.

Fourth Sunday in Advent

December 18, 1921

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Priere . . . . . *Cesar Franck*
(Violin, 'Cello, Harp, Organ)

Adagio Pathetique . . . . . *Godard*
(Violin Solo)

Come Unto Him—From The Messiah . . . . . *Handel*
(Soprano Solo)

Adagio . . . . . *Beethoven*
(Violin, 'Cello, Harp, Organ)

Processional Hymn—43 . . . . . *Lausanne Psalter*

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle!
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until in songs of triumph
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesu, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee!

General Confession

Lord's Prayer and Versicles

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—"Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs" *Handel*

SURELY He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!
He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor) . . . . . *Handel*

COMFORT ye My people, saith your God;
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

Address . . . . . By the Rector

Anthem . . . . . *Handel*

AND the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Interlude—"Aria" . . . . . *Handel*

Congregational Hymn—261 . . . . . *Hatton*

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

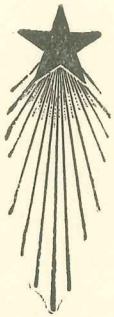
5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
Amen.

Collects and Benediction

Next Sunday: as Carol Service

Special Epiphany Service

January 8, 1922



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—62 . . . . . *Mann*

FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
Light of light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of light, etc.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of light, etc.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of light, etc.

Carol—"Sleep of the Child Jesus" . . . . . *Gevaert*

TWIXT ox and ass, Thy guardians mild,
Sleep, Thou little Child;
Angels tall and white,
Seraphs pure and bright,
Watching all above
The mighty Lord of love.
Sleep, King of angels, sleep!

2 'Twixt rose and lily undefil'd
Sleep, Thou little Child;

3 'Twixt shepherd youths all unbeguil'd,
Sleep, Thou little Child;

Carol—"From Heaven High" . . . . . *Traditional*

FROM heaven high the angels come
singing,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
Rejoice and sing a glorious lay,
For Christ the Lord is born to-day.
Allelujah!

For in a manger cold is laid lowly,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
A babe shall save our souls from
sin,
To heavenly mansions lead us in.
Allelujah!

Let melody fill all the sky ringing,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, Holy Child.
And all mankind the chorus swell,
The Christ Child comes on earth to dwell.
Allelujah!

Carol—"The Three Kings" . . . . . *Cornelius*

THREE kings have journeyed from
the eastern land,
A star hath led them to Jordan's strand,
And in Judea inquire the three
Where the new-born infant King may be.
With gold and myrrh and incense sweet
They bring the Holy Child an offering
meet.

And brightly shineth the guiding star;
Unto the manger the kings repair;
With rapture on the Boy they gaze,
And bow before Him in joy and
praise.
With gold and myrrh and incense sweet,
They bring the Holy Boy an offering
meet.

O child of man! hold thee firm and true;
The kings come hither, O come thou, too!
The star of mercy, the star of love,
Shall point thee the pathway to heav'n above;
And fail thee gold and incense sweet,
Lay thou thy heart at the Saviour's feet!
Bring Him thy heart!

Hymn—65 . . . . . *Kocher*

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

Anthem—"God Is With Us" . . . . . *Kastalsky*

GOD is with us, O ye nations, understand. Submit yourselves, for God is with us! Give ear, all ye of far countries. Gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand. Neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God of hosts Himself, and let Him be your fear. He shall be for a sanctuary. I will wait upon the Lord, and I will look for Him.

Behold, I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given. And the government shall be upon His shoulder. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end. And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Interlude—Pastorale . . . . . *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn—"We Three Kings" . . . . . *Traditional*

WE three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Chorus.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

4 Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom,
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice.
Heav'n sings Alleluia;
Alleluia the earth replies.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
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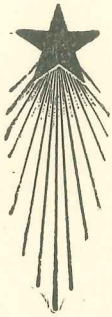
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Second Sunday after The Epiphany

January 15, 1922



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—518 . . . . . *Monk*

AT the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest. Amen.

Psalm—121 . . . . . *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.
4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord Himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Lesson

Magnificat—in E flat . . . . . *John E. West*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is his name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

In Place of Solo—"Doubt Not Thy Father's Care" . . . . . *Elgar*

DOUBT not thy Father's care;
For every grief He finds relief,
And answers every prayer.

Night comes: the sun is lost;
He doth provide, in the heavens wide,
The gleam of a starry host.

Night comes: the soul is dark;
All joy is dead, all gladness fled,
And life has missed its mark.

Then Thou, the wounded soul,
In that sad hour, with healing power
Dost touch, and makest whole.

Address

Anthem—"Light of the World" . . . . . *Elgar*

LIGHT of the world, we know Thy praise,
The angels and archangels raise,
And all the host of heaven;
More worthily than our faint hymns,
Whose jarring sound that glory dims,
Which God to thee has given;
But Thou didst not disdain to take
Our low estate, or e'en to make
The tomb Thy resting place;

So Thou might bring into our night
The dawn of Thine eternal Light,
To shine upon our face.
Nor death, nor hell, nor sin is lord,
But Thou, O Son of God.
Thy Word is now our sovereign law.
Therefore we thank Thee, and we pray
Thy Light may shine unto the Perfect Day,
On us for evermore.

Interlude—"Chant sans paroles" . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

Congregational Hymn—327 . . . . . *Giardini*

THOU, Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 9 . . . . . *Stainer*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

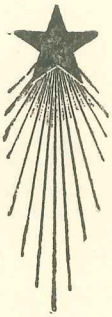
Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Third Sunday after The Epiphany

January 22, 1922



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—325 . . . . . *Beethoven*

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now Thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. Amen.

Psalm—54 . . . . . *Gregorian*

SAVE me, O God, for Thy Name's sake: and avenge me in Thy strength.
2 Hear my prayer, O God: and hearken unto the words of my mouth.
3 For strangers are risen up against me: and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes, seek after my soul.
4 Behold, God is my helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.
5 He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: destroy Thou them in Thy truth.
6 An offering of a free heart will I give Thee, and praise Thy Name, O Lord: because it is so comfortable.
7 For He hath delivered me out of all my trouble: and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in G minor . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"The Twilight Shadows Fall" . . . . . *David D. Wood*

THE twilight shadows fall,
But do not fear,
At evening comes the call
"Be of good cheer."
Though dark the clouds above,
Trusting our Father's love,
The sun sets clear.

The twilight shadows fall,
We kneel at peace
With Thee, the world and all.
Our faith increase!
Truth, hope and love abide,
Lord, Thou hast satisfied
Vain troubling cease!

The twilight shadows fall,
Life's goal is nigh;
We soon may hear Thee call,
"Come up on high."
Then fades the night away,
Greet we the perfect day,
God's cloudless sky.

Address

Anthem—"There Shall Be No More Night" . . . . . *David D. Wood*

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street thereof and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. There shall be no more curse, nor pain, nor death. But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face. There shall be no night there; and they need no lamp, nor light of the sun, for the Lord God shall give them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Interlude—Andante . . . . . *Muller*

Congregational Hymn—344 . . . . . *Mason*

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 13 . . . . . *Weber*

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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SOLOISTS

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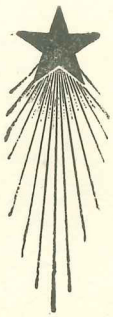
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Fourth Sunday after The Epiphany

January 29, 1922



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—607 . . . . . *J. B. Calkin*

LOVE of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine;
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid;
Lift Thou up my fainting head;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillowed on Thy loving breast.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine. Amen.

Psalm—67 . . . . . *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us;
2 That Thy way may be known upon earth: Thy saving health among all nations.
3 Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee.
4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
5 Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.
7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.

Lesson

Magnificat—in A . . . . . *Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor)—"O Love That Will Not Let Me Go" . . *Arthur Foote*

O LOVE that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its ray
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

Address

Anthem—"O Love Invisible" . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

O LOVE invisible, yet infinite,
I cast myself into Thy sure embrace.
O light of God, shine through this cloudy night;
O God of light, unveil Thy gladdening face.

Happy in knowing Thee, my Lord and God;
Happy in finding Thee my treasure too,
Happy in following Thee through ill and good,
In toiling for Thee, and in suffering too.

Clear written on the cross I read Thy love;
Thy love is there, and there Thy love I see;
The power that comes with healing from above,
That brings to us a heavenly liberty.

Interlude—Andante . . . . . *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn—412 . . . . . *Dykes*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And, oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 32 . . . . . *Hopkins*

SAVIOUR again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

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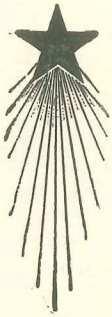
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Fifth Sunday after The Epiphany

February 5, 1922



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—460 . . . . . *Hebrew Melody*

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousnes,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

Psalm—24 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.
2 For He hath founded it upon the seas: and prepared it upon the floods.
3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord: or who shall rise up in His holy place?
4 Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour.
5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 This is the generation of them that seek him: even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.
8 Who is this King of glory: It is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.
10 Who is this King of glory: Even the Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—"O Weep for Those" *Ancient Hebrew Melody*

Arranged by Max Bruch

O WEEP for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream!
Weep for the harp of Juda's broken shell,
Mourn, where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!
And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Juda's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice?
Tribes of the wand'ring foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country, Israel but the grave.

Creed and Prayers

In Place of Solo—"The Sun Goes Down" . *Ancient Hebrew Melody*

THE sun goes down, the shadows rise,
The day of God is near its close;
The glowing orb now homeward flies,
A gentle breeze foretells repose.
Lord, crown our work before the night:
In the eve let there be light.

While still in clouds the sun delays,
Let us soar up to heaven;
That love may shed its peaceful rays,
New hope unto our souls be given.
Oh, may the parting hour be bright;
In the eve let there be light.

And when our sun of life retreats,
When evening shadows round us hover,
Our restless heart no longer beats,
And graveward sinks our earthly cover,
We shall behold a glorious sight:
In the eve there shall be light.

Address

Anthem—"On Jordan's Bank" . . . . . *Ancient Hebrew Melody*

Arranged by Max Bruch

ON Jordan's banks the Arabs' camels stray,
On Zion's hill the false one's votaries pray;
The Baal's adorer bows on Sinai's steep,
Yet there, even there, O God, Thy thunders sleep!

There, where Thy finger scorch'd the tablet stone,
There, where Thy shadow to Thy people shone,
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire,
Thyself, Thyself non-living see and not expire!

O in the lightning let Thy glance appear,
Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear!
How long by tyrants shall Thy land be trod
How long Thy temple worshipless, O God!

Interlude—"Kol Nidrei" . . . . . *Ancient Hebrew Melody*

Arranged by Max Bruch

Congregational Hymn—"The Lord's My Shepherd" . . . *Martyrdom*

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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SOLOISTS

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Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Septuagesima Sunday

February 12, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

1. Extase . . . . . *James R. Duane*
2. The Pines . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*
3. Allegretto Scherzando . *Frances McCollin*
4. Reverie . . . . . *Albert J. Dooner*

Processional Hymn—482 . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

IN loud, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
But Sion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come,
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies;
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace. Amen.

Psalm—48 . . . . . *Gregorian*

GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even upon His holy hill.
2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: upon the north side lieth the city of the great King; God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.
3 For lo, the kings of the earth: are gathered, and gone by together.
4 They marvelled to see such things: they were astonished, and suddenly cast down.
5 Fear came there upon them, and sorrow: as upon a woman in her travail.
6 Thou shalt break the ships of the sea: through the east wind.
7 Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God upholdeth the same for ever.
8 We wait for Thy loving-kindness, O God: in the midst of Thy temple.
9 O God, according to Thy name, so is Thy praise unto the world's end: Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
10 Let the mount Sion rejoice, and the daughter of Judah be glad: because of Thy judgments.
11 Walk about Sion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof.
12 Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after.
13 For this God is our God for ever and ever: He shall be our guide unto death.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—"Benedictus es Domine" *H. Alex. Matthews*

BLESSED art Thou, O Lord God of our fathers; praised and exalted above all forever.
Blessed art Thou for the Name of Thy Majesty; praised and exalted above all forever.
Blessed art Thou in the temple of Thy Holiness; praised and exalted above all forever.
Blessed art Thou that beholdest the depths, and dwellest between the Cherubim; praised and exalted above all forever.
Blessed art Thou on the glorious throne of Thy kingdom; praised and exalted above all forever.
Blessed art Thou in the firmament of Heaven; praised and exalted above all forever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Contralto)—"People Victorious" . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

(From Hora Novissima)

PEOPLE victorious,
In raiment glorious,
They stand forever.
God wipes away their tears,
Giving through endless years
Peace like a river.

Earth's turmoils ended are,
Strife, and reproach, and war,
No more annoying:
Children of blessedness
Their heritage of peace
Freely enjoying.

Address

Anthem—"O Wisdom" . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

O WISDOM! Spirit of the Holy God,
Effulgent glory of eternal light,
Thou orderest all things, O divinest Might,
Strong Wisdom, Spirit of the Holy God.

O Sovereign Lord, Thou Master of man's soul,
Inspire, we pray Thee, by Thy human name,
Man's feeble will with Love's perpetual flame,
And hold the wheels of life with strong control.

O steadfast Spirit of the Holy God,
O come, be near us, guide us day by day,
With saving hand along Thy marvelous way,
Fair Wisdom, Spirit of the Holy God.

Interlude—"Elevation" . . . . . *Clarence Dickinson*

Congregational Hymn—196 . . . . . *America*

OUR fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

2 Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

3 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State! Amen.

Postludium—Hymn 670 . . . . . *Lowell Mason*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Service of
Old-Fashioned Music

February 26, 1922

(Sunday Before Lent)

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Hymn—470 . . . . . *Old Hundredth*

ALL people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forthtell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen.

In Place of Psalter—"Gloria in Excelsis" . . . . . *Mozart*

GLORIA in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus, benedicimus, adoramus, glorificamus. Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam, gloriam tuam. Domine Deus, Deus Rex Coelestis. Deus Pater omnipotens. Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—Hymn 450 . . . . . *Coronation*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Baritone)—"My God, My Father, While I Stray" . . . . *Marston*

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

Address

Anthem—"Peace I Leave With You" . . . . . *J. Varley Roberts*

PEACE I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. But be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

Interlude—"Largo" . . . . . *Handel*

Congregational Hymn—"God Be With You" . . . . . *Tomer*

GOD be with you till we meet again!
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

Chorus.

Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

Postludium—"Cradle Song" . . . . . *Nettleton*

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Hush, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may seem so hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days;
Then to dwell forever near Him,
Tell His love and sing His praise.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

First Sunday in Lent

March 5, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

Services for Lent

Monday,	5.00 o'clock	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	10.00 o'clock	Holy Communion
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address
Sunday,	8.00 o'clock	Holy Communion
"	10.00 o'clock	Sunday School
"	11.00 o'clock	Morning Prayer and Sermon
"	2.30 o'clock	Bible Class and Primary Department
"	4.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address

LITANY, ANTHEM, ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Hymn—89 . . . . . *Spanish Chant*

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

The Litany

OR GENERAL SUPPLICATION

The origin of the Litany, and also the name itself, is Greek. It is essentially a public service of supplication. In the East we find the name applied, in early times, to various solemn services of prayer. But the name, originally general in sense, came to be technically applied, in the fourth century, to a definite Form of Supplication in times of special need. It was usually sung in procession around the parish bounds, with hymns and frequent responses, and with Collects at the various halting places.

Hymn—89 . . . . . *Spanish Chant*

BY the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

Lesson

Hymn—340 . . . . . *Lane*

IN the hour of trial,
Jesu, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Address

Anthem—"A Ballad of Trees and the Master" . *H. Alexander Matthews*

INTO the woods the Master went, clean forspent,
Into the woods the Master came, forspent with love and shame,
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went, and He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came, content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

Interlude—Adagio . . . . . *Beethoven*

Congregational Hymn—335 . . . . . *Martyn*

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

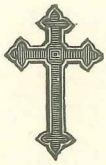
3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Sevenfold Amen . . . . . *Stainer*

Second Sunday in Lent

March 12, 1922



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

Services for Lent

Monday,	5.00 o'clock	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	10.00 o'clock	Holy Communion
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address
Sunday,	8.00 o'clock	Holy Communion
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"	11.00 o'clock	Morning Prayer and Sermon
"	2.30 o'clock	Bible Class and Primary Department
"	4.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—312 . . . . . *Gounod*

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

In Place of Psalter—"Gloria in Excelsis" . . . . . *Gounod*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—"Benedictus" . . . . . *Gounod*

BLESSED is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprano)—"There is a Green Hill Far Away" . . . . . *Gounod*

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Address

Anthem—"Sanctus" . . . . . *Gounod*

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts; Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. Amen.

Recessional Hymn—508 . . . . . *Marlow*

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Third Sunday in Lent

March 19, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

Services for Lent

Monday,	5.00 o'clock	Special Series, Addresses
Wednesday,	10.00 o'clock	Holy Communion
Wednesday,	4.00 o'clock	Children's Party-Service
Thursday,	8.00 o'clock	Confirmation-Lecture-Service
Friday,	5.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address
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"	10.00 o'clock	Sunday School
"	11.00 o'clock	Morning Prayer and Sermon
"	2.30 o'clock	Bible Class and Primary Department
"	4.00 o'clock	Evening Prayer and Address

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—365 . . . . . *Barnby*

HAIL, Thou once-despised Jesus!
  Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
  Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
  Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor:
  Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
  All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
  Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
  Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
  Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
  There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
  Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading:
  There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
  Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
  Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
  Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
  Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
  Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!
Amen.

In Place of Psalter—Anthem . . . . . *Handel*

(From "The Messiah")

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—Hymn 363 . . . . . *Maker*

O LAMB of God, still keep me
  Near to Thy wounded side!
'Tis only there in safety
  And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
  What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
  Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
  I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
  The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the victory gaineth
  O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
  In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
  With rapture, face to face;
One-half hath not been told me
  Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
  The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
  Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo—Tenor . . . . . *Handel*

(From "The Messiah")

THY rebuke hath broken His heart,
  He is full of heaviness.
He looked for some to have pity on Him;
But there was no man, neither found He any to comfort Him.
Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

Address

Anthem—Contralto Solo and Chorus . . . . . *Handel*

(From "The Messiah")

HE was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!
He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

Interlude—"Aria" . . . . . *Handel*

Congregational Hymn—104 . . . . . *Konig*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
Through the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I kneel in wonder, viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase. Amen.

Prayers and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

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Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Fourth Sunday in Lent

March 26, 1922

Selections from Bach's St. Matthew Passion

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Air . . . . . *J. S. Bach*
Ave Maria . . . . . *Gounod-Bach*
Air for a G String . . . . . *J. S. Bach*

The Agony in the Garden . . . . . *Bach*

Chorale—Near Thee would I be staying;
O Lord, disdain me not!
From Thee would ne'er be straying,
How dark soe'er Thy lot.
Till Thou dost yield Thy spirit
To meet the stroke of death,
Thy love I'd seek to merit,
And soothe Thy latest breath.

Recit. (*Tenor and Bass*)—Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith to His disciples: Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray. And He took with Him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful, and very heavy. Then saith Jesus to them: My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, e'en unto death; tarry here, and watch with Me.

Solo (*Tenor*) *and Chorus*—O grief! how throbs His heavy laden breast!
His spirit faints, how pale His weary face!
My Saviour, why should agony befall Thee?
He to the judgment-hall is brought,
There is no help, no comfort near.
Ah, my offences thus to suffer call Thee;
The powers of darkness now assail Him.
His chosen friends will soon forsake Him.
Yet I should bear the pain of my demerit,
Not Thy sweet spirit.
Ah! if my love Thy stay could be,
If I could gauge Thy grief and share it,
Could make it less or help to bear it,
How gladly would I watch with Thee.

I would beside my Lord be watching,
That evil draw me not astray.
For my sake
He to die will undertake,
His sorrow joy for me secureth.
The griefs that He for us endureth,
How bitter, yet how sweet, are they.

Lesson

The Betrayal and Arrest . . . . . *Bach*

Recit. (*Tenor and Bass*)—And while He yet spake, came Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples, and with him was a great multitude, with swords and with staves, from the chief priests and the elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, and had said: Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He; Him take ye. And straightway came he to Jesus, and said: All hail to Thee, O Master! and kissed Him. Jesus said unto him: My friend, wherefore art thou come? And thereupon they came and laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

Duet (*Soprano and Alto*) *and Chorus*—
Behold, my Saviour now is taken.
Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!
Moon and stars have for grief the night forsaken,
Since my Saviour now is taken.
Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!
To bind Him fast they have not feared.

Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?
Let hell with its manifold terrors affright them,
Affliction, confusion, destruction requite them;
Let wrath swiftly brand
The faithless betrayer, the merciless band.

Creed and Prayers

A Meditation on the Eucharist . . . . . *Bach*

Recit. (*Soprano*)—Although our eyes with tears o'erflow,
Since Jesus now must from us go,
His gracious promise doth the soul uplift,
His Flesh and Blood, O precious gift!
He leaves us for our soul's refreshment.
As He while in the world did love His own,
So now, with love unchanging,
He loves them still unto the end.

Aria (*Soprano*)—Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine,
Come and dwell my heart within.
All things else I count but loss,
Glory only in Thy cross.
Dearer than the world beside
Is the Saviour who hath died.

Address

The Death of Christ . . . . . *Bach*

Recit. (*Tenor and Bass*)—Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried aloud, and said: Eli, Eli, lama, sabachthani. That is: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? Some of them that stood there heard Jesus cry aloud, and they said:

Chorus—He calleth for Elias.

Recit. (*Tenor*)—And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink; the others said:

Chorus—Wait, and see if Elias cometh to save Him.

Recit. (*Tenor*)—And again Jesus cried aloud and departed.

Chorale—When life begins to fail me,
I fear not, having Thee:
When pains of death assail me,
My comfort Thou wilt be.
Whene'er from woes that grieve me
I seek to find relief,
Alone Thou wilt not leave me,
For Thou hast tasted grief.

Soli and Chorus—And now the Lord to rest is laid,
His sorrows o'er, for all our sins oblation made.
O consecrated Body,
See, with repentant tears we would bedew it,
Which our offence to such a death hath brought.
While life shall last let us adore and praise the Lord,
That He for man has full redemption wrought.
Lord Jesus, rest in peace.

Double Chorus—Here yet awhile, Lord, Thou art sleeping,
Hearts turn to Thee, O Saviour blest,
Rest Thou calmly, calmly rest.
Death that holds Thee in its keeping,
When its bonds are loosed by Thee,
Shall become a welcome portal,
Leading man to life immortal,
Where he shall Thy glory see.
Saviour blest,
Slumber now, and take Thy rest.

Prayers

Sunday Next Before Easter

April 9, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—90 . . . . . *Teschner*

ALL glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Psalm—13 . . . . . *Gregorian*

HOW long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord; for ever: how long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?

2. How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so vexed in my heart: how long shall mine enemies triumph over me?
3. Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death;
4. Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him: for if I be cast down, they that trouble me will rejoice at it.
5. But my trust is in Thy mercy: and my heart is joyful in Thy salvation.
6. I will sing of the Lord, because He hath dealt so lovingly with me: yea, I will praise the Name of the Lord most highest.

Lesson

Easter Carol Service Next Sunday

Hymn—101 . . . . . *Miller*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Creed and Prayers

Address

Anthem—"Gallia" . . . . . *Gounod*

SOLITARY lieth the city, she that was full of people. How is she widowed, she that was great among nations, princess among the provinces! How is she put under tribute! Sorely she weepeth in darkness, her tears are on her cheeks; and no one offereth consolation; yea, all her friends have betrayed her, they are become her enemies.

Zion's ways do languish; none come to her solemn feasts. All her gates are desolate: her priests sigh, yea, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.

Is it nothing to all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow that is like unto My sorrow. Now behold, O Lord, look Thou on my affliction; see the foe hath magnified himself.

Jerusalem! O turn thee to the Lord thy God, O turn thee unto thy God.

Offertory

Cards in Vestibule, Holy Week Services

Congregational Hymn—93 . . . . . *Redhead*

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall;
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Postludium—Hymn 670 . . . . . *Mason*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Second Sunday After Easter

April 30, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional Hymn—194 . . . . . *Warren*

GOD of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine. Amen.

In Place of Psalter—"Gloria in Excelsis" . . . . . *Mozart*

GLORIA in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus, benedicimus, adoramus, glorificamus. Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam, gloriam tuam. Domine Deus, Deus Rex Coelestis. Deus Pater omnipotens. Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

Lesson

Magnificat—in G minor . . . . . *Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For, behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Address

Anthem—"Recessional" . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Offertory

Congregational Hymn—459 . . . . . *Croft*

OH, worship the King, all glorious above!
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain. Amen.

Prayers and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Third Sunday After Easter

May 7, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 266 . . . . . *Cologne*

YE watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright seraphs, cherubim and thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out, dominions, princedoms, powers,
Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs,
Alleluia!

2 O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!
Thou bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord.
Alleluia!

3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song.
Alleluia!

4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.
Alleluia! Amen.

Psalm—23 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE Lord is my Shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
2 He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
3 He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.
5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
6 But Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in E flat . . . . . *John E. West*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor)—"Great Peace Have They" . . . . . *James H. Rogers*

GREAT peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them.
I have longed for Thy salvation, O Lord, and Thy law is my delight.
Let my soul live, and it shall praise Thee, and let Thy judgments help me.
I have gone astray like a lost sheep. Seek Thy servant, for I do not forget Thy commandments.

Address

Anthem—"Evening and Morning" . . . . . *Oakley*

COMES, at times, a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love,
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

Comes, at length, a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore;
As when at dawn the feathered choir rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne,
Sinks then the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,
"Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day;
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"
Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."

Interlude—"Folk Song" . . . . . *Svensden*

Congregational Hymn—445 . . . . . *Croft*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 49 . . . . . *Horatio W. Parker*

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Fourth Sunday After Easter

May 14, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 421 . . . . . *Haydn*

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

Psalm—54 . . . . . *Gregorian*

SAVE me, O God, for Thy Name's sake: and avenge me in Thy strength.
2 Hear my prayer, O God: and hearken unto the words of my mouth.
3 For strangers are risen up against me: and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes, seek after my soul.
4 Behold, God is my helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.
5 He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: destroy Thou them in Thy truth.
6 An offering of a free heart will I give Thee, and praise Thy Name, O Lord: because it is so comfortable.
7 For He hath delivered me out of all my trouble: and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

Lesson

Magnificat—in A minor . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His Name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

In Place of Solo—"To Thee We Sing" . . . . . *Arensky*

TO Thee we sing,
Thy holy Name we praise!
Our hearts to Thee we raise,
Lord of Love!
Our prayer to Thee,
O God, we bring!

Address

Anthem—"Out of Heaven" . . . . . *Frederick Cowen*

OUT of Heaven the Lord hath made thee to hear His voice. Be of good comfort, arise; He calleth thee, and will bring thee by a way thou knowest not. He will lead thee in paths thou hast not known, and darkness shall be light before thee. The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate. Be of good comfort, arise, He calleth thee. The Lord thy God shall bless thee in all that thou doest. Blessed shalt thou be in the city, blessed shalt thou be in the field, blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out, for the Lord thy God is with thee from this time forth for evermore. Amen.

Interlude—"Abendlied" . . . . . *Schumann*

Congregational Hymn—143 . . . . . *Jude*

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 9 . . . . . *Stainer*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time. Amen.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Fifth Sunday After Easter

May 21, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 517 . . . . . *Hoyte*

SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness!
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain!
With the praises of your Saviour
Let His house resound again!
Him let all your music honor,
And your songs exalt His reign!

2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one. Amen.

Psalm—48 . . . . . *Gregorian*

GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even upon His holy hill.
2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: upon the north side lieth the city of the great King; God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.
3 For lo, the kings of the earth: are gathered, and gone by together.
4 They marvelled to see such things: they were astonished, and suddenly cast down.
5 Fear came there upon them, and sorrow: as upon a woman in her travail.
6 Thou shalt break the ships of the sea: through the east wind.
7 Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God upholdeth the same for ever.
8 We wait for Thy loving-kindness, O God: in the midst of Thy temple.
9 O God, according to Thy Name, so is Thy praise unto the world's end: Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
10 Let the Mount Sion rejoice, and the daughter of Judah be glad: because of Thy judgments.
11 Walk about Sion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof.
12 Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after.
13 For this God is our God for ever and ever: He shall be our guide unto death.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in E . . . . . *Horatio W. Parker*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Contralto)—"O Rest in the Lord" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

OREST in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself because of evil doers.

Address

Anthem—"Save Us, O Lord" . . . . . *Bairstow*

SAVE us, O Lord, waking,
Guard us sleeping,
That awake we may watch with Christ,
And asleep we may rest in peace. Amen.

Interlude—"Romance" . . . . . *Glinka*

Congregational Hymn—32 . . . . . *Hopkins*

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 645 . . . . . *Sullivan*

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Sunday Next Before Memorial Day

May 28, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 374 . . . . . *Elvey*

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King. Amen.

Psalm—24 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein.
2 For He hath founded it upon the seas: and prepared it upon the floods.
3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord: or who shall rise up in His holy place?
4 Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour.
5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 This is the generation of them that seek Him: even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.
8 Who is this King of glory: It is the Lord, strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.
10 Who is this King of glory; Even the Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

Lesson

Magnificat—in C . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth; all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him; throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"The Homeland" . . . . . *Sullivan*

THE Homeland! the Homeland!
The land of the free-born;
There's no night in the Homeland,
But aye the fadeless morn.
I'm sighing for the Homeland,
My heart is aching here;
There's no pain in the Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
There's no sin in the Homeland,
And no temptation there.
The music of the Homeland
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes gush out with tears.

For those I love in the Homeland
Are calling me away,
To the rest and peace of the Homeland,
And the life beyond decay;
For there's no death in the Homeland,
There's no sorrow above;
Christ, bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Address

Anthem—"Unfold, Ye Portals Everlasting" . . . . . *Gounod*

UNFOLD, ye portals everlasting, with welcome to receive Him ascending on high. Behold the King of Glory! He mounts up through the sky; back to the heavenly mansions hasting, for lo, the King comes nigh. But who is He, the King of Glory? He Who death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty. Of hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers; the King of Glory is the King of the saints.

Interlude—"Pastorale" . . . . . *Hansen*

Congregational Hymn—"Faith of Our Fathers" . . . . . *Walton*

FAITH of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

REFRAIN.

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them could die for Thee.

Faith of our Fathers! Faith and Prayer
Shall win our country back to Thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Our land shall then indeed be free. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Sevenfold Amen . . . . . *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Contralto, Louise Sutton Nolan
Tenor, Howell S. Zulick
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Sixteenth Sunday After Trinity

October 1, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 517 . . . . . *Hoyte*

SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness!
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain!
With the praises of your Saviour
Let His house resound again!
Him let all your music honor,
And your songs exalt His reign!

2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one. Amen.

Psalm—121 . . . . . *Gregorian*

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.
4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord Himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;
6 So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Lesson

Magnificat . . . . . *Myles Foster*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprano)—"Great Peace Have They" . . . . . *Rogers*

GREAT peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them.
I have longed for Thy salvation, O Lord, and Thy law is my delight.
Let my soul live, and it shall praise Thee, and let Thy judgments help me.
I have gone astray like a lost sheep. Seek Thy servant, for I do not forget Thy commandments.

Address

Anthem—"As Torrents in Summer" . . . . . *Elgar*

AS torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

Interlude—"Andante sostenuto" . . . . . *Rachmaninoff*

Congregational Hymn—418 . . . . . *Croft*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 645 . . . . . *Sullivan*

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Clarence Wilson — Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Seventeenth Sunday After Trinity

October 8, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 422 . . . . . *Langran*

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.
Amen.

Psalm—54 . . . . . *Gregorian*

SAVE me, O God, for Thy Name's sake: and avenge me in Thy strength.
2 Hear my prayer, O God: and hearken unto the words of my mouth.
3 For strangers are risen up against me: and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes, seek after my soul.
4 Behold, God is my helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.
5 He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: destroy Thou them in Thy truth.
6 An offering of a free heart will I give Thee, and praise Thy Name, O Lord: because it is so comfortable.
7 For He hath delivered me out of all my trouble: and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in E . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Duet (Soprano and Tenor) . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

MY song shall be alway Thy mercy, singing praise, Thou only God. My tongue ever speak the goodness Thou hast done unto me. I wander in night and foulest darkness, and mine enemies stand threat'ning around, yet called I upon the name of the Lord, and He redeemed me with watchful goodness.

Address

Anthem—"Out of Heaven" . . . . . *Cowen*

OUT of Heaven the Lord hath made thee to hear His voice. Be of good comfort, arise; He calleth thee, and will bring thee by a way thou knowest not. He will lead thee in paths thou hast not known, and darkness shall be light before thee. The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate. Be of good comfort, arise, He calleth thee. The Lord thy God shall bless thee in all that thou doest. Blessed shalt thou be in the city, blessed shalt thou be in the field, blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out, for the Lord thy God is with thee from this time forth for evermore. Amen.

Interlude—"Chant Suèdois" . . . . . *André Benoist*

Congregational Hymn—143 . . . . . *Jude*

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 9 . . . . . *Stainer*

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Clarence Wilson
Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Eighteenth Sunday After Trinity

October 15, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 458 . . . . . *Haydn*

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

Psalm—61 . . . . . *Gregorian*

HEAR my crying, O God: give ear unto my prayer.
2 From the ends of the earth will I call upon Thee: when my heart is in heaviness.
3 O set me up upon the Rock that is higher than I: for Thou hast been my hope, and a strong tower for me against the enemy.
4 I will dwell in Thy tabernacle forever: and my trust shall be under the covering of Thy wings.
5 For Thou, O Lord, hast heard my desires: and hast given an heritage unto those that fear Thy Name.
6 Thou shalt grant the king a long life: that his years may endure throughout all generations.
7 He shall dwell before God for ever: O prepare Thy loving mercy and faithfulness, that they may preserve him.
8 So will I alway sing praise unto Thy Name: that I may daily perform my vows.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in G minor . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation,
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Baritone)—"O God Have Mercy" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

O GOD, have mercy upon me, and blot out my transgressions, according to Thy loving-kindness, yea, even for Thy mercy's sake. Deny me not, O cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Spirit from me, O Lord. Lord, a broken heart and a contrite heart is offered before Thee. O God, have mercy upon me according to Thy loving-kindness, yea, even for Thy mercy's sake. I will speak of Thy salvation, I will teach transgressors, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee. Then open Thou my lips, O Lord! And my mouth shall show forth Thy glorious praise! O blot out my transgressions, according to Thy loving-kindness, Lord, and for Thy mercy's sake.

Address

Anthem—"Bless the Lord, O My Soul" . . . . . *Ivanof*

BLESS the Lord, O my soul. Blessed art Thou, O Lord. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Bless the Lord, and forget not all His benefits. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy Name. He is full of compassion and mercy, long suffering and great in goodness. He will not always chide, nor keep His wrath forever. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy Name. Blessed art Thou, O Lord.

Interlude—"Romance" . . . . . *Glinka*

Congregational Hymn—465 . . . . . *Hassler*

GOD, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 32 . . . . . *Dykes*

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Clarence A. Wilson — Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Nineteenth Sunday After Trinity

October 22, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 615 . . . . . *Elliott*

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

2 O, let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control!
O, speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul! Amen.

Psalm—67 . . . . . *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us;
2 That Thy way may be known upon earth: Thy saving health among all nations.
3 Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, all the people praise Thee.
4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
5 Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.
7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.

Lesson

Magnificat in A minor . . . . . *Tertius Noble*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat; and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel; as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"The Twilight Shadows Fall" . . . . . *David D. Wood*

THE twilight shadows fall,
But do not fear,
At evening comes the call,
"Be of good cheer."
Though dark the clouds above,
Trusting our Father's love,
The sun sets clear.

2 The twilight shadows fall,
We kneel at peace
With Thee, the world and all.
Our faith increase!
Truth, hope and love abide,
Lord, Thou hast satisfied,
Vain troubling cease!

3 The twilight shadows fall,
Life's goal is nigh;
We soon may hear Thee call,
"Come up on high."
Then fades the night away,
Greet we the perfect day,
God's cloudless sky.

Address

Anthem—"O'er All is Quiet Reigning" . . . . . *Reinecke*

O'ER all is quiet reigning,
The sounds of day now cease;
I hear the angels singing
Celestial songs of peace.

2 From out the forest stealing,
The night her mantle throws
O'er all our care and yearning,
Our bitter pains and woes.

3 On God cast all thy burden,
He all thy trouble knows;
It He will surely lighten,
And give thee sweet repose.

4 The sins of day forgetting,
Of God His grace implore;
Throw off, O heart, thy longing,
And pray to sin no more.

Interlude—"Danish Folk Song" . . . . . *Sandby*

Congregational Hymn—11 . . . . . *Ritter*

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" . . . . . *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Clarence A. Wilson — Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twentieth Sunday After Trinity

OBSERVANCE OF LUTHER SUNDAY

October 29, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Antiphon—"A Mighty Fortress is Our God" . . . . *Martin Luther*

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Psalm—48 . . . . . *Gregorian*

GREAT is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even upon His holy hill.
2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: upon the north side lieth the city of the great King; God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.
3 For lo, the kings of the earth: are gathered, and gone by together.
4 They marvelled to see such things: they were astonished, and suddenly cast down.
5 Fear came there upon them, and sorrow: as upon a woman in her travail.
6 Thou shalt break the ships of the sea: through the east wind.
7 Like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God upholdeth the same forever.
8 We wait for Thy loving-kindness, O God: in the midst of Thy temple.
9 O God, according to Thy Name, so is Thy praise unto the world's end: Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
10 Let the Mount Sion rejoice, and the daughter of Judah be glad: because of Thy judgments.
11 Walk about Sion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof.
12 Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after.
13 For this God is our God for ever and ever: He shall be our guide unto death.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—"Come Unto Me" *H. Alexander Matthews*

COME unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Soprano—"Rejoice Ye With Jerusalem" *H. Alexander Matthews*

REJOICE ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her. The Lord doth build up Jerusalem, He healeth those that are broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.
Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of God.
Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.
O Lord, let there be peace in Thy strength, and abundance in Thy towers.
Peace be within Thy walls, and prosperity within Thy palaces.
Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let Thy saints shout for joy.
Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her.

Address

Anthem—"Beautiful Savior" . . . . . *Melody from 12th Century*
Arranged by F. Melius Christiansen

FAIR are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

Beautiful Saviour!
Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine.

Interlude—"Air" . . . . . *John Sebastian Bach*

Congregational Hymn . . . . . *Johann Cruger*

NOW thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven:
The One Eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Prayers and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Clarence A. Wilson — Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Dorothy Shoemaker
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity

November 12, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 459 . . . . . *Croft*

OH, worship the King, all glorious above!
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend! Amen.

Psalm—93 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel: the Lord hath put on His apparel, and girded Himself with strength.
2 He hath made the round world so sure: that it cannot be moved.
3 Ever since the world began, hath Thy seat been prepared: Thou art from everlasting.
4 The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice: the floods lift up their waves.
5 The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly: but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.
6 Thy testimonies, O Lord, are very sure: holiness becometh Thine house for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Nunc Dimittis in E . . . . . *Horatio Parker*

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word.
For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation.
Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

In place of Solo—"Angel Bands" . . . . . *Saint Saens*

ANGEL bands, in strains sweet sounding,
Anthems to the Saviour raise;
Host of heaven, His throne surrounding,
Hymn the great Creator's praise.
Radiant orb of day, adore Him,
Praise Him, thou who rul'st the night;
Heaven of heavens, oh, bow before Him,
Laud Him, all ye worlds of light. Amen.

Address

Anthem—"The Omnipotence" . . . . . *Schubert*

GREAT is Jehovah, the Lord, for heaven and earth testify to His great pow'r. 'Tis heard in the fierce raging storm, in the torrent's loud thundering roar. Great is Jehovah, the Lord! Mighty is His pow'r! 'Tis heard in the rustling of leaves in the forest, seen in the waving of golden fields, in loveliest flowers' gaudy array; 'tis seen in myriad stars of heaven; fierce it sounds in the thunder's loud roll, and flames in the lightning's brightly quivering flash. Yet clearer thy throbbing heart to thee proclaims Jehovah's pow'r, the Lord God Almighty. Look thou, praying, to heav'n, and hope for grace and for mercy. Great is Jehovah, the Lord!

Interlude—"Ave Maris Stella" . . . . . *Grieg*

Congregational Hymn . . . . . *Silesian Folk Song*

FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—535 . . . . . *Barnby*

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
Tenor, Clarence A. Wilson — Baritone, Harry C. Saylor

USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity

November 19, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 401 . . . . . *Martin*

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit,
All things created bow. Amen.

Psalm—13 . . . . . *Gregorian*

HOW long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord; for ever: how long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?
2 How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so vexed in my heart: how long shall mine enemies triumph over me?
3 Consider, and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death;
4 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him: for if I be cast down, they that trouble me will rejoice at it.
5 But my trust is Thy mercy: and my heart is joyful in Thy salvation.
6 I will sing of the Lord, because He hath dealt so lovingly with me: yea, I will praise the name of the Lord most highest.

Lesson

Magnificat—in F . . . . . *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor)—"Refrain Thy Voice From Weeping" . . . . . *Sullivan*

REFRAIN thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord. And there is hope in thine end that thy children shall come again to their own border.

Address

Anthem—"A Song in the Night" . . . . . *Woodman*

WHILE all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty Word of the Lord came down.
All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth—see ye! and when He bloweth a trumpet—hear ye!
Ye shall have a song, a song in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come unto the mountain of the Lord.
Ye shall have a song, a song in the night.
There is a song so thrilling, so far all songs excelling,
That he who sings it, sings it oft again.
No mortal did invent it, but God by angels sent it,
So deep and earnest, yet so sweet and plain.
The love that it revealeth, all earthly sorrows healeth;
They flee like mist before the break of day.
When, O my soul, thou learnest this song of songs in earnest,
Thy cares and sorrows all shall pass away.

Interlude—"Andante Serioso" . . . . . *Muller*

Congregational Hymn—12 . . . . . *Monk*

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Prayers

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" . . . . . *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist ..... John K. Witzemann

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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Grace Duncan
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lilian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Sunday Next Before Advent

November 26, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

FOUR NEGRO SPIRITUALS

They Will Not Lend Me a Child
Lament
Cabin Song
Deep River

Processional—Hymn 519 . . . . . *Morley*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing:
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die:
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Psalm—23 . . . . . *Gregorian*

THE Lord is my Shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing.
2 He shall feed me in a green pasture: and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
3 He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.
5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
6 But Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in F . . . . . *Coleridge Taylor*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem—"Listen to the Lambs" . . . . . *R. Nathaniel Dett*

LISTEN to the lambs! All a-crying!
He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and carry the young lambs in His bosom. Amen.

Address

Anthem—"O Holy Lord" . . . . . *R. Nathaniel Dett*

O HOLY Lord!
Done with sin and sorrow!

Interlude . . . . . *Negro Spiritual*

Congregational Hymn—383 . . . . . *Dykes*

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Amen.

Prayers

Postludium—Hymn 552 . . . . . *Hayne*

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Where Thou leadest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist .....Bertrand A. Austin
Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
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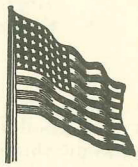
USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Kathryn Ross
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lillian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

First Sunday in Advent

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING OBSERVANCE

December 3, 1922



Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 420 . . . . . *Kocher*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus, through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.

In place of Psalter . . . . . *Gregorian*

O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God: yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.
The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: and gather together the outcasts of Israel.
He healeth those that are broken in heart: and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.
O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving: sing praises upon the harp unto our God:
Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth: and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use of men;
Who giveth fodder unto the cattle: and feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him.
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem: praise thy God, O Sion.
For He hath made fast the bars of thy gates: and hath blessed thy children within thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders: and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

Magnificat—in E flat . . . . . *John E. West*

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour .
For He hath regarded: the lowliness of His handmaiden.
For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.
For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel: as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, forever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Creed and Prayers

Congregational Hymn—"O Beautiful for Spacious Skies" . . . *Ward*

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruitful plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream,
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea! Amen.

Address . . . . . By the Rector

Anthem—"Recessional" . . . . . *H. Alexander Matthews*

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser creeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Interlude—"Adajio" . . . . . *Beethoven*

Prayers and Benediction

Postludium—"Sevenfold Amen" . . . . . *Stainer*

Organist and Choirmaster.....H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist .....Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
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Violinist .....John K. Witzemann

SOLOISTS

Soprano, Mildred Faas
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USHERS

Miss Edna Christie
Miss Elizabeth Happersett
Miss Marguerite Holt
Miss Margaret Ramonett
Miss Kathryn Ross
Miss Margaret Smith
Miss Lillian Webb
Miss Kathryn Williams

Third Sunday in Advent

December 17, 1922

Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany

THIRTEENTH STREET BELOW SPRUCE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REV. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector

EVENING PRAYER AND ADDRESS

at 4 o'clock

Instrumental Prelude

Beginning at 3.30 P. M.

Processional—Hymn 45 . . . . . *Ancient Plain Song*

OH come, oh come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Oh come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 Oh come, oh, come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

Psalm—67 . . . . . *Gregorian*

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us;
2 That Thy way may be known upon earth: Thy saving health among all nations.
3 Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee.
4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
5 Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee.
6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.
7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Lesson

In Place of Magnificat—"O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion" . . . . . *Handel*

O THOU that tellest good tidings to Zion, good tidings to Jerusalem, arise, say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! behold, the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

Creed and Prayers

Solo (Tenor) . . . . . *Handel*

COMFORT ye My people, saith your God;
Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

Address . . . . . By the Rector

Anthem . . . . . *Handel*

AND the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Interlude—"Aria" . . . . . *Handel*

Next Sunday: Chmas Carol Service

Congregational Hymn—319 . . . . . *Matthews*

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Prayers and Benediction

Organist and Choirmaster..... H. Alexander Matthews, Mus. Doc.
Harpist ..... Dorothy Johnstone Baseler
'Cellist ..... Bertrand A. Austin
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